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HI HANG HO.

An Interesting Tale of the Flowery Kingdom.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Hi Hang Ho was a Chinese sport;
He lived at the corner of Foo Foe court
And Che Long street—on the Son Shong road—
Close where the Twing Twang river flowed.

Hi Hang was a gambolier by trade;
Sometimes he three-card monte played;
And to many a Mandarin of rank
Fits he gave at his faro bank.

And he raked 'em down when he played roulette;
Was a hunky boy at old sledge, you bet!
'Twas easy for him the cards to pack,
Or deftly turn from the bottom a Jack.

There wasn't a point he didn't know;
O, a gay young sport was Hi Hang Ho!
He could skin those Chinamen out of their lives
A playing the game of forty-fives.

Hi Hang Ho he had cast his eye
On a pretty maiden who lived near by;
Olla Podrida (and *not* Champagne
Charley) was this fair maiden's name.

Podrida, the father of this young maid,
On the Twing Twang river used to trade;
At various points thereon he'd touch,
A selling of teas, and rice, and such.

With love for his daughter did Hi Hang burn;
But never a bow would she return;
And whenever to her he'd kiss his hand
She'd always appear not to understand.

When they met she would turn away her head;
In fact she used to cut him dead;
And, when rare bouquets to her house he sent,
Out of the window they always went.

The fact of the thing, be it understood,
Was that Olla's morals were very good;
And the business Hi followed did not agree
With her notions of strict propriety.

But Hi Hang swore a terrible oath—
(To do such things he was nothing loth)—
That he'd find some way to lower her pride,
And that time should see her his blushing bride.

Old Podrida, when he got high,
Liked to gamble a little on the sly;
And one night he got home and moored his junk—
Kissed his wife and Olla, and then—got drunk.

And he made a vow that, before he slept,
He would break the bank that Hi Hang kept;
So, providing himself with a bag of tin,
Quite large and heavy, he staggered in.

Hi Hang knew what a game he played;
So low for the bag of tin he layed;
And noting the card he placed it on—
One turn—and gracious!—the whole was gone!

This staggered Old Pod.—he grew weak in the knees;
But in less than an hour a cargo of teas
He had lost, and then another, at dice,
He had parted with all of his bags of rice!

And then the junk that he traded in
Followed the rice, and the tea and the tin;
His house and his land, and even his cue
He would have bet, but that wouldn't do.

'Twas getting, by this time, pretty late;
Old Pod. kept a drinking of whiskey straight,
And on smoking cheeroots with all his might;
He was busted completely and very tight!

Things looked for the old chap pretty blue,
What in the devil was he to do?
He proposed *hari-kari* on the spot,
But Hi Hang told him he'd better not.

After he'd let him slobber a while,
Hi Hang put on a villainous smile—
"Old fellow," said he, "this is how it stands—
I have won your house and your stock and lands.

Listen, Podrida—now hearken to me!
You haven't got left a *sou-markee*,
Nor a grain of rice, nor tea, in fine,
Even your crazy old Junk is mine.

But there is *one* thing more you have forgot
Which, I assure you, that I have not;
Your daughter Olla—my life, my Joss!
For her hand, old fellow, I'm willing to toss!

I'll put up the junk and the tea and things
Against her hand, and whoever flings
The highest spots with the dice, he takes
The entire lot of the precious stakes!"

Old Pod., a chance, he thought he saw,
Which he grabbed like a drowning man at a straw;
O, his eyes were bright, but brighter they grew,
As seventeen, at one throw, he threw.

That was a throw that was hard to beat;
But Hi Hang quietly kept his seat,
And, seizing the box, on the cloth so green,
Without an effort he threw eighteen!

The sun was rising when *they* rose;
Hi Hang he donned his Sunday clothes;
"To you, my father, I bow me low,
To claim your daughter, my bride, I go."

And then at Podrida he made a grab,
And tumbled him into a four-wheel'd cab;
And soon to Olla's house it bore
The groom elect and his father-in-law.

But when the residence they neared
Strange were the sights that there appeared;
Lights in the window, and, I declare,
At the door was the doctor's sedan chair!

On the doorstep Mrs. Podrida stands
A tearing her hair and a wringing her hands;
With a wooden shoe a beating her head,
And screaming that Olla, her daughter, was dead!

The old physician appeared there then,
And said—"unhappiest of men,
Your daughter partook last night of fish—
In summer a most unwholesome dish."

On the ground Podrida fiercely stamps!
"She was seized, 'said the doctor, "soon with cramps,
My skill to save her I vainly tried,
And at quarter past four o'clock she died!"

Ah, ominous hour! paler he grew!
It was then for her hand her father threw,
'Twas at that moment the dice he tossed,
Throwing but seventeen—and lost!

At these words Hi Hang looked wildly round
And fell, like a log of wood to the ground,
A stiff, cold corpus, stark and grim;
Apoplexy had done for *him!*

Old Pod., he was pretty sober now;
But he raised a most tremendous row;
He seized the old doctor's throat, quite wild,
And demanded to life he should bring his child.

A most unreasonable demand,
To bring her back from the Spirit Land;
He was crased with rage and fear and remorse,
And he dragged the old doctor up to her corse.

There what a sight his old eyes meet,
Pale and white as the linen sheet
Lies his daughter, Olla Podrida—lo!
The Bride of Death, not of Hi Hang Ho!

Old Pod. and his neighbors, as well as his wife,
Were screeching and howling as for dear life;
Stringed instruments, too, played a funeral tune—
It was getting along pretty near to noon—

When—the strangest thing of all is to come!
This part of my story perhaps by some
Will be doubted, or wholly disbelieved—
But *all of a sudden they saw she breathed!*

They rubbed her, and pounded her black and blue;
At length, wonder of wonders! they brought her to!
She opened her eyes and inquired the cause
Of the crowd and the music, and where she was.

'Twas only a cataleptic trance!
Old Pod., he commenced a Chinese dance;
You'd a thought of legs he had two or three pairs,
And he kicked the mourners all down stairs.

She fully recovered; her shrewd old dad
Never let on what a squeak she'd had;
But he knocked off budge, and shortly he
Joined an anti-gambling society.

Long after that, when years had flown—
And Olla was married, with boys of her own,
Old grandpa Pod. used to blow his blast,
And tell of the days and events long passed.

And caution the children never to play
At cards—no, not in a friendly way;
They should flee from the very sound of dice—
And he'd tell them a story they thought so nice.

Of a man—he would call no names—he said—
Who, one night, when whiskey was in his head,
Had gambled his rice, his tea and tin,
And finally chucked his daughter in!

This is the end of the tale I've spun,
To show what a risk that old Chinaman run;
Reader! *You* might not so nicely get rid
Of your Hi Hang Ho as Podrida did! J. H. R.

To seek redress of grievances by having recourse to the law is aptly compared to sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED—CAUGHT IN THE TOILS—THE DENOUEMENT.

When five o'clock of that afternoon had come, Millington said, quite lightly and pleasantly, to the wretched Walter:—

"Now, my dear boy, the time has come, and you are about to behold your beautiful intended."

"Yes, yes, come along," added Morris, "it's werry bad manners, you know, to keep a lady waiting."

In a dull, apathetic manner, and without further remonstrance or questions, Walter resigned himself into the hands of those men and with them entered the brougham. Millington stole a look towards Morris, which expressed plainly enough:—

"Didn't I tell you how it would be?" and Sharkey smiled and nodded.

As the brougham drew up before the villa, the door was thrown open, and there stood the merchant to receive and welcome his son-in-law. Having alighted from the brougham, Walter slightly resisted, and seemed about to speak, as the two men with him were about to seize his arms to hurry him into the house.

"You have gone too far now to recede," Millington whispered to him.

"Vat, the dickens!" said Sharkey, in a like tone. "You are a young man that we are enticing towards a beautiful wife an' a lot of money, so don't hang back as if you was a bullock as we was a coaxing into a slaughter house."

Another instant and Walter was within the house and the door closed upon him, and his hand was almost shaken off by Summerford, as he was half led, half dragged, by that gentleman into the apartment already known to us.

"Ah, my dear boy, at last then I have the happiness to behold you," cried the greatly excited merchant.

"Yes, my worthy friend," said Millington; "here is your future son-in-law, and I can find no words to express to you how eagerly he has longed for this meeting."

"Thank you, my dear boy," cried the merchant, addressing Walter, again taking his hand and patting him on the shoulder. "No need for any ceremony between us, eh? I should think not," he chuckled heartily, "considering that you are about to become one of my family—are going to marry my only daughter. Yes, yes, and I expect you from this moment to treat me as though I were already your father-in-law, and to look upon yourself as my son."

Walter, speaking for the first time, faltered—

"But, sir, I know not yet if—if I may——"

"Believe in so much happiness," hastily cried Millington, concluding in his own way the sentence Walter had commenced. "Certainly you may believe it, my dear fellow, certainly—it is all arranged, all settled."

"Yes, yes, long ago, between your poor father and I," said Summerford; "I am fulfilling his last wishes, and certain am I that I shall have but to congratulate myself that I have kept, after his death, the word that in his lifetime I pledged to him."

"My father?" exclaimed Walter, greatly surprised. "Ah, yes—that is it—you knew my father?"

"Knew him! why, I am his old friend Summerford. But how stupid I am to be telling you that now, for of course you can but be aware of——"

"Certainly, certainly," hastily interposed Millington; "he is aware of everything, of the friendship which united you, and of the project which you had formed—well does he know that his father had projected for him this happy marriage. The fact is, my dear Mr. Summerford, his head is troubled, his ideas confused, by such great joy, such overpowering happiness."

"Really now!" cried the merchant, laughing gleefully; "well then, I may tell you in confidence, young gentleman, that, for her part, my daughter is half in love with you before she has ever seen you."

"With me?" said the amazed young man.

"Yes, I assure you—ever since she saw your name in the newspapers, telling of your wonderful bravery in that battle with the pirates, and how you leaped on board their vessel, in amongst them all, and cut down their captain, and—and all that, you know."

Walter now clearly comprehended the mystery that had so amazed him and was rendered speechless.

"But," proceeded the retired merchant, "here am I chattering away and keeping my poor little Loo all this while in a flutter of expectation. Excuse me a minute, gentlemen—have patience, my dear Richard; you are about to behold your future wife."

"Capital," said Millington, as soon as the merchant had left the room, "nothing could proceed more satisfactorily!"

"You see, Mr. Brandon," said Morris, coming from the corner in which all along he had been a quiet listener and spectator, "you see, my boy, that this marriage is a real and positive fact."

"I have seen and heard too much," responded Walter. "This marriage is real, certainly—and by my father nimself was it projected—but for another."

"Pah!" cried Millington; "what matters whether it be your brother or you, Richard or Walter, who marries the girl? 'Tis simply a Brandon that the old gentleman wants——"

"And we," said Sharkey, "furnish him with a Brandon, in full feather and first rate condition."

"And do you think," demanded Walter, "that I will allow him to continue in this error? That I will become your associate in a guilty and shameful imposture, by which I should defraud my brother, should rob him of——"

"Bosh! you are talking bosh, my good young man," quietly interrupted Millington. "Your brother is in India. Rich as he has become, it is not at all likely that he thinks or cares about this marriage; very probably he has already taken some other damsel to wife. Who knows even if he will ever return? Besides, it is too late now to look back; forward now must be the word."

"At every hazard, I will——"

"Indeed you will not. Let me show you clearly how you stand with us. Not only has our friend Sharkey Morris your acceptances for the sum he has already advanced to you, but that other paper which you have signed makes you our debtor on such terms and to so large an amount that we could at once cast you into a jail, and afterwards we would take good care to keep you there."

"Oh, infamous wretches!" despairingly exclaimed Walter.

"Hush, for goodness' sake!" anxiously whispered Morris. "Here comes Mr. What's-his-name?"

"Come along, Richard, my dear boy," cried the merchant, as he rolled into the room; "I am to take you to my daughter; make the most of your advantages, natural and acquired, and conquer her at one blow, as you did the pirate—no, no, I don't mean exactly that, but—*you* know, come along!"

Walter stood for a moment irresolute, and then hurried away with Summerford.

"Do you think he'll go through with t?" Sharkey anxiously asked his companion.

"Oh, yes; he'll not jib again, take my word for it," replied Millington.

Back again came the retired merchant, and commencing:—

"The introduction is made, and now——" he stopped, as his eye fell on Morris standing in the middle of the room.

"Ah, to be sure," said Millington, "we have been so busy with that other and far more important matter that I have not yet made you acquainted with my friend—this, Mr. Summerford, is Mr. Sharkey Morris."

Those two bowed to each other, shook hands, and mutually expressed their delight at the introduction.

"Morris, sir," pursued Millington, "is one of my oldest friends, and a friend of our dear young Brandon, and who, by his industry and great capacity for business, has amassed a splendid fortune."

"Oh, pray now, Millington," said Sharkey, with affected modesty.

"Ye, sir, he has raised himself to a brilliant position, and, what is more rare, possesses a stainless reputation."

"Don't now—I really wish you wouldn't—you quite overpower me, you do indeed."

"That *you* should have introduced him to me is quite sufficient," the merchant said to Millington.

"But now, sir," said the latter, "tell us of the lovers. You have made them acquainted with each other?"

"Yes, yes, I just brought them face to face, and then I came away and left them together."

"The very best thing, sir, that you could possibly do."

"No doubt, no doubt. But, Mr. Millington, I must confess to you that I am—I won't say disappointed, with my old friend's son, but——"

"What can you mean, sir?"

"Well, seeing that he has been a sailor—a brave lieutenant—I expected to find a dashing——and, instead, he is so reserved and dull, and looks so melancholy that——"

"Ah, sir, he is of a very tender and susceptible disposition, and has not yet surmounted the grief occasioned him by his father's death——"



JAMES H. HACKETT, Comedian.

"Oh! ah!"

"And lately the loss of a very dear friend——"

"Poor young man!"

"And when you add to all that his great anxiety lest your daughter should behold him with an unfavorable eye——"

"True—quite right, quite right!"

"And take my word for it, Mr. Summerford, that touch of sadness will but render him the more interesting to your charming daughter."

"And it won't last long, neither," ventured Morris, "if your beautiful daughter only condescends to smile upon him."

"Say no more, gentlemen, say no more!" cried the merchant, "I understand it all now and am perfectly satisfied. They are sure to like each other, and I will hurry on their marriage as fast as possible."

"You can't do better, sir," said Millington.

"The sooner the better—what's the use of shillyshallying?" said Morris.

"They shall have plenty of opportunities for making love, for I intend that the young gentleman, now I have got him, shall stay here, shall at once take up his abode in my house, as one of my family."

"Oh, confound it!" thought Morris.

"A very sensible determination, sir," Millington said, emphatically.

"And now let's go to dinner," said Summerford.

When, late in the evening, Millington and Sharkey Morris had left the villa:—

"I don't like it; I'm afraid of it," cried the latter.

"You are always afraid of something," returned his associate. "What is it now?"

"Why, leaving that young Brandon in the house there. Suppose he should go and blab?"

"You always were and always will be an idiot, Sharkey. "Can't you see that he is now made perfectly secure?"

"No, 'pon my vord and honor I can't see that!"

"Can't you understand that the pretty and accomplished girl, into whose society he will be constantly thrown, will cause him soon entirely to forget his lost Eliza?"

"Vell, perhaps—I shouldn't vonder."

"And even should he continue to remember her, it would be very speedily with disgust, as he contrasted her haggered face and miserable attire with the blooming countenance and elegant apparel of the young girl prepared to throw herself into his arms."

"Vell, now, I declare! I didn't see it in that light at all."

"You are in a state of mental darkness always, Sharkey. And to finish—will Walter Brandon, for conscience sake, be willing to renounce those luxuries, whose loss he has felt so terribly and with which once again he will be surrounded, in order madly to brave the fate with which we this day have menaced him?"

"My mind's easy, my mind's easy," roared Sharkey; "what a clever fellow you are, Millington!"

"Those five thousand pounds will soon be ours, Sharkey, my boy!"

"Yes, and if we should think proper to make any further demands arterwards, how would he be able to refuse us, I should like to know," cried Morris, leering horribly, and winking at his friend, who nodded approvingly.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADRIFT ON THE RIVER—OLD TOM'S PRIVATE APARTMENT—AFTER THE WATER, OH!

Old Tom Boozey was sitting within an arch of one of the many railways that traverse the metropolis. His seat was a very shaky stool which had lost one of its legs, and whose weakest part, where all were weak, was pressed closely against the wall of the arch, a support which alone enabled that old and crippled stool to retain something resembling a perpendicular and to hold its occupant.

Before Boozey was a leaky old beer-barrel, which served him for a table, and on which stood a quart bottle and a very greatly battered pewter pint measure. A portion of the wall at the extreme end of the arch was concealed by a piece of old canvas, hung across and made to do duty as a curtain.

That archway had long been one of Old Tom's lodgings, one to which he had been in the habit of resorting when chance had brought him into its neighborhood, or, and that was a more common occurrence, when late at night he had found himself without a farthing in his pocket. Old Tom was asleep, with his back against the wall of the arch and his arms folded across his breast.

Thus had Boozey been sitting throughout the long dark night till now, when the first streaks of daylight were just making their appearance. It was not yet fairly daybreak when Old Tom shivered and awoke.

"Ugh," he thought, "the weather is rather chilly, to say the least of it."

Then he took hold of the pewter measure and raised it to his lips. It was empty, and he replaced it with disgust.

"What a fool I am! Of course I emptied it before I dropped off to sleep; and if I had left a drop of beer in it, very pretty stuff it would have been by this time."

He clutched the bottle, about to carry it to his mouth; but he paused, shook his head, and let go his hold of the bottle.

"No—I have promised to leave off drinking gin, and I'll keep my word. I have got an object in life now, something that will do me more good than that stuff. More good? why, gin is poison; deprives a man of his health, of all his energies, and I shall want 'em all now, and so, no more gin, if I know it; under no circumstances will I be tempted to touch another drop of the infernal stuff."

Still, as he sat staring hard at the bottle, his fingers twitched and he licked his parched lips, which were craving for a taste of it. Feeling that he must yield if longer he gazed upon his fascinating enemy, Tom closed his eyes and soon again dropped off into a doze. And soon again he awoke, shivering as before, and, also as before, his arm was extended, and his fingers clutched the neck of the bottle.

"I am chilled to the very marrow," he said, "and I must have just one drop, or I shall be good for nothing all the day. Besides, I don't think I shall be breaking my word, because, if I am not mistaken, though I have promised to leave off drinking gin, I didn't say directly, and all at once."

With that salve to his conscience, old Boozey raised the bottle, and was approaching it to his lips, when, looking in that direction—for it was now broad daylight—he saw shaking the canvas curtain at the extremity of the arch, and heard a rustling of straw behind it.

Hastily and untasted, Tom replaced the bottle on the barrel, just as a fair young face looked out from behind the curtain, and a soft sweet voice said—

"Are you there, good Tom—are you there?"

"Yes, yes," hastily answered Boozey, "here I am, my dear; where else do you think I should be?"

The female occupant of that archway, as will have been already surmised, was the poor unhappy creature whom we saw, from Blackfriars Bridge, cast herself headlong into the dark and turbulent river.

Old Tom, having pushed himself off in the boat, which just before he had chosen for his bed, discovered that the oars had been removed from it. That was a discovery which occasioned him not the slightest surprise, his only wonder being that he had not thought of the matter before pushing off.

His boat drifted at the mercy of the tide, which then was running very rapidly. Hurried along, he stood, straining his eyes about the river, hoping to see something of the drowning woman, that he might direct others at an attempt to her rescue. He had no longer himself the smallest hope of being able to accomplish it.

He had drifted a considerable distance, when, suddenly, the drowning girl rose so close beside his boat that her body came in contact with, and for a few seconds was, by the force of the water, held against it. Boozey dropped upon his knees, and bending over the side of the boat, clutched at and reached Eliza just as, for the third time, she was about to sink beneath the waters.

It was for him a work of some time and no slight exertion to draw her into the boat, at the bottom of which she lay bereft of sense and motion, and, as Old Tom fully believed, beyond all chance of restoration to life. Again he looked about him; not a boat could he perceive upon the river, and the tide had carried him so far away from the bridge that the voices of those upon and near it came quite faintly to his ear.

Then came to him a sense of how perilous was his own position, hurried along at the mercy of that rapid tide. About to shout for help, with little hope, however, of being heard, he perceived, to his great joy, that his boat was fast again nearing the shore, and soon he came within reach of other boats, securely moored, and was safe.

Believing that the woman he had snatched from the water was dead, Tom was on the point of quitting the boat, to proceed to the nearest station house, when Eliza groaned and stirred. Old Boozey, before taking his way to Mr. Poplar's hotel, had provided himself with a small bottle of gin, wherewith to refresh himself during the night.

Out of his pocket now came that bottle, and Eliza was made to swallow a good draught of Old Tom's namesake. She revived, gazed wonderingly about her, and, all her faculties benumbed, it was some time before she could even remember the attempt she had made upon her life; and then she sighed that it had been frustrated.

Without power to resist, still, indeed, in a semi-unconscious state, passively she allowed the man who had rescued her from death to carry her, placing her on the ground and resting himself again and again, through narrow streets and bye ways, in which they were the only living souls abroad.

When old Boozey had, with his precious burden, reached that railway arch, he deposited the poor girl on the straw behind the canvas curtain, and in a moment she had fallen into a deep sleep, which endured for many hours.

When at last she awoke Old Tom explained to her in how strange a way he had been made the instrument of her rescue, and implored that she would swear to him not to renew that attempt upon her life which Providence had so wonderfully defeated. Unhesitatingly she gave her word, and resigned herself to live.

With the money that we know he possessed, Old Tom procured a breakfast for Eliza, and then, leaving her there to await his return, went away to commence his day's work. And he felt like a new man; he had come at once to love that poor girl, while already it seemed as though hers were to him a most familiar face, and that he had always known and loved her. He wondered how that should be, and could account for it only by supposing that it was natural he should feel an interest in the life he had saved.

He was very successful that day, and his earnings something out of the common, which he accepted as an assurance that heaven approved of, and wished that he should be rewarded for the good deed he had accomplished.

The next day and the next were equally prosperous with him, and on each of them, after his return to the railway arch, he produced his bottle, and gave it little rest till he had drained it of its last drop. Eliza for the first two days had lain in a species of lethargy, from which Old Tom occasionally and with great difficulty for a few moments aroused her, that she might be compelled to eat of the food his exertions had procured for her.

On the third evening, Boozey had placed his bottle of gin on the barrel and had just seated himself on his three-legged stool for his usual fuddle, when he was startled by the sound of Eliza's voice, which before he had scarcely heard.

"What is your name?" she suddenly said to him.

Boozey hesitated a few seconds and then answered——

"Tom—that's the only name I care about hearing myself called by now."

"You have saved my life."

"Oh, well, never mind—we know all about that."

"But, since you have saved my life, should I, think you, well show my gratitude by allowing you to destroy your own?"

"I don't know what you mean."

Eliza pointed to the gin bottle.

"That," cried Old Tom. "Oh! you were never more wrong in all your days—but for that, I should have died raving mad long ago, for many a time has gin killed the agony which had almost killed me."

"For all that, promise me you will drink no more of that horrid liquor?"

"Promise you that?" stammered Boozey.

"Yes, even that. Henceforth I am bound to you by ties of gratitude and love, and would have you live to call me your child, to be to me henceforth a father."

Old Tom snatched up the bottle and hid it away in a corner of the arch.

"Ah," joyfully cried Eliza, "you promise then?"

"My dear child," responded Tom, tears moistening his eyes, "I am not worthy to be the father of such an angel, but, at any rate, I'll no longer be a drunkard."

Eliza threw her arms around the neck of her preserver and blessed and caressed him.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD TOM STRUGGLES AGAINST OLD TOM—THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Four days more passed; Eliza lay still and quiet on her straw bed, exchanging but few words with Boozey, who, since the promise he had given to the young girl, had not tasted a single drop of gin. Greatly were those who had invited him to drink amazed by a refusal, which, truth to say, was not persevered in without a struggle against a craving that was not easily to be subdued.

But, waking up, beneath the archway, in the dead of that dark night just past, Boozey had groped his way to the spot where he had hidden the bottle, feeling as though he could no longer exist without a taste of his favorite liquor. But again he struggled against his craving, and successfully, too, for he went off to sleep once more, leaving the gin untasted on the barrel.

In the morning, as we have seen, about at last to yield, his draught was prevented by the awakening of Eliza. Eliza arose from her straw bed and came and seated herself on the three-legged stool, which Boozey, with a caution as to its fragility, resigned to her.

"How much better you are this morning, and how glad I am to see that," Tom cheerfully said. "And if I could but live to know that you were happy——"

"Alas," sighed Eliza; "there is no more happiness on earth for me."

"Never believe it, my dear. You are young, and—and you will have a friend now to watch over you, who will never leave you."

"May heaven bless you, my true, my only friend!"

"You have promised to call me father," said old Boozey.

"Father," tenderly repeated Eliza, giving her hand to old Tom.

After a moment's reflection, Eliza said hesitatingly—

"And you have been so forbearing with me, and after, at such great peril to yourself, preserving my life, have not even asked me wherefore——"

"You wished to die? No, that is true, but——"

"I was despairing—mad! Oh, why did you snatch me from that watery grave? There, where my tortures, all my terrible anguish, were about to terminate."

"I won't hear you talk like that," Tom reprovingly said. "Is there no longer hope on earth? Is there no longer a merciful heaven?"

"Oh," moaned Eliza, "you know not all that I have suffered, by what misery my soul has been crushed."

"Poor dear child."

"Without family or friends, there was but one man in all the world to whom I could look for support—to that man I had given everything, my love, my devotion, my soul, and," faintly and blushingly she added, "even my honor."

"Ah," sadly murmured Tom, "just as I thought—the old, old story!"

"I had consented to follow that man, to share his fate! It was a fault, and for it heaven has cruelly punished me; but he had come to me in my solitude—was the first from whom I had heard the sweet words of love—and poor orphan that I was, I had no one to defend me against my own heart—no one to counsel and direct me; and besides, he had sworn never to forsake me—had vowed most sacredly that I should be his wife, and so greatly did I love him it was impossible I could doubt his truth!"

"Yes, yes, my dear, I know—that which we hope we are but too ready to believe."

"We arrived in London; there, instead of that tranquil life which I had dreamed, were days and nights of reckless gaiety. When I ventured to counsel and advise him, he would laugh and tell me that I was mad.

"It was not you, my dear, but he that was crazy then."

"Since, I have understood, he was seeking to deceive himself, to divert his thoughts from the fate that was awating him; closing his eyes that he might not behold the abyss."

"Poor child!" said Tom. "And how long had you endured that existence?"

"About a year," responded Eliza. "I saw that our resources were rapidly diminishing. He—I will not tell you his name—he became sad and gloomy. I comprehended that nothing was left to him save my love, and surrounded him with care and tenderness. But soon came utter misery, and I had to endure the pangs of hunger——"

"Oh, heaven!"

"And then—oh, then—he abandoned me; left me, fled from me, to marry with another——"

"Heartless scoundrel!" exclaimed old Boozey.

"Then I knew that I had nothing more to hope or expect in this world; my brain wandered; I thought of my mother, prayed of heaven to forgive me, and sought to die."

Old Tom fairly sobbed aloud, and for some moments his tears almost suffocated him. Presently, when he had grown a little calm, he said:—

"You were wrong, my child, to think of killing yourself for the loss of such a treacherous and unnatural villain."

"Forbear!" hastily cried Eliza. "I will not let you call him that!"

"I have a right to call him what I please; you are my daughter, now, you know; I have saved your life, and you belong to me; 'tis for me henceforth to protect and to defend you, and should I learn who is the wretch that has so infamously betrayed you, woe to him—woe to him!"

"No, his conscience shall be his only punishment."

"You love him still?"

"And ever shall; far more precious will he ever be to me than the life that you have saved."

There was a brief silence, which was broken by Eliza, who, gazing earnestly into Old Tom's face, said:—

"Good friend, there is a sombre and long abiding grief stamped upon your features; I saw that when for the first time I gazed upon you from behind that curtain yonder, and indeed so have I often gazed when you have thought me sleeping. Believe me, father, the unhappy divine and comprehend each other, and sure am I that you also have greatly suffered, have known some terrible calamity."

"Oh, talk not of it!" exclaimed Boozey, his features distorted with agony. "Thinking of, caring for you, I had, for the time, forgotten all else, and now—now I must drink, must have gin, or——"

He was about to clutch the bottle, but Eliza, starting up, grasped his hands and held them fast.

"You shall not!" she resolutely cried. "Are there no other means to obtain forgetfulness? Why have you not, in your sufferings, addressed yourself to heaven?"

"Well, and you—you wished to kill yourself!"

"Yes, I was very guilty, was mad! And besides, I so deeply loved him!"

"And I," wildly exclaimed Tom, "I have many times been mad. And besides, I deeply loved—her."

"Her! It is then a woman whom you regret?"

"Yes, my wife—my wife!"

"And what has become of her?"

"Oh, mercy on me!" he groaned.

"Where is she?"

"There," responded Tom, in a choking voice, and pointing towards heaven.

"Well, then," softly said Eliza, "have courage to await the day when you will surely again behold her. Seek not forgetfulness in that soul killing liquor. Would it not be better that you should pray? Would not that far better please her who is on high?"

"Yes, perhaps, perhaps—but 'tis too late—too late! I cannot exist without gin, there is my only consolation—and I will have it, I will!"

Again he would have possessed himself of the bottle, but Eliza was before him, and snatching it from the barrel, she hurled it against the archway, splintering it into a thousand fragments, while Tom sent forth a loud shout of rage and disappointment, as he heard the splash of the liquor, and saw his adored namesake streaming down the wall.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ON IMPORTED TIT-BITS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY DIOGENES.

I once heard a mighty man of muscle—who bore a deep-set hatred against another individual—use the following slang threat, which, in consideration of the gentleman's biceps and shoulders, was worthy of attention: "If he knows when he is well off he'll keep out of my reach, if he don't, I'll stretch for him." The remark was not a virgin one; I had often heard it before, but having on this occasion turned it over in my mind, it struck me as bearing one remarkable clause: "If he knows when he is well off." That was the sum of knowledge that was to save him from the wrath to come, as it is at once the total of all our sins, failings and grievances, and those little drawbacks that serve to lessen the sugar in the cups of our life's coffee. The spendthrift, with the remains of past opulence falling to shreds on his shoulders, regretfully looks back to the time when his fingers grew weary in counting his dollars, and regretfully acknowledges that he hardly knew when he was "well off." The criminal pines in a like manner for that freedom that the action perhaps of a hasty moment deprived him of. This is the principle which is universal in its application, and shows that man's greatest frailty is a lack of comprehension for the future. He will blight all his future for a moment of ecstasy or revenge. Hoping to double his pile he will risk all on the turning of a card. So speculation is rampant, lotteries flourish, and there are many going straight to the mischief who had otherwise been happy and contented.

While in favor of free trade and an utter banishment of all proscriptive feeling, I would very respectfully, and with the kindest meaning, make a few suggestions to our cousins across the water. If they know when they are "well off," they will take these tutorings to heart, for they will prove a mine of wealth in futurity.

In the first place, they have some very remarkable, crude ideas, which they would do well to shake from their knowledge boxes.

1st. Genius is national and not personal.

2d. Americans are proscriptive, and use prejudice instead of just criticism.

3d. New York City is a half civilized locality. Buffaloes sometimes parade the streets, and every individual is an incarnate armory. The suburbs are composed of wigwams and squatters' huts.

Of course, as an individual, I cannot vouch for the correctness of the assertion that these ideas are accepted by any particular class of society; I merely make my surmise from the outcroppings of an occasional malcontent; and the very evident reluctance with which theatrical people of stamina cross the seas only proves that these grumblings take deep root, and require not only a decided denial but a plain statement of facts that will put the case in a true, impartial light.

In regard to the first of these heresies, I would simply say that there may be some who sincerely believe that the English stage is mother of all the brightest gems of dramatic literature and histrionicism that adorn our theatrical world. They will assure you, as though they meant it, that Jefferson, Sothern, Boucicault, Kellogg, Walcot, and Brougham, are exceptions to our stage. This may seem a novel idea to Americans who are entertained year in and year out by our immense army of talent. Of course any man of common sense will allow that genius, wherever it sprang from, is entirely personal, and that though we may boast of our Booths, Wallacks, Davenports, Landers, Jeffersons and Forrests, we can lay no more claim to their "fire immortal" than we can to the rattling Irish facetiæ of John Brougham; and what folly that would be for the long-headed, tortuous, wit-loving yankee nation. Imagine a London swell priding himself, and holding as a feather in the national cap, the sweet, bright, domestic pictures of Robinson. It is simply preposterous. No! the line of genius, were it ever to be drawn in a local sense, would hold on our side as many buds of America as it would roses, shamrocks or thistles on the other. There are, I confess, a certain number of asses who fondly imagine that America can produce no dramatic literature. It is, in view of the quantity of neat, vivacious matter accomplished by our magazine writers, the most unmitigated bosh. This idea, though of itself harmless, constitutes a leading trait, that of self-importance, in the characters of *some* of our British cousins, a trait which we would hardly do well to vilify or detract from, as in many cases it is merely coupled with those of audacity and impertinence, and would leave but a pitiful remainder were we to detract from it.

Heresy No. 1 also gathers some weight from the greedy manner in which our managers devour every thing that smacks of London or Paris in the way of literature; and while their Yankee brethren of the quill are shut out in the cold completely, shivering and hungry, they slide in, receiving double pay for single work, and prosper accordingly. Such emanations, of course, that spring from the master brains of Boucicault, Lytton and Dickens, are standard to our stage, and Mr. Robinson's home pictures will ever be a crowning glory, passing with time in the ranks with the works of Congreve, Tobin, Inchbald, Massinger and Coleman. And there is much that is good and healthy that crosses to us from the other side, but withal we find such lumps of pot luck with the mess as "Poul Play," "Maud's Peril," and the like, dreary, senseless trash, without savor or salt, that runs for a season, short though it be, sometimes on puffery and prestige, then dies without hope of resurrection. When managers can drop prejudice and open their eyes to merit they will find to the benefit of all concerned that American writers can ascend higher than the gaslight, lightning, and calcium productions, which are indeed cheap, convenient vehicles for claptrap and mechanical novelties. No. 1 is in a sort of way mother to heresy No. 2,—viz.: that Americans are proscriptive and use prejudice instead of just criticism. This has been chirped in the ears of listeners by more than the recent "imported sparrow," and requires particular attention. Of late no artists from England of any standing have favored us, with the exception of the Keans and Miss Thompson's burlesque troupe. They were both received with flattering ovations. There have been inducements thrown out to Messrs. Fechter, Paul Bedford, and other artists, but they do not come. Whether proscription is the beam in their eyes, I would not venture to say. The *primary* evil is this, thereby hanging heresy 3, and that is, in plain talk, *our British cousins hold us too cheaply.* For instance, a certain Miss Rushton, who had filled subordinate walks in the drama in the English metropolis, playing second parts to Miss Menken on some occasions, comes to us here with an immense flourish of trumpets. A new piece is written, new scenery prepared at one of our first theatres, and the *chef d'orchestra* accomplishes by dint of hard straining and inspiration, some of the prettiest music that ever was written; a large *ballet* is engaged, posters set around in glories of red and blue printer's ink; a house netting upwards of two thousand dollars assembled, and the whole thing, which—with a particle of merit, having all the benefits of shrewd, liberal management—would have proved a success, *fell* on the public as flat as a cup of cold tea. It was, on its merits, a stupendous failure. With greater courtesy than our cousins would have shown on a like occasion, we ventured no reproof, but let the lady severely alone. She was, like a true Briton, gifted with an average amount of conceit; she misunderstood the lesson, and tried her hand at managing an establishment of her own. Such characters as Lady Teazle, Juliana, Rosalind, requiring the brightest order of talent, were considered by the lady good enough, through her assumption, for New York stomachs. But New York did not agree with the lady, and in common with London thought the lady's talent second class, and persisted firmly, yet courteously, in letting her severely alone. Managing is expensive, and she "went up." The last I heard of her she was abusing the American public, New York in particular, for their heartless proscription, alleging her "nationality" as the cause of her failure. So professionals allow their ears to be poisoned against us. Mr. Coleman came here, on the other hand, unheralded, unknown. He appeared as Uriah

Heep, in "David Copperfield," and, though his "nationality" was exceedingly evident, he was at once accepted as a favorite, and received due credit for his talents, which received further recognition on after occasions. We doubt if he could have had them more fully appreciated on the other side. Mr. Holston was one of the greatest favorites our stage has ever had, yet he came here as an Englishman, standing simply on his merits. Mr. Lingard was for the time all the rage. James Taylor's talents have received due recognition from press and public. The "Imported Sparrow!" Would he *please* give his name? I think *his* case could be settled satisfactorily. Now, dear cousins, let me tell you that there is not a fairer, more forbearing people on the face of the world than our own abused New Yorkers. Why, we bore through two long dreary seasons the monotonous repetitions of manner of one of Mr. Wallack's importations, and on some occasions we actually *praised* him. *Praised* him, when in his assumption of leading *roles*, there were at least a quartet in Mr. Wallack's own company who could have improved on his representations, and three dozen natives who would have jumped at the position, who were manifold more competent to fill it. No doubt some of Mr. Wallack's other "trials" will grumble when they "go across," but we were *too* lenient if anything, and they were tried on their own merits, with all doubts to the credit of the stranger. Compare, for instance, Miss Henriques with her successor, and be it said in all charity, the parallel will prove "odious" to our party. I have not the least bad feeling towards any professional, but think some plain talk and facts would serve as a poultice to whatever bad feeling may exist on the other side. *Do not hold us so cheap.* We are quite as good as you, my cousins, and hope you will act upon the suggestion. Don't send out people to *astonish* us who have only filled the humbler walks of the drama; the result is sure to be mutual disappointment, and on one side dissatisfaction. You would do well to repress some of those puppies who have held no position in your country, assume an unnatural one in ours, and are taken in many cases as a type of your race. Don't favor us with them when you can help it; we can exist without them, and they only provoke a bad feeling between us, that has no cause whatever beyond their stupid arrogance and impudence.

Above all things *do not try to impose on us.* The last endeavor was rather a failure, and the return of the "eleven" will probably, in view of their cold reception, prove more salt on your sore feelings. They were paraded around the country as the "all England eleven," but *we* are long headed and smart and we missed from their group Messrs. Lockyer, Hayward, Carpenter and D. Mortlock, and as is our wont we left them quietly alone. Please make a note on't.

There is no cause, not the slightest, for any bad feeling between the two nations so far as the theatrical and sporting worlds are concerned; the notabilities of either are received here, and we believe there, with the greatest friendship, when they come on their merits. When they assume false ground they find it out and suffer as they should. I only regret that they should be the means of bringing about bad feeling, and think, as I hope with all my heart, that a little reasonable thought and forbearance will do away with it.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3 860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

PEDALIST.—Deducting stoppages, the time made by C. N. Payne in his 100 miles' walk at Buffalo during the week ending Nov. 28th is said to have been 19 hours, 58 minutes and 3 seconds. This is not, as you suppose, the best time on record by any means. Capt. Barclay, according to a rather scarce work by the historian of Aberdeen, in Dec., 1806, accomplished the performance of 100 miles in 19 hours, over the worst road in the Kingdom, and just at the break of a severe storm. He started from Ury to go to Crathynaird and back. He went to Charlton, of Aboyne (28 miles) in 4 hours, where he stopped 10 minutes; then went forward to Crathynaird (22 miles), where he rested 55 minutes. He then returned to Charlton, where he refreshed for 30 minutes, when he proceeded to Ury, completing the entire distance in 19 hours. Exclusive of stoppages the distance was accomplished in *seventeen and one-half hours*, or at the rate of about five miles and three-quarters each hour, on the average.

MUFFIN, Pittsburgh.—We have decided that the two clubs play for the ball; and, having so decided, our decision will remain unaltered; should either club refuse to play, then the club so refusing will resign all claim, and the trophy will be given to the club willing to play. The ball was to have been given to the club which should hold the championship at the close of the season, after playing all candidates for the position; the opportunity to play was not afforded the Athletics; this opportunity they are entitled to, and must have, before the disposition of the ball can be determined upon. Your suggestions are well intended, no doubt, and are so received by us; but our decision cannot be changed.

J. M. B., Saratoga, N. Y.—1. It was a draw, Mac failing to appear at the time appointed by the stakeholder. 2. Hicken and Maguire are matched to fight for the light weight championship on the 23d inst.; the position is now vacant. We understand that Edwards promised to give Collyer the first chance if he (Billy) ever concluded to enter the ring again. 3. Hicken and Bussey's match fell through, Abe receiving forfeit, we believe. 4. O'Baldwin and Wormald fought one round at Lynnfield, Mass., on Oct. 29th., when the police interfered, and they were arrested. They did not meet afterward, and the match is now off, Wormald forfeiting the stakes. 5. It don't look like it.

A BET ON A GAME OF EUCHRE.—"A B C and D are playing a game of euchre. D has the deal. A B and C pass. D turns it down, when it passes again around to D, who makes it trump, and says he will play it alone. A says he will play alone against him. D objects, and after some talk does agree to play A alone, when A euchres D, and wants to count four. D objects to this, and argues that it does not count more than an ordinary game. Please decide."......A is entitled to two points only, having euchered his opponent.

J. W. R., St. Louis, Mo.—1. That is not definitely known. 2. The first recorded prize fight in this country was between Jacob Hyer (father of Tom) and Tom Beasley, in 1816, resulting in a draw. 3. Tom Hyer died in New York, June 26, 1864, aged forty-five years. 4. Jem Ward fought Jemmy the black August 20, 1823. 5. Heenan's first regular ring fight was with Morrissey. He had a turn-up with Sam Banta at Yreka, Cal., in August, 1857. 6. The Mutuals are so considered by the fraternity.

TROY, Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Not that we know of. Lambert, an English pedestrian, walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, for a wager, at Stewart's Gymnasium, Boston, in 1857, starting on July 28th and finishing on September 8th. To show that he had some strength left Lambert ran around the course, 196 feet, two or three times, after completing his arduous task. James Kennovan is accredited with having walked 106 hours without rest.

T. O., Annapolis, Md.—Fort Lafayette, destroyed by fire on December 1st, was erected in 1812, and then received the name of Fort Diamond. Subsequently, at the time of Lafayette's visit to this country, its name was changed in honor of that distinguished officer. It was built of brown stone and heavy timbers, and its armament consisted of eighty guns in two tiers and barbette.

STAKEHOLDER.—"A and B are running for a political office; C bets D that A will be elected. A is declared elected by the return judges, and is granted his certificate of election. B contests the election of A. Does not C win the bet on A taking his seat, without waiting the result of the contest?"......We think not; the final decree of the Court should be given before the question can be definitely settled.

BLACK AND TAN, Bloomington, Ill.—Tom McAlpine, *alias* "Soap," has appeared five times in the ring, defeating George Barnes in 9 rounds; Johnny Devine, in 105 rounds, 105 minutes; Barney, in 8 rounds, 27 minutes; Jack Lynch, in 8 rounds, 15 minutes; and making a draw with McElroy, after fighting 108 rounds, in 1 hour 45 minutes.

HENRY.—1. Her maiden name was Siddons. 2. Cannot give you her correct age. 3. John Winans died in the Almshouse, Philadelphia, December, 1859. 4. He resides in this city, but has played very seldom of late year. 5. She married Mr. Duffield and is not retired from the stage.

J. B. S., Washington.—1. H. L. Bateman is the husband of the authoress of "Self." The lady is still living. They are the parents of Kate and Helen. The last named has married and retired from the stage, residing in Brooklyn. 2. Catharine Sinclair Forrest is still living, but has retired from the stage.

HORIZONTAL BAR, Baltimore.—As the brothers you mention have never performed in this city we cannot decide, as we do not know how they do the act. The "double giant swing" has been done by several performers.

PATRON, Galt, Ontario.—1. We are of the opinion that no player should be permitted to go alone, when assisted, as it deprives the player between the two partners of a voice, in turn, in the disposition of the trump. 2. We don't know how that paper decides.

BET, Washington.—1. Sophie was born in 1848; Irene in 1849, and Jennie in 1850. 2. Mark Smith is a good stock star. 3. Forrest, Booth, Davenport, Boothroyd Fairclough, Mrs. Lander, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Waller and Jean Hosmer.

J. M. D., Philadelphia.—"Four men are playing a game of all fours; one has one to go, the others have two to go. Can the dealer give the one point man out and play the other man?" ......Yes.

E. G. W. L., New Orleans.—Your letter dated Nov. 18th did not reach us until Dec. 2d, in consequence of being detained in your city post office for being insufficiently stamped. $50 is the price.

J. W. B., St. Louis.—Counterproof's 7:41¼, in the four mile heat race at Memphis, Nov. 15th, 1867, for the Turf Congress Post Stake, was made in the third heat. The time of the race was 8:01¾; 7:49¼; 7:41¼.

LITTLE MAC.—It was produced at the Olympic under Mrs. John Wood's management, with E. L. Davenport in the principal *role*.

J. D. R., Chicago Ill.—You can obtain but very few. Drop a note to Currier & Ives, print publishers, corner Nassau and Spruce streets, this city.

OWNER OF $250, WORTH $105.—The judges gave a manifestly unjust decision in ruling out Ruby for foul driving, for he was entitled to keep his position on the inside.

TIMOTHY DEADY, Amherst, Mass.—There is such a firm, and they have a place of business at the address advertised in the CLIPPER.

Q. W. G., Lafayette, Ill.—1. Dion and McDevitt did play for the golden cue. 2. The billiard congress did not rule out the push shot.

J. S., Montpelier, Vt.—Half an hour and *between* seven and eight miles, instead of eight, makes a great difference. As you first stated it the feat was incredible.

H. C. Y., Hartford, Ct.—The advertisement would take a space of three lines. For charges see advertising rates in another column.

"W."—As the electors represent Grant, it follows that the success of the Grant electors is the election of Grant, and our opinion is that H loses the wager.

BYE IN SHADES, Williamsburgh, L. I.—They should have continued to play the same game, consequently six cards should have been dealt.

C. H. W., Medford, Mass.—The party winning the wager is, of course, entitled to both drinks, though 'tis customary for each to imbibe.

D. R., New York.—We have repeatedly decided that in throwing raffles, whether with three or six dice, sixes always count higher than aces, which, indeed, count lowest.

G. T. T., Phila.—B having gone out, has nothing further to do with the game and has no right to cut the cards. A must cut.

HERO, Milford.—1. He is in Washington. 2. Cannot say what Caroline Hayes' intentions are as regards reorganizing for this winter.

BROOKLYN.—Three hundred and twenty-two persons were lost when the Arctic steamer was wrecked. There were some saved.

K. K. K., Memphis.—Radcliffe, c; McBride, p; Start, 1st b; Reach, 2 b; Fergerson, 3 b; George Wright, s. s.; Cuthbert, l. f.; Egglen, c. f.; H. Wright, r. f.

G. H. P., Boston.—Take sulphur, 4 oz.; common fish oil, ½ pint; sp. turpentine, ¼ pint. Mix well and rub thoroughly three times a week.

HUNTED DOWN, Baltimore.—Lotta has just passed her twenty-first birth-day. 2. Her mother is not traveling with her this season.

GAME.—Our reply to the question last week was correct; and the word "throw" was *apropos*. The cards might be looked at after the hand was played.

D. H., Rochester.—The same idea has already been worked up in another shape in our paper. Thank you the same, however.

J. S.—G. L. Fox became manager of what is now known as the Broadway Theatre on April 21st, 1862, and opened it as Fox's Olympic. He closed up on May 10th.

BOXER.—We cannot refer you to any teacher in this city at present. Prof. Bill Clarke intends opening a sparring school shortly.

NEW YORKER.—The latest returns are, no doubt, the nearest correct, consequently A is evidently the winner.

W. S. R., Cambridge.—The life of the late Adah Isaacs Menken was published in the CLIPPER of August 22d, 1868.

R. G. K.—The benefit took place at the Winter Garden Theatre.

T. H. K.—John Brogan, 28 Prince street, of the "American," or Mr. Sandall, 75 Bedford street, of the "New York."

TRAVELER.—Katie Putnam is traveling through the west with a dramatic company.

LEON.—Cannot give you the population at present—it was 110,000 when the last census was taken.

INQUIRER, Allegheny City, Pa.—Walter Brown is a married man.

BRAZIL.—The distance from New York to Rio Janeiro is 7,400 miles.

AN OLD ACTOR.—The idea is a good one, and we may act upon it.

E. P. G., Dubuque.—Mr. R. had no letter from us; your items will be acceptable, if of general interest.

T. KOXTER, St. Louis, Mo.—One billion is cyphered with ten figures now; thirteen were once used.

N. L., Philadelphia.—The lady's "exact age" we are not able to give you.

W. P. S., Detroit, Mich.—1. One point for each Jack turned up is all that may be taken. 2. Deceased.

J. O. B.—You win, as Seymour's majority in the State of New York was 10,000, according to the latest returns.

IGNORAMUS.—We can only advise you to get the advice of a lawyer on such a matter.

H. S. F., Dayton, O.—Seymour's majority in the city of New York was 60,578.

A. K. K., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. Yes, we have some back numbers, but not a full file.

P. H. B., Scranton, Pa.—As the party did get a majority of over 3,500, A won.

R. H. H.—The player must see the dollar before drawing his cards.

READER.—The time of the quickest Derby run was 2:43, by Kettledrum and Blair Athol.

MONONGAHELA.—It is a dramatization from the German, by Waldauer, of St. Louis, expressly for her.

AMATEUR.—First class performers in that business get from $20 to $30 a week.

W. S., Huntsville, Ala.—1. Heenan was born in West Troy, N. Y., May 1, 1834. 2. Your previous letter failed to connect.

A SUBSCRIBER, Lowell, Mass.—P. wins, as the bets go with the main stakes.

A. G. M., Norwich, Ct.—1. We do not think there is. 2. Address Jerry Farrell, in care of this office.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—A lost, as the party securing the seat is considered elected.

J. McC., Philad'a.—See answer to "A bet on the game of euchre."

J. S. D., Chicago.—He married Lucy Simons and sailed for California.

J. W. B., Rockville, Ct.—The man who bet on the democratic majority wins.

T. N. M.—Mike McCoole beat Aaron Jones at Busenbark's Station, O., August 31, 1867.

J. W. B., Leavenworth.—Under such circumstances we should call it a draw.

S. J. S. H.—In such a case the white ball must make ten points to go out.

F. A. BOLLMANN, Baltimore.—We have some back numbers for sale but not a full file.

THOMAS, Washington, D. C.—We have not any of the numbers you enquire for.

TELEGRAPHER, New York.—In throwing dice, B wins. Three sixes and two aces beat three aces and two threes at raffles.

W. C., Boston.—1. Barney & Berry's, New York Club, and the Star skate are preferred. 2. We never heard of them.

ELEPHANT, Nashua.—The elephant, Romeo, is in winter quarters at Connersville, Ind.

CONSTANT READER, Buffalo.—One hundred dollars is the license for one year for each State.

BURLESQUE.—1. Cannot give you a correct list of their ages. 2. Alex. Henderson.

STAGE STRUCK, Hartford.—A position in a first class established theatre would be preferable.

IRMK.—We cannot write the correct way of pronouncing it. Any Frenchman can inform you.

C. O. D., Baltimore.—1. See answer to Bet. 2. There is no champion female banjoist.

DAN SHELBY.—The bill for notices is $14.

T. B. J., St. Johns.—Mr. Robinson is a leading stock actor.

F. B. W.—We cannot give you their correct ages. It is a wig.

LUE, Chicago.—H. Corri is the manager.

J. R., New York.—We do not know of any club by that name.

RAVEN HAIR.—We know nothing about his abilities to teach.

PUG, Cleveland, O.—The bets must go with the main stakes.

C. L. G., Providence.—All right.

DOLCHY, New Brunswick.—Will be acceptable.

SHAKERS.—It is A's shake next after C is out.

CHARLES DUVAL, Philadelphia.—See answer to J. W. B.

M. B., Jersey City, N. J.—No.

FAITH AND HOPE.

Faith is a great thing; without it, the world could not get along; without it, no business could flourish; for if business men were entirely distrustful of each other there would be no ventures; men of capital would hold on to their *change*, and *change* would be like a meeting house when the people have gone. This was illustrated by the panics of 1837 and 1857, when a *want* of confidence caused great *want* of money among all classes, and all *conditions* of men were in a truly bad *condition* until confidence was restored. Some have confounded Faith with Hope. There is a big difference, as we hope to be able to show. Hope desires an object, and with reasonable ground for expectation awaits the event; Faith, discarding all doubt, takes the thing for granted. That is Hope which springs up in the breast of the favorite clerk when he sees that one of the *Firm* is getting very *infirm*, and thinks he sees a *chance* for himself in the probable *mischance* of said employer. Faith is exercised when you lay yourself back in a barber's chair, and put yourself in his power for the time being, in all confidence that the *Barber* is not so *barbarous* as to cut your throat. But Faith, like every other good principle, has its bad side; it may be carried too far, and become presumption, and our presumption is that there are few people in the world who have not illustrated this fact in their own experience. Now a friend of ours carried Faith to *extremes* once, and was *extremely* chagrinned at the result. He handed his carpet bag to a boy at the corner of the street, asking him to hold it for him while he went in to buy himself a segar. That bag had all his money in it. Well, the boy kindly consented to hold the bag, and perhaps may be holding it yet, proving him to be a good holder of notes; for when our friend came out again he found that the boy to whom he had been *green* enough to trust his *greenbacks*, had gone *back* on him, and disappeared like the *mist* of the morning; at any rate he has *missed* him ever since, and his bag too. Now that was presumption, an exercise of Faith without reasonable grounds for it. In the case of the barber there is reasonable ground for the confidence you repose in him; and, although you know that he has the power to do you a mischief, still the circumstances and surroundings are such that without hesitation you *trust* him, though it is a question whether he will *trust* you if you should happen to be short of the stamps necessary to pay him with. But there are often cases where Faith is exercised in vain—where confidence is misplaced. The man who thought he could take two or three heavy doses of whiskey before going home without his wife being able to detect it on him, finds, too late, that his legs are getting twisted, and, from the space he occupies on the walks, people who see him will have good reason to think that he carries all his pennies in one pocket; *he* is a victim of misplaced confidence. The greenhorn, who bids for that "magnificent gold watch," and walks off with a pinchback specimen, is another victim of misplaced confidence. But there have been cases where confidence has been misplaced, in which the consequences have been of too serious a character to pass lightly over, where the interests involved were immense, and where everything depended on the worthiness of the one in whom such confidence has been placed. Even though the party may be innocent of any intent to do wrong, yet, if grave interests depend upon their ability, they should be held to a strict account for any carelessness they evince, especially if such want of care should involve loss of life.

The above reflections have been suggested to us by several cases of recent occurrence, in this city and elsewhere, of druggist supplying sundry customers with poison instead of innocent medicine prescribed by physicians. An attendant in a drug store, in a neighboring city, recently made a curious mistake by making pills for a patient out of a highly poisonous stuff called Atropia, instead of Assafœdita, as the prescription called for. Atropia is a substance said to be used in very small doses by some ladies (particularly in Spain), to add to their beauty; some have taken so much of it that they become perfect angels, so it is suspected. At all events they disappeared from this planet. How the attendant in question could mistake Atropia for Assafœdita passes comprehension. It bears about as close a resemblance to it as guano does to ice cream; but he *did* make such a mistake, and the consequences were terrible—a most estimable lady losing her life through faith in the apothecary; taking home with her a deadly poison instead of the medicine applied for. One pill produced coma, and finally put a period to her existance. We would be very unwilling to believe that there was any intention on the part of the clerk to take life; we hope, however, that this unfortunate circumstance will be a warning to all compounders of medicines everywhere, to exercise such care that in relieving their patients from suffering they do not put them past suff'ring altogether.

ANOTHER FOUL.—Walter Brown, our champion oarsman, might well be called our champion fowler. Last week he undertook to row from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, but notwithstanding he had no competition in the long pull, he managed to run into a bridge pier, and the pier being more substantial than Walter, compelled the latter, as well as his boat, to cave, and brought the sculling trial to an abrupt termination.

A WISE SAW.—A rather remakable way to "increase apace," as the saying goes, is to *prop-a-gate!* Carpenters ought to be able to multiply rapidly if that is so.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

The prosecution of the Erie Railroad War, waged as it is being in some half dozen courts, and in one of the national tribunals particularly, will not fail to work out a revolution in a quarter the least expected by the legal combatants. The battle between the rival capitalists seeking to assume control of probably the most extensive monied corporation in the country, although highly instructive to those interested in purchases of stock at "short" and at "long," as well as to the unfortunate dupes who have invested ready money in this precarious enterprize, will ultimately prove of secondary moment to the side issue, created incidentally through legal complicities of the warfare. The people at large have little or no interest in Erie, save in being transported over the line; it is a matter of no importance to them whether Gould or Drew, or Belmont or Fiske manipulate its stock for their individual "corners," provided the rolling stock is in good order and the switches in proper trim; nevertheless the conduct of the judiciary, before whom the various cases have been brought, has perfectly bewildered the good people with regard to collision in judicial authority.

It appears unaccountable to good citizens, not versed in the eccentricities of the law, to find half a dozen learned judges all at loggerheads upon a solitary statement of fact, and perceiving one branch of the judiciary identified in interest with one class of Erie contestants and another with their antagonists, they are inclined to impute these contradictory judgments to the bias of interest. In fact, some of the leading dailies have gone so far as to impugn the integrity of one or more of our elective officials, and to insinuate that the ermine has been contaminated with the pollution of Wall street.

It seems morally certain that this Erie law-suit will be taken as a test to urge some modification in the manner of securing a judiciary otherwise than through popular election, but what will eventually be that modification can only be determined by a constitutional amendment. Heretofore the presumptive mal-administration of justice, so vehemently alleged of late years by the ultra conservatives, has only affected the public peace, insinuations of malfeasance having been only preferred against the minor order of criminal justices or those charged with the administration of the penal laws. But this great railroad dispute has planted the seeds of discontent among the millionaires, the capitalists, the speculators, and the money kings of the metropolis. These men will naturally leave no legal resource unexhausted to attain their respective aims, and as one or the other must eventually be emerged disaffected by reason of judgments adverse to their interests, their vindictiveness will naturally outlive the termination of a struggle upon which depends their reputation, their influence, and their money speculations.

It has ever appeared a singular fallacy that while the administration of criminal justice has been committed, without protest, into the hands of non jurists, of men making no pretensions to legal attainments, the mercantile portion of the community have persistently demanded that adjudication in civil suits should be determined by the most eminent and able judges who could be selected from a full array of the bar. In other words, it was a matter of no concern to citizens of position and repute, arrogating to themselves representation of the better classes, whether an innocent man, whose capital in trade was limited to reputation for integrity and worth, should be consigned to a felon's cell through error of an ignorant or incompetent magistrate; but when it came to a dispute upon matters of dollars and cents, when their pockets and not their characters were at stake, then all, financially inclined clamored with a single accord against the degeneracy of the judiciary and the method of their elevation to the dignity of the ermine.

Now this battle of dollars and cents has come before our civil courts in the fullest of dignity. Not alone are eight millions in ready cash hazarded upon the judicial die, but the future control of property whose annual revenue exceeds that of more than one European principality. No wonder, then, that the myrmidons of mammon are troubled in mind as to the character, the capacities and the abilities of the judiciary destined to determine a question of so vast a monetary supremacy. Consequently, as the prosecution of Perez, the rival of Philip II in the affections of the Princess of Eboli, terminated the franchises of the tribunals of Castile, who can say whether the Erie war may not be made to terminate the popular election of our judiciary? Assuredly graver results have sprung from meaner causes.

The history of the local judiciary presents an experience pregnant with complications, as far as the State of New York has been concerned. Under the old constitution all of our judges were appointed by the Governor, with concurrence of the Senate, and held tenure of office during good behavior, until sixty years of age. The bar rebelled against this duration of office, as closing the pathway of preferment against the younger and more ambitious of the profession. The agitation once more commenced was taken up by the politicians, directing public clamor, and in consequence the revised constitution, in addition to abolishing the Court of Chancery, curtailed tenure of judicial office to a limited term of years and ordained the incumbent to be elected through popular suffrage. All vestige of the pre-existing system of appointment, together with the Court of Errors wherein the members of the senate officiated as law judges, with other practices borrowed from the customs of the English constitution, were at a blow swept away. It was generally surmised that the recent constitutional convention, consuming months in discursory debates at Albany, would have suggested some practical method for reforming the system of judicial elections; but that body, dreaming itself into inactivity, passed out of actual existence without submitting, as had been anticipated, any scheme for popular ratification. Hence, when the financial interests of a mighty corporation are to be controlled by judicial decisions, we perceive that new complaints are about to be urged against the present elective provision.

The serious question presented to the community is embraced within a narrow compass. An upright, honest and capable judiciary is an absolute necessity to the well being of the commonwealth, and of vital importance as well to the ordinary criminal as to the merchant and capitalist. How is a trustworthy administration of justice, criminal and civil, to be secured?

The State of New York has experimented freely as to the manner of selecting occupants for the bench and with decreasing success. We have had judges appointed by the executive, and confirmed by the highest legislative bodies, and the unpopularity of tenure for a long series of years has induced abrogation of such a method in office creation. We have substituted in its stead the erection of a judiciary, based upon the principle of popular suffrage, and apparently we have thrown ourselves from the frying pan into the fire. What is to be done in the premises? To recede from our present position would be to act contrary to the progressive tendencies of our nature; to progress further would undeniably prove a step towards confusion. Let us, therefore, suggest an equitable compromise of interests, which we believe can be carried into practical effect. Divest the judiciary of partisan political bias, and throw the ermine upon the shoulders of those only adjudged worthy of its wearing through consummate ability. The law is a profession, equally so with that of medicine or of divinity, and the judiciary is but the administrative head of the bar as a professional body. A client does not select an advocate on account of his political principles; then why should we attach preference to an individual to act as judge by reason of his party ties?

Moreover, the election of the judiciary should be entrusted solely to the suffrages of the legal profession, as the more capable of adjudicating upon the merits of rival candidates, and the more deeply interested in securing a competent person to decide questions of a purely professional nature. The lawyer is an officer of the court, the judge is the executive head of a legalized body, and it is not just that such a head should be designated by the subordinate he directly governs? Herein, we conceive, lies the only effectual remedy for existing abuses.

THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS are fast approaching; storekeepers are already embellishing their windows with fancy articles as well as articles of necessary use, and decorating their shops with all sorts of fanciful devices to attract the attention of customers. On the Bowery slope, Christmas trees and evergreens may be seen here and there, as advance agents of the numbers soon to follow. Turkeys are being fed and fattened in sumptuous style, and things everywhere begin to look Christmasish.

SLEIGHING.—The generous distribution of Mother Carey's favors on the night of the 4th inst. placed the avenues of Central Park in good order for sleighing, and on the 5th and 6th numbers enjoyed a few hours fun on runners. The sport was short lived, however, for on the 6th inst. Jupiter Pluvius made his unwelcome appearance upon the silvery scene, and at his approach the "beautiful snow" resolved itself into purling streams of dirty water. As we go to press the rain continues to fall, the streets abound in execrable slush, and the face of nature is clouded in mourning.

ALL THE GO.—A large number of convicts in the New Hampshire State Prison are employed at cabinet making. Nearly all the editors in the country have likewise turned their attention to that branch of industry. Birds of a feather, they say, go together.

HALF AND HALF.—We are told by our eastern exchanges that in Kirby, Vt., they have crows that are half white. We can show stranger things than that in the metropolis, for in this city there are many men who are half white.

YES, YES.—A writer in one of the story papers makes the remarkable assertion that "woman is a fact." We suppose he had a certain old saw in his mind at the time, the saw which says "facts are stubborn things."

"OUR JIM"—who visited Brooklyn the other day—suggests that the Navy Yard over there reminds him of a jewelry store, because the chain of sentinels about it is nothing but a *watch* chain.

A "BLUE" BIRD since the vote of the electoral colleges was declared—A. "J."

ELECTED.—Stephen Roberts, the well known boat builder, has been elected Assistant Alderman of the 21st district, this city.

OUR NEW MAYOR'S NEST—the City Hall.

ALL ROUND THE STREETS.

New York is beginning to vie with London in the heterogeneous character of its inhabitants, while the raw material is probably more varied than that which forms the substratum of life in any city under the sun. Since Augustin Daly and Chandos Fulton—two enterprising gentlemen who are to be commended for the indomitable perseverance they have manifested in overcoming the obstacles which stand in the way of an American dramatist—have entered upon the task of photographing, as it were, the New York streets, the public attention has been more generally directed to our out-of-door surroundings than at any previous time, but still there are scenes of hourly occurrence which, although they loom up grandly upon the stage as dramatic effects, are hardly noticed by the majority of us, even when transpiring beneath our very noses. "There goes old Spondulix, the millionaire—happy fellow!" we say to ourselves, as that pillar of society and conservator of the banking interests rolls past us in his carriage, scarce one of us aware that many of the wretched objects of pity or charity one meets in the street are his tenants. If you would know *why* so many of them haunt the streets, just step aside into one of these populous byways, where you will be pointed to buildings which "shelter" (what comical terms we employ to express what we don't mean!) from five hundred to one thousand persons each, and "hive" more dirt and sin and misery than it would be supposed possible to conceal under one roof. When a certain philanthropic writer took upon himself to assert that "there is no use in preaching the gospel to people crowded together 1,200 in one house," he enunciated a great truth of which the events of each passing day furnish fruitful confirmation. One is astonished at the number of this superabundant class of our citizens, and puzzled as to the manner in which they live. The original Lime-Kiln Man is dead, but he has left behind him scores of prototypes, only, now-a-days, it is the fashion to dress with a greater regard for appearances. There are many idlers in the city, as lazy as ever was he, and as repugnant to work, who dress quite passably, live on the best the market affords, to all appearances, and yet are occupants of garrets and dens, the very odor of whose environments is enough to breed a contagion. How many of these are supported by the "Obenreizers" who infest New York and get rich upon the necessities of this division of humanity, it were vain to speculate. They are such well got up counterfeits that they pass very easily among strangers for the class they imitate. The poor working women who are often seen staggering along under bundles of work which they are taking to their homes, resemble overtasked dray horses; for those there is only the prospect of unrequited poverty to the bitter end; but wait until night falls, and you will find another class, younger and more comely, who would be "good" if they could, and who really shudder at the breaches of propriety to which necessity obliges them to submit. Perhaps these are more to be pitied than those who, having no longer youth or good looks to sustain them, have only the most unremitting and ill-paid-for drudgery between themselves and starvation. Roaming at random about the streets, but rarely intruding upon the fashionable thoroughfares, or playing cards and drinking fire water in corner groceries, or "hanging round" low, obscure bars, you may encounter another class, whose counterparts are among the frequenters of Water street dens; sinister, low browed fellows, with caps pulled down over their beetling foreheads, and a look so depraved that there is no feeling of safety within eyesight or hailing distance. They are the "roughs," with whom it is better not to have much to do, and in whose sight the less show that is made of a watch or a wallet, the better. Some of the lazzaroni class are gaunt and haggard, and scowl with bloodshot eyes at the passer by. Some are *chiffoniers*, or rag pickers, who are merry and fat, as having a trade that pays; some woo the blind goddess in various forms, and otherwise live the lives of gentlemen of leisure; some beg and many steal. O, the misery—the untold misery of such hopeless, aimless lives! No wonder they steep their brains in poisonous whiskeys to drown the cankering sorrow that gnaws at their hearts. Some revel awhile in gilded resorts and costly, luxurious homes, only to sink after a time to depths as abject. God pity and redeem the unfortunates who yet have not been drawn beyond the line.

Sporting Squibs.

— Rabbits are dying rapidly in the southeast portion of Indiana from an epidemic of a kind of leprosy.

— Sleighing is being enjoyed in the counties of Oxford, Franklin and Androscoggin, Me.

— Geo. B. Warren, of Troy, N. Y., is the possessor of a pair of deer's heads, the antlers of which are interlocked in such a manner that they cannot be separated. One of the animals was dead when found, and the other was unable to disengage itself.

— The Nathan Folger family, of Nantucket, Mass., is composed of eight persons, whose aggregate age is 583 years, an average of 72⅞ years. Five of them are over 73 years. The father of the family lived to be 84, and the mother to be 80.

— A society has been formed in Paris for the propagation of useful insects.

— A new park has been opened on Asylum avenue, Hartford, Ct.

— London consumed 1,250,000 rabbits during the year 1867, skinned and prepared for eating. The animals were reared by the children of the peasantry of the departments Du Nord and Pas de Calais, in France, who thereby obtained $210,000.

— A crow's nest, with 100,000 population, has been discovered in Lancaster county, Pa.

— Weston, the wonderful walkist, has started West on another tramp. It is to be hoped that he will not be "helped on a bit" by the gentleman accompanying him in vehicles.

— During November forty-two new members were added to the rolls of the Society for the Prevention of Gambling, and 58 clerks were reported to their employers as frequenters of gambling houses.

— An elk, in Iowa, recently tried to overtake a railroad train. The conductor stopped the train, permitted the elk to do as he liked, and then made game of him for his future lunch.

— There are 10,000 *istvostchikas*, hack drivers, in Petersburgh, a third of whom do most of their work at night.

— A game cock recently killed a little girl at Vincentown, N. H., by picking her so severely that lock-jaw set in.

— Two bachelors of Indianapolis, Ind., made a bet on the late election of $500, the loser to pay the money or get spliced in six weeks. The loser, a Seymourite, is doing all he can to hunt up a "trow."

— The remains of the Marquis of Hastings were consigned to the grave at Kensal Green Cemetery, London, Eng., on the 14th ult., in the presence of a number of the relatives and friends of the deceased and a very small assemblage of the public.

— A pet bobolink escaped from its cage at Newport, in June last. A few days ago it found its way to a former residence, 11 miles distant.

— Game is abundant in many of the Western States. In Western Missouri venison is selling at five cents a pound.

— The sum of ten thousand dollars has been expended by Minnesota this year in buying wolf scalps, for which she pays $10 per scalp.

— Lumps of silver ore are used in Nevada for currency, and also to "fight the tiger" with.

— Chicago supplies most of the Atlantic cities with game.

— Wolves are becoming so numerous in Yazoo Co., Miss., that $7 50 are offered for each wolf and scalp.

— Lynxes are slaughtering the sheep in the Nutmeg State.

— George Alden, a young pupil of the Latin School, walked recently from the Somerville and Charleston line to Malden Centre, Mass., in 32½ minutes.

— The pawnbrokers of Paris are doing a lively business just now.

P. B. × P. +.

— Fox hunting has commenced in England, and already one lord and two or three gentlemen are reported as having ridden into eternity over a fence that was a few inches too high.

— A feline matron, 52 years of age, at Winthrop, Me., has given birth to 252 kittens, it is said. Poor puss! Wonder how many grandchildren, etc., she has.

— Two million dollars are said to have been bet on the electoral vote in the Golden State.

— A championship tournament at hog killing and packing is in progress between the cities of St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati.

— A bear dines on Boston Common daily, and the manner in which he stows away his grub is a wonderment to the modern Athenians. Our Wall street bears will beat him, we'll bet. They dispose of hundreds of bulls daily. Regular beef eaters.

— Artificial eggs, said to be as good as the genuine, are manufactured by a man in Troy, who sells them at 15 cents per dozen.

— So many accidents have happened on the Champs Elysees, after dark, by collisions of velocipedes, that the police insist on lanters being affixed.

— The whole Upper Mississippi country in Minnesota is covered with nearly two feet of snow. There is capital sleighing above Anoka.

— J. H. Campbell Wyndham, long known upon the English turf, died on Nov. 16th, aged 69, the immediate cause of death being a fall from his pony. By his demise the nominations of Glencoe for the Two Thousand and Derby become void.

— Jaffery, the popular light-weight jockey, sustained a fracture of the collar bone, through a fall of Sister to Veda, whom he was riding at Warwick, Eng., on the 20th ult.

— Houses are being erected upon the grounds at Hoboken, formerly used by the New York and St. George Cricket Clubs.

— The results of an imperial hunt lately held at Versailles, are as follows:—39 bucks and does, 635 hares and 468 woodcocks and pheasants. The Emperor figures for 234 head, and the Count of Nieuwerkerke for 295.

— A blue heron, measuring five feet five inches from tip to tip of wings, and four feet six inches in height, was shot near Rockville Ct., on the 30th ult.

— Three wild cats were killed near Neilsville, Wis., recently.

— Snow balling is a favorite pastime with the youths of Gotham just now. The effect of their aqueous artillery often puzzles older heads than theirs.

OYSTER OPENING FOR A STAKE.—A match which had been on the docket for some time between Joe McAllister, of Stanwix Hall, and Charles Burbanks, of 15 South Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., took place at Keeler's Oyster Saloon on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, commencing at four o'clock. The match was for $25 a side and a silver oyster knife, and the conditions that each open one hundred of the luscious bivalves and place them in a pail. They started at the word "go," and after about the fastest dislodgment of the "slickery cusses" were witnessed, Mac completed his task in six minutes and thirty seconds, beating Burbanks fourteen oysters. A correspondent says:—"If any Fulton Market 'butchers' can beat this time trot them out this way, for stamps."

RAID ON GAMING HOUSES.—State Constable Morse, with other officers, made a raid on the gambling houses Nos. 15 and 17 Brattle street, Boston, about 11 o'clock, on the night of the 1st inst., and captured twenty-six men, with a quantity of gaming implements. At No. 15 there were twenty-two, and at No. 17, five persons, one of the number escaping. A faro bank was taken from No. 17, and several sets of props, a prop table, a roulette table and wheel from No. 15.

THE RING.

THE TIM HEENAN MURDER CASE.

TRIAL OF JERRY EATON.

In this case, commenced in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, Philadelphia, on Nov. 27th, a jury was completed on Tuesday, Dec. 1, and the evidence was at once proceeded with on the part of the prosecution, the most important offered being that of Alderman Dougherty, who witnessed the shooting. His testimony was as follows:—

Alderman Wm. W. Dougherty sworn.—I knew the deceased, Timothy Heenan; I last saw him at the Hospital dead; I was present when the post mortem was made by Dr. Shapleigh; on Thursday night, June 11th last, a few minutes before the hour of twelve o'clock, I was passing down Fifth street from Walnut to Prune; at Fifth and Prune I met two friends of mine, Mr. Kelsh and Mr. Tatem; they were standing on the southwest corner, and I was on the east side; I passed over to them and stopped to talk with them; I had been talking with them some few minutes, when Mr. Eaton, the prisoner, a gentleman whose name I afterward learned was Nellis or Neils, and a man called Sugar Jim, whose name I believe to be Trainor, came up Fifth street, and went up Prune towards Sixth, up to Trainor's house; I should judge they had been up to Trainor's house, a public house called the Carpenter House, or in the neighborhood of it, three or four minutes; then I heard the report of six shots; they were fired in the neighborhood of Trainor's, but whether inside or outside I don't know; from the sound I judge they were fired in the house; some few minutes after that, I judge some seven or eight came from the direction of the house, as I thought out of the house; some went on one side of the street and some remained on the other. I am a little ahead of my story; previous to this, three men, Nellis, Trainor and Eaton, going up the street, as they passed the corner of Fifth and Prune. As they passed down Prune street towards Fifth I heard one say, "You go on the other side;" don't know which one made the remark, as we had gone into Mr. Kelch's house at corner of Fifth and Prune streets; I was standing in the entry of the house on Prune street.

Mr. Brooke objected to what was said, and the reply was omitted.

Witnessed resumed.—Can't say if Eaton was with this party; after being in the entry three or four minutes we stepped out on to the pavement, and I had been standing there a minute or two minutes when Mr. Tatem walked to the corner, which was some ten or fifteen feet, and in consequence of what he said, Kelsh, Tatem and myself went down to the corner of Fifth and Spruce; I found there Trainor pushing Eaton out of Smith's public house, on the southeast corner of Fifth and Spruce streets; Eaton had his back to us, and Trainor his face towards us; Eaton had a pistol in his hand; after pushing him out as far as the curb, Heenan, the deceased, came to the door of Smith's house; he had been inside, and stood in the door-way; Eaton levelled a pistol at Heenan, whilst he was standing in the door, and Trainor threw up the pistol, which was pointed over his shoulder, and made the remark, "Not now;" Trainor backed Eaton up Fifth, across Spruce, over the other side, and a man named Ewing, who was drunk, started after Eaton, and Trainor over towards them; Heenan called Ewing back, and on the north side of Spruce street caught hold of Ewing and asked him to come back, trying to pull him back; after Eaton and Trainor had got up Fifth street some twenty feet past Spruce street, and I was standing then on the southeast corner of Fifth and Spruce, there were two reports of a pistol; me being in a line with it, I thought it was dangerous to stay there; I then crossed to the northwest corner, more towards the north than the west, looking at the parties who were firing, which were Eaton and Trainor both; who fired the first shot, I don't know; the third shot was fired by Trainor, and the fourth by Eaton; at the time the fourth shot was fired Heenan was past the corner of Fifth and Spruce, walking up Fifth after Ewing, Eaton and Trainor; Heenan at the fourth shot stopped for a second, and then started on to walk after them again, and said to them, "You d—d curs, why don't you wait?" then some eight or ten shots were fired; I got on the west side of the way, and found Nellis over there; I walked alongside of him, and made a remark to him; I then returned to where Heenan and Ewing were, and this time the prisoner, Trainor, Nellis, and some seven or eight altogether ran up Fifth street; Nellis went up on the west side of the way, and all the others on the east side; Nellis did not run, but all the rest did; when I arrived on the east side, where Heenan and Ewing were, I took hold of Ewing for the purpose of getting him down towards Spruce street; he was very drunk and resisted; Heenan made a remark, and went over to Smith's corner; there he was examined and found to be shot; I procured Dr. Hutchinson, and then a carriage to take Heenan to the hospital; but we carried him there on a lounge, and he died there; when Heenan came to the door of Smith's tavern, and Eaton had the pistol over Trainor's shoulder, Heenan said to Eaton: "Jerry, there is no use using anything of that kind; I am not armed;" and he held up his hands to show that he was not; I do not know that he was armed; he had no arms when he was taken to the hospital, for I searched his clothing and took away what money and articles of value he had; I did not remain with Heenan from the time I took him into the tavern until I took him to the hospital, for I went after a carriage; except when I went for a carriage and doctor, I was with him the whole time; we carried him on a lounge, as we thought it would be easier than a carriage; some twelve persons were with him when I left for the doctor and carriage; think Frank Nagle, Mr. Smith and Mr. Kelsh were there; no weapon was taken from his person during the time I was with him; did not see him have any weapon at the time of this occurrence; I said Eaton fired the fourth shot and Trainor the third; can't be positive which hit Heenan out of the eight shots; when the fourth shot was fired Heenan stopped an instant, and then went on again; they were all standing in Fifth street above Spruce when these shots were fired, except Nellis, who was on the west side; the balance of the party, except Eaton and Trainor, were fifteen or twenty feet above, towards Spruce street; Eaton and Trainor were interposed between Heenan and Ewing and the rest of the party; Heenan was about twenty feet from Eaton and Trainor when the fourth shot was fired; it might be five feet, more or less; after the fourth shot was fired Eaton and Trainor both fired the other eight or ten shots. Trainor attempted to fire and his pistol snapped three times in succession; I think it was after the fourth shot the pistol snapped, but won't be positive; can't say if shots were fired by the balance of the party, who stood twenty feet away; after Eaton and Trainor had left and got up to the crowd one or two shots were fired; a portion of the Venitian door was torn away as Trainor was putting Eaton out; it was a small Venitian summer door; it was possible to see over the top of the door; any ordinary sized man could look over it; that was the only door shut to; a man standing at that door could see who was in the tavern; I say positively that Trainor fired the third shot and Eaton the fourth, and it was after the fourth shot Heenan halted a moment and then went ahead; after the firing of the fourth shot Heenan went up Fifth street some ten, fifteen, or twenty feet.

The parties I saw on Fifth street, above Spruce, engaged in the shooting affray, could not be recognized by me as the party who came down Prune street, as I did not see them, I only heard their voices; Mr. Kelsh was standing between the door and myself; Dr. Shapleigh was called and the witness identified him as the gentleman who made the post mortem; I visited Heenan subsequently at the hospital.

He begged me to tell him if he would live until morning, or if there was any immediate danger to tell him after I had seen the doctor; I told him I would.

Mr. Brooke excepted to the question put by Judge Pierce.

Mr. Sheppard said that these questions were preliminary to the court, and exception could not be taken to them.

Witness resumed.—I said I would tell him after I had seen the doctor, and he said all right; this was about one o'clock; I saw the doctor, but don't think I communicated to Heenan what the doctor said to me; the doctor said something to me relative to Heenan's living or dying; I did not communicate what the doctor said to Heenan; this was not the only conversation in which Heenan spoke to me about living or dying; after being placed in bed he spoke to me as to his condition; this was about half past one o'clock in the morning; he said he felt very bad, and told me to take his money and give it to his sister if he died; his expression was if he died he wanted his money given to his sister; that was all at that interview; at a subsequent interview—that same morning between the hours of four and five o'clock—he spoke to me relative to living or dying; he said at that time it was too bad. He said that in reply to some question asked. I was present with Dr. Markoe when Heenan said he thought he was going to die; I think it was on the morning of the 13th; I don't think he referred to the affair of the shooting on that occasion; I think the only times he referred to the shooting were when he was first taken in, and in the morning, between 4 and 5 o'clock; the declaration of deceased, "It is too d—d bad that I should be killed by the hand of a man like Jerry Eaton," was now offered, but the Court thought such evidence as to impending danger had not been laid as to admit it; the declaration relative to his sister was, "if he died," not sufficient to show impending dissolution.

Cross-examined.—In passing down Fifth street that night, Henry Hall, Samuel Douns, and Ulise Receiver were in company with me; they did not cross over with me to the southwest corner; it was a hazy night with a fine drizzling rain; it was as dark as ordinary nights of that kind are, I suppose; I judge I arrived there at five minutes of twelve; I had no umbrella hoisted; it was not raining enough for that; it was like a fine mist; I had been there ten or fifteen minutes before Eaton, Neelis, and Trainor came up Fifth street, and turned into Prune; I am positive as to the three men; they passed within a foot or foot and a half from me; Nellis stopped and spoke to Mr. Kelsh; did not see them go into the Carpenter House or come out; that's the last time I saw Eaton until I saw him coming out of Smith's door way; it might have been from fifteen to twenty minutes from the time I saw him pass me until I saw him come out of Smith's; I had not seen what transpired in Smith's before that; there might have been about twenty persons about the street and door about the time Eaton and Trainor were coming out; their names were Tatem, Ewing, Eaton, Trainor, Smith, and a great many that I can't tell, or where they came from; I was twenty or twenty-five feet from Eaton when he and Trainor came out of the tavern; I moved towards them and they towards me until we got within ten feet; these were the only two I paid any attention to until Mr. Heenan came out; I should judge Eaton had been drinking; don't know whether he had or not, but judge he had; I say I saw him point a pistol at Heenan, who was standing in the doorway; Heenan had been drinking; did not appear to be much excited; he held up his arms to show he had nothing on him, as much as to say he was not armed; no pistol was shot at that moment; Eaton's pistol did not go off then; that was the only time I saw Heenan come to the door; did not see Heenan have a hatchet; don't think I heard him call or ask for a pistol, or say he wanted one, or any thing like that; Eaton and Trainor went away up Fifth street, past Spruce, one behind the other like; a man named Ewing, who was drunk, undertook to follow them; Heenan called Ewing back, and started after him; did not see Heenan throw anything at Eaton and Trainor; did not see anybody throw at them; heard Heenan call after them; after the firing had commenced, and while they were going up Fifth street, I heard Heenan say, "You d—d curs, why don't you wait?" three or four shots had been fired before he said this; heard something like "Give it to the ——," but don't know if it was Heenan or the other party made use of it; then two shots I did not see were fired; I was on the southeast corner and the parties firing were on the northeast corner; no shots were fired from the side of the street I was on; when the two shots were fired I went to the northwest corner, not striking the corner, but further up Fifth; at the time the third and fourth shots were fired, Eaton and Trainor were 20 feet off the corner towards Prune street, and on the pavement of the trimming store; I was about twenty or twenty-five feet from them; Heenan at that time was following up; Eaton and Trainor had backed up and at that time they had come to a halt, Trainor behind Eaton, the latter in a stooping position; I judge they were in the neighborhood of the middle of the pavement; not positive whether there was an awning over the trimming store, but think there was one over the drug store at the corner; I was in the middle of the street not far from Heenan.

To the Court.—Heenan and Ewing were nearer to Trainor and Eaton than I was.

Cross-examined.—I think Mr. Tatem was not with Heenan and Ewing.

To the Court.—The third and fourth shots were fired when Heenan had just got past the corner of the house on the corner of Fifth and Spruce streets.

Cross examined.—I was in a line so I could see the side faces of Trainor and Eaton; I think the nearest lamp to me was at Nune's tavern, north west corner, and it was lighted; there is a public lamp on the southeast corner, and it was lighted; there was a lamp about eighty feet past Spruce street, on the west side; I think Trainor fired the fifth shot; am not positive who fired the sixth shot, for they commenced to go up Fifth street very fast; am positive about the third and fourth shots; I can say positively that Eaton was there firing a shot; I am prepared to say positively, without a doubt of being mistaken, that Eaton is the man who fired the fourth shot, I don't think there is a possibility of my being mistaken; I tell the jury that Eaton is the man who fired that shot; I don't know how near Tatem was to Ewing; there was a couple of seconds or a second like between the third and fourth shots; I was taking both the shots and their direction in; I was walking towards the west side when I saw them fired; I had not reached over a step or two between the third and fourth shots; did not look around after the third shot was fired to see who was shot; did not look around after the fourth shot, or I could have seen Eaton and Heenan; all at once the whole of them; in fact I was waiting to see one of the parties following up fall; the men who fired the third and fourth shots were nearer to Spruce street than the rest of the party with them; the men who fired had been retreating all along, and they stopped, fired the two shots, and went right on again; it all occurred in a moment or so.

Examination direct.—When I say they were retreating I mean they were going up Fifth street; when I say it occurred in a moment I mean the third and fourth shots were fired much quicker than I can tell it; I don't mean that from the time Eaton first came out of the tavern until the men ran away it was only a moment; Heenan got hold of Ewing on the northeast corner to bring him back; Ewing fell in the gutter, got up and started up Fifth street and Heenan after him; Trainor and Eaton had got to the trimming store pavement, and Heenan in going up had got two or three feet above the corner; Heenan calling out to Ewing, "Come back, Sam;" John T. Smith, the keeper of the tavern on the southeast corner, is the person I spoke of; he is sick abed with, I judge, consumption; I don't think he will leave the house until he leaves it dead; I judged from Heenan's manner he had been drinking; did not see him drink; there was nothing in his hands when he held them up to Eaton; all the eight or ten shots proceeded from the front of me, none from behind me; in addition to other parties there, Nolen, Keating, Murphy and several others were there; I knew Eaton three or four years, and knew him well by sight; I knew Trainor by his being pointed out; Nellis I never saw before that night; no persons were between Trainor and Eaton, and Heenan and Ewing during the firing of the third and fourth shots; hardly think I had crossed the flagging on the north side of Spruce street when the third and fourth shots were fired; it was calculated to make any one excited to hear so many shots without knowing who was shot; there was no excitement, noise or confusion outside other than the firing, except that in Smith's tavern, and I don't know what that was; the fact of Heenan going for Ewing to get him out of the gutter and calling after him, created excitement.

Cross-examined.—All parties appeared to be excited when they came out of the tavern; it is a restaurant lamp on the northeast corner of Fifth and Spruce; I think it is located on the Fifth street side, right near the corner; think red glass is in it; I think I was nearer to that lamp than to Smith's, which is on the southeast corner; the man who fired the third and fourth shots might have been 40 to 45 or 50 feet from that lamp, and 50 or 60 feet from the lamp on the southeast corner; I say when Ewing started across the street Heenan started after him, and said, "Come back, Sam;" did not hear Ewing's reply; think he was too drunk to give a reply; he fell in the gutter, and Heenan attempted to pick him up, when Ewing got away from him; Ewing got up on his feet, and, I don't know, but I think, somebody else helped Heenan to get him up.

Examination direct.—When I was within ten feet of Eaton, at Smith's tavern, he was standing at the curb, and I had an opportunity of recognizing him as he stood there.

Cross-examined.—He was six or eight feet from the lamp.

A number of witnesses were examined on the part of the prosecution, and on Thursday, 3d, the case for the defense was entered upon. We cull from the evidence called for the defence the following:—

Michael Sullivan sworn.—I was subpœnaed by the Commonwealth as a witness in this case last Thursday, and have been in attendance since; I was subpœnaed by the defense an hour ago; I am proprietor of the hotel, southwest corner of Fifth and Spruce streets; I was examined before the Coroner; I remember the night Timothy Heenan was shot; I saw Heenan that night in my house and on my corner; I saw Heenan in my house about half-past eleven o'clock; he came in there in company with Senator Nagle; Eaton was in my house at the time, in company with Trainor, who kept a public house in Prune street, below Sixth, and a man whose name I afterwards learned was Nellis; Eaton, Trainor and Nellis came in and had a drink, and stood back from the bar before Heenan and Nagle came in; I noticed Eaton particularly; I think the condition of all of them was that they were under the influence of liquor, except Nagle; Eaton was drunk; Nagle came in first, Heenan after him, and walked toward the bar and called for a drink; Nagle asked for mineral water and Heenan for whiskey; while I was getting it Nagle saw these three men, turned around and said, "Come take a drink;" some one of the party said, "No, thank you, we just had a drink;" Nagle said, "Come on, take a drink;" Eaton, Nellis and Trainor started to come to the bar to take a drink, when Trainor said, laughing, "Tim, the first time Phillips gets you he is going to slug you;" I understood he meant Phillips was going to beat him or lick him; Heenan turned around and I saw he was mad; I caught hold of Tim, pulled him over and said, "Partner, don't mind these people, it is all right, I would not pay any attention to them;" Heenan made an indecent remark; Trainor then came up, and I think, I know he wanted to apologize to Tim; Tim said, "Go away, or I will hit you a pelt in the nose;" as he said that he took his left hand and hit him on the right cheek; it neither knocked Trainor down nor staggered him; before that Trainor had said, "If you hit me I will hit you back;" Heenan had his liquor poured out, but had not drank it; as soon as Heenan struck, Eaton, Nellis and Trainor surrounded Heenan; I said "Here, I want you to stop this;" I ran out from behind the bar and said "I won't have this; I want no difficulty here, and want you people to stop;" Eaton was standing some distance from the other three with a pistol in his hand; he held the pistol downward and I said, "I want you to put that away," and he did, and the disturbance stopped; don't know that anything was said between Heenan and Eaton; Heenan came up to the bar and drank the whiskey he poured out before the trouble commenced, and said to me "Trucks," that's the name he called me, "give me a glass of water and a match;" then he stood back from the bar, and Nolan came in and said something in a low tone of voice, and Heenan and Nolan went out; Heenan was not in my house again that night, nor never was since; I did not see Eaton point the pistol at anybody, or attempt to use it in any way other than drawing it; after Heenan left I heard a noise on the corner; went out, and Heenan, Ewing, Nolan, and some five or six other people were standing on my corner; I thought there was going to be trouble, and said to Eaton, Trainor, and Nellis, "now you people get out of here, I think there is going to be trouble, I want to stop it, I wont have it;" Nellis and Eaton were willing to go out my back door, nearly a quarter of a square from the corner; Trainor was not inclined to go, and I took him by the collar and told him he would have to go, as I wanted no disturbance there; I was getting them out and Sam Ewing came bursting in the side door on Fifth street; it was not locked, but he pushed it open violently; I slammed the door to on the men going out, and Ewing came rushing at them, picking up my crib-board; I took hold of Ewing; remonstrated with him; and Richard Nagle came and took him out; Richard is a brother of David Nagle; my place was shut up and I went to bed; heard the shooting and paid no attention to it; heard of the shooting at five o'clock in the morning.

William Murphy sworn.—I reside 752 South Front street, and am a waterman; I had been to Mr. Fox's Theatre on the night of the occurrence, and at the Walnut street Theatre, too; I stopped at Smith's tavern on my way home; when I went in the bartender and a man named Keating were there; Mr. Baird, a friend of mine, was with me; we went in to have a drink; saw Heenan when he first came in; there was a fuss across the street, and he came in, reached across the bar and got a hatchet, put it behind his back, and went across to Sullivan's corner; I went across to see what was the matter, following after him; two police officers were on the corner, and the other party that they had the fuss with went up Fifth street; Sullivan was trying to get Ewing out of his hotel; I assisted to get him out and went to Smith's tavern again; a number of people, strangers to me, were there; Heenan was with the party, and we all hands had a drink; I thought it was the oyster box Heenan got the hatchet out of.

THE VERDICT.

MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

The preceding paragraphs give the most material facts adduced by each side in the evidence offered. The testimony was all in by noon of Saturday, Dec. 5, when counsel summed up on both sides, and at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, Judge Ludlow charged the jury, concluding his remarks about a quarter before 12 o'clock, when the jury retired to deliberate upon the evidence, and to make up their verdict. They were absent only about fifteen minutes, when they returned into court, and at a few minutes past 12 o'clock, Sunday morning, Dec. 6, rendered a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." The wife of the prisoner, who was close to him at the time the verdict was given, gave expression to her pent up feelings, crying that her husband was innocent, etc. Eaton's demeanor at this trying ordeal was remarkable, showing no evidence of disappointment or fear. His counsel asked for a stay of proceedings in view of an application for a new trial on the ground that the verdict was rendered on Sunday morning, etc. John C. Heenan has been a constant attendant during the trial, watching the proceedings with much interest.

SHOOTING AFFRAY ON ELECTION DAY.

ARREST OF DAN NOBLE.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, Dec. 1st, the day upon which the mayoralty election was held, another of those serious affrays which will continue to startle the public so long as the reprehensible practice of carrying death-dealing weapons is persisted in, occurred in the Twenty-first Ward of the metropolis, resulting in the shooting in a dangerous manner of Patrick Kelly, an inspector of election, by, as is alleged, Dan Noble. The wounded man was conveyed to Bellevue Hospital, where, upon examination, it was found that he had been shot twice, one of the bullets entering the back of the neck and passing out of the left cheek and the other entering the back, and, as is supposed, lodging in the kidneys. Noble was arrested shortly afterward and taken to police headquarters, when he denied positively the allegation, and stated that he had not been in the neighborhood where the *fracas* took place during the day at all. On the afternoon of the 2d inst., Coroner Flynn proceeded to the hospital and held an *ante-mortem* inquisition in the case of Kelly, at which Noble was present. The patient, who was found in a very critical state, made the subjoined statement of the affair:—

On the 1st inst., about 2.30 P. M., I was standing in the polling-place on Second avenue, between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets; I was there to challenge illegal voters; I challenged a man whom I had seen before, but who I don't think lives in the district; the man attempted to vote and I challenged him; I then went outside the polling-place; the man whom I had challenged and another man came up to me and made an offensive remark; I said to them: "You need not expect anybody here to be scared;" I walked away from them towards Second avenue; when I got to the polling-place of the Ninth District, in Second avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, I saw a tall man, about six feet high, slim built, red features, a rather good-looking young man; he and Sheriff O'Brien were in a crowd of about ten in number, running towards us up Second avenue; then I tried to run away, when the tall man came alongside of me and said, "You stand, now," and pulled open his coat; I continued running down Thirty-sixth street towards First avenue, and cried out "police," because I thought he was pulling out a revolver from his side pocket; immediately I saw the tallest man close to me; I heard the report of a pistol, and found myself shot in the left side; I cried out, "I am shot;" then this man (pointing to Dan Noble, the prisoner), pulled me down, but he is not the man who shot me; another shot was fired which entered my face on the left side a little above the lip; a crowd got around me and kicked and clubbed me; I screamed out, "Don't murder me;" two policemen soon after came up and carried me to a drug store, and thence to Bellevue Hospital.

The further investigation in the case was then adjourned until the day following, when the evidence below given was obtained:—

William H. Breakell, an officer in the Twenty-first precinct police, testified—I reside at 36 West Twenty-seventh street, and was detailed for duty at the polling place of the Ninth election district of the Twenty-first ward on the day of election; between half-past one and two o'clock my attention was drawn to a crowd of men running up Second avenue, on the opposite side of the street; the crowd turned the corner of Thirty-sixth street and went in the direction of the river; I started after the crowd to ascertain the purpose of the party, and when I reached half way down the block I met a portion of the crowd returning, supposing it was a false alarm of some kind, created for the purpose of withdrawing the police from the poll, I was on the point of returning, when I met Sheriff O'Brien, whom I recognized, and asked him if he knew the cause of the excitement, he told me that he thought there was nothing the matter that he knew of; I proceeded further down from Thirty-sixth street and saw a second party of men, and endeavored to ascertain if any one was hurt; I recognized Dan Noble among them, as well as his brother John, from whom I learned that there had been a fight further down the street; as I passed through the crowd I found the wounded man Kelly lying upon the pavement; I and another officer picked him up and he told us that he had been shot in the side; on the way to the Hospital he said that a tall man, in a black hat and snuff-colored coat, had shot him, but he did not know his name.

The case was then adjourned indefinitely. Noble has been taken out of the hands of the police and placed in the custody of Peter McKnight, a deputy sheriff, for safe keeping pending the conclusion of the examination.

☞ We have letters for J. H. O'Connor, Billy Edwards John Tierney, John Goulding.

THE LARKIN HOMICIDE.

PETITION FOR WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS GRANTED.

ARGUMENTS IN THE CASE.

At the opening of the Supreme Court, on Thursday morning, 3d inst., a writ of habeas corpus was applied for and obtained by Wm. F. Howe, for the bodies of Hugh Campbell, John Berrigan and Ann Hines, committed by Coroner Flynn upon the charge of wilfully murdering Felix Larkin. The following is a copy of the petition upon which the application was based:—

To the Honorable one of the Justices of our Supreme Court.—The petition of Hugh Campbell, James Berrigan and Ann Hines, shows that they are detained and illegally restrained of their liberty by James E. Coulter, Esq., Warden of the City Prison of the city of New York, under a commitment by Cornelius Flynn, Esq., one of the coroners of the city of New York, and that they are not committed or detained by virtue of any process issued by any court of the United States or by any judge thereof, nor are they committed or detained by virtue of the final judgment or decree of any competent tribunal of civil or criminal jurisdiction, or by virtue of any execution issued upon such judgment or decree; that the cause or pretense of such imprisonment, according to the best of the knowledge and belief of your petitioner, is that your petitioners are illegally detained and restrained of their liberty in said City Prison by James E. Coulter, Esq., Warden thereof, under a commitment of Cornelius Flynn, Esq., one of the coroners of the city of New York, on a charge of the murder of one Felix Larkin, on an inquisition held before said coroner on the 30th day of November, 1868, to support which commitment there was not sufficient testimony to establish reasonable or probable cause to justify the commitment of your petitioners, or either of them, on said charge of murder; and petitioners aver that at the inquest they were denied the privilege and constitutional right of counsel, and were not permitted to cross-examine any of the witnesses produced against them, nor were they allowed to introduce testimony to prove their innocence; whereupon your petitioners pray that a writ of *certiorari* issue, directed to said coroner, commanding him to certify fully and at large the cause of petitioners' detention, before one of the justices of our Supreme Court, at Chambers, No. 32 Chambers street, in said city, on the 4th day of December, 1868, to show the cause and detention of the petitioners, and petitioners also pray for a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring them before this court to the end that they may be bailed or discharged as to this court may seem meet. Dated the 3d day of December, 1868.

WILLIAM F. HOWE, of counsel for the prisoners.

City and County of New York, ss.—William F. Howe of said city, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that the facts set forth in the above petition subscribed by him are true, to the best of his belief.

WILLIAM F. HOWE.

Subscribed to before me, this 3d December, 1868.

GEORGE MIDDLETON, Commissioner of Deeds.

On the morning of Friday, 4th inst., counsel applied in the Supreme Court, before Judge Sutherland, for the release of the prisoners upon *habeas corpus* and *certiorari*, to which the usual return was made by the District Attorney—that the prisoners were legally committed and held, &c. The prisoners' counsel traversed the return, and an adjournment was ordered to two o'clock to enable him to do so. At the hour mentioned the case was called up, Mr. Blunt appearing for the District Attorney. The traverse to the return sets forth that the inquisition held by the coroner was illegal; that the affidavits then taken are irregular, because the prisoners were not allowed the aid of counsel during the examination, and that the return is bad and insufficient.

The affidavit of the relator, Hugh Campbell, which accompanied the traverse of the return, sets forth substantially that he is now confined in the Tombs, on the charge of killing Felix Larkin between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 25th, at the corner of Hudson and Canal streets; that the oyster saloon in question was closed and barred, and the relator was about going to bed when he heard the pounding at his door and voices demanding admittance; that he opened the door on being assured that the applicants were friends, and five men entered, led by Felix Larkin, who appeared furious and half drunk; that Larkin called for oyster stews; that deponent answered that his fires had gone out, but he could furnish raw oysters; that Larkin, without responding, approached a table on which was placed a ham, and requested deponent to cut some off the joint for him; that deponent took a hand-knife and cut some slices, which the men present indecorously tore into their hands from the large dish; that deponent told the men to wait and he would procure some plates, and that Larkin replied in certain vile and obscene expressions; that deponent said to Larkin that it was unnecessary to use such indecent language, when Larkin replied "Are you a fighter?" that deponent answered 'No," when Larkin pulled out a pistol and with an oath leveled it at deponent's head, cocked the pistol and attempted to fire it, but the lock merely clicked, and the pistol was not discharged; that deponent then ran to his counter and took up a small club, and as Larkin was about to again level the pistol, struck him a blow on the head with the club; that deponent then rushed to the street, shouted Police and rapped for assistance with his club; that on returning to his saloon, the deponent was again attacked by Larkin and the remainder of the gang, headed by one O'Day; that a scuffle ensued between deponent and Larkin, Larkin forcing deponent into an enclosure, and striking him while he was down; that, knowing Larkin's character and his fighting propensities, deponent was afraid of Larkin and studiously avoided any occasion of offence; that he did not at any time stab or inflict any wounds with any knife upon the said Larkin, but that after the fatal occurrence the policeman found the knife, with which deponent cut the ham, upon the plate with the ham, as was shown by the testimony of Officer Dapke or McAdams, and that the knife then had no blood stains on it; that deponent believes that O'Day was an ardent friend of Larkin, and that O'Day's statement made before the Coroner is untrue; that the only weapon deponent had at the time of the altercation was a small club, with which he rapped for the assistance of the police, and that the stab wounds were inflicted by persons other than deponent—the large ham knife having been previously laid aside by deponent. That, in defiance of law, Coroner Flynn had refused to allow the deponent to cross-examine the witnesses testifying against him, or to allow his counsel, Wm. F. Howe, to appear in his behalf; that the witnesses against him—McLane, Collins and McKenna—were ferocious and desperate associates of Larkin, who, with the said Larkin, at the hour of three o'clock in the morning, came to deponent's place of business, after it was closed, and threatened to break open the place if deponent did not give them admittance; and when they were admitted deponent was alone in a room with a band of five desperadoes, each of whom was armed, which fact was testified to before the coroner; and that deponent, as before detailed, saw that his life was in danger, and that immediately Larkin and his associates commenced a disturbance deponent rushed to the sidewalk and called for the assistance of the police. That deponent believes, and is sorry to be constrained to give utterance to the belief, that the unfortunate deceased came to deponent's saloon on the night of the deplorable homicide for the sole and express purpose of having a muss and disturbance, and that at the conclusion of the testimony at the inquest, Coroner Flynn, in a most extraordinary and unprecedented manner, charged the jury in these words:—"Gentlemen: This is one of the most horrible murders which I or any other young man ever heard of, and you must find all these prisoners guilty. It is your duty to find a verdict of wilful murder against all three of these prisoners, as from the evidence they are all guilty." And that the said coroner thereby precluded the said jury from arriving at their own unbiased conclusion upon the evidence adduced, but, on the contrary, coerced the jury to give the verdict which they rendered. The deposition concludes as follows:—And deponent lastly says that he is entirely innocent of having stabbed or cut the said Felix Larkin, and takes this opportunity to most solemnly protest before the world and the Almighty Ruler thereof.

(Signed) HUGH CAMPBELL.

Sworn to, etc., this 4th of December, 1868.

EDWARD J. KNIGHT, Commissioner of Deeds.

At the conclusion of the reading Judge Sutherland desired to hear the testimony of the witnesses examined at the inquest read, which was done, when he expressed the opinion that it was a clear case for bail, and if the application was for that he could not refuse it. After a brief discussion upon the ability of the prisoners to give security, he decided to bail Campbell in the sum of $7,000, Berrigan in $5,000, and Ann Hines in $1,000; he considered the latter case simply one of assault and battery, and thought it but material that Berrigan and Hines, being employees of Campbell, should have assisted him. The prisoners were then remanded to the Tombs until the required bail should be produced.

On Saturday morning, 5th inst., the counsel for the prisoners appeared before Judge Sutherland with his clients, when bail was entered as follows:—For Campbell, Fred. Gugel, 68 Hester street; for Berrigan, R. J. Owens, 350 East Fourth street; for Ann Hines, Wm. Campbell, 63 Hester street.

O'BALDWIN AGAIN IN QUOD.

Verily the way of the Collosus of Waterford is hard, and varied and numerous have been his trials and tribulations since he first set foot upon our shores. "The latest" in regard to the Giant is that he has again fallen into the clutches of the New England authorities, and at present writing is, in all probability, safe under lock and key in the Old Bay State, there to remain until brought up for trial in January next, on a charge of violating the laws by engaging in a prize ring encounter at Lynnfield in said Commonwealth, on October 29th. It seems that this re-arrest was brought about by information conveyed to one of O'Baldwin's bondsmen to the effect that the latter purposed shortly taking his departure for England (a rumor which we believe was altogether unfounded), and in order to secure himself against loss the gentleman alluded to, James Lannan, concluded to have the Giant placed in limbo. Accordingly he came on to this city on the afternoon of the 5th inst., accompanied by Marshal Shepherd, of Lynn, and, repairing to Police Headquarters, desired that Ned be taken into custody. Special officer Kealey, of the Eighth Precinct, was detailed for the duty, and succeeded, without much difficulty, in discovering the whereabouts of O'Baldwin, who was greatly surprised when informed that he was again a prisoner, but, of course, made no resistance, and the party proceeded through the snow and slush to the central office, when Mr. Lannan renounced his bail, and O'Baldwin was thereupon consigned to a narrow, cheerless cell, there to pass the hours of the cold, blustering night, and on the following evening he was conveyed by Marshal Shepherd to Lynn, where he has since doubtless been placed in confinement. The news of the arrest occasioned considerable flutter in the sporting circles of the metropolis, and several of Ned's friends were present at headquarters to note the proceedings. It is possible that some one else may find the required security for him, but, owing to the near approach of the time set apart for trial, we regard it as improbable.

THE GREAT LIGHT-WEIGHT MATCH.—We have nothing fresh to report in reference to the match between Abe Hicken and Peter Maguire for the light-weight championship and two thousand dollars in treasury notes, the fixture for which is rapidly drawing nigh. Everything has so far progressed satisfactorily, and if, as present indications warrant us in believing will be the case, the report continues to be the same until the end of the chapter, the supporters of the arena *pugilistique* will have cause to congratulate themselves that at last an engagement, unmarred by fraud, foul dealing, or interference, has been consummated, as it will have the effect of bolstering up the institution, which has been rendered very shaky through the combined machinations of Mr. Barney and his friends. Reports from the training quarters of the men state that each is now in first rate fettle, and there is no reason to doubt but that they will do all that lies in their power to make the money staked for them by their backers and wagered by their friends a safe investment. In our next issue we shall be able to give such information as will be necessary for the guidance of those who contemplate attending the meeting upon the soil of the Old Dominion. Maguire was to notify his opponent of the place selected for the mill during the current week. Though we have several times sent word to Thos. Canary, final stakeholder, to call and get the stakes, they still remain in our hands. We wish it distinctly understood that we will not act in the capacity, and, if Mr. Canary declines, somebody else must be chosen and that without delay. Let it be attended to at once.

WITHDRAWN HIS MONEY.—As the backer of George Rooke has drawn the amount planked for a match between the latter and Tom Kelly, we have, by request, returned to Barney Frain the fifty dollars some time since deposited by him on Tom's behalf, and afterward left as a forfeit in Patsey Reardon's favor, should anybody feel disposed to give the latter importation a tussle. Tom and Patsey have certainly tried hard and in a business like way to get on with somebody, but thus far they have been allowed to crow over every one of their avoirdupois. Such a thing wouldn't happen "on the other side."

BOXING SHOW IN FILLY.—Abe Hicken, the clever English light weight, now matched to box the compass with Pete Maguire, an old opponent of Tommy Chandler, is announced in an "ad." elsewhere to take a benefit at Washington Hall, Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, on the evening of Tuesday, 15th inst., when the leading "talent" of Quakerdom will be on hand and assist. As Abe, aside from his present important engagement, has become considerable of a favorite in Filly since his installation as boniface of the Lamb Tavern, he will doubtless have a good "ben."

THE MITS IN INDIANA.—The advent of Dick Holliwood in Indianapolis has lent an impetus to sport in Hoosierdom. On the evening of the 5th instant he got up a "ben" at Masonic Hall for his brother-in-law, young Dorney, at which the "Nonpareil," Mike Donnavan, Jimmy Taylor, Buck Holbrook, Billy Cornell, Jack Boyne, of Peru, Ed. Burns and Jerry O'Lamont, were advertised positively to appear.

MCALPINE AND BUSSEY.—All is serene in the match between Tom McAlpine *alias* "Soap," and Fred. Bussey, for $200 a side, which is fixed for decision on the 17th inst., within fifty miles of Chicago. The men are both in strict training and are reported well.

BILL DAVIS AND TOM ALLEN MATCHED.

A telegram from St. Louis, dated December 4th, states that the sporting fraternity of that section were then in a state of excitement over the making of a match between the Belfast hero, Bill Davis, and Tom Allen, an English pugilist of note, who for over a year past has resided in this country. The dispatch states that articles of agreement were signed and a first instalment of $300 a side posted in the hands of Jack Looney upon the date mentioned, the match to be for $1,000 a side, and the fight to take place on the 12th of January, not nearer than forty nor farther than sixty miles from the Mound City. Wm. M. Davis was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1832, stands 6 feet in height and weighs in condition 170 lbs. He has appeared eight times in the ring, beating Jack Smith, Pearson, Tom Daley, Patsy Daly and Charley Gallagher, and being obliged to lower his standard to Jim Dunn, Mike McCoole and Jimmy Elliott. Tom Allen, who hails from Birmingham, England, is now twenty-eight years of age, reaches an altitude of 5 ft. 9¾ in., and fights at about 160 lbs. He defeated "Waggoner," White, Clarke, Young Gould, Bingey Rose, Jack Parkinson, Posh Price, and Geo. Iles; was beaten by Price and Bob Smith (the dark 'un); was matched with Dan Crutchley, but it fell through, and fought a draw with Joe Goss. He arrived in this country in the latter part of July, 1867, and for some time past has been located at Cleveland, O. The match, owing to the size and repute of the men, will occasion considerable interest throughout the country, especially as there has long been a strong desire manifested to see how the "Brum" handles himself within the ropes.

HUSSEY AND MCLEAN.—The resumption of newspaper hostilities between Billy McLean and Tim Hussey promises, as heretofore, to end in nobody being hurt, to the disappointment of the boys, who, after so much talk, had hoped for something calculated to adjust the differences existing between them. Mac informs us that, since the late fatal affray in which he was mixed up, he has concluded to yield to the solicitations of his family and retire altogether from the arena—this is the only reason why he does so, as, prior to said occurrence, he was ready to give Tim a go at any time. As it is, he wants the matter to drop right here, to which, however, Hussey is not agreeable, but says that, as Billy talked in such a braggadocia strain at his (Tim's) exhibition, stating that he "had come on from Philadelphia expressly to fight him," he wishes to accommodate him before he leaves the city. At all events, if they do conclude to do anything with nature's weapons, let's have no more talk about it.

DIDN'T TAKE PLACE.—The Testimonial Exhibition for the benefit of Tim Collins, which was announced to take place at 600 Broadway on Saturday night, 28th ult., and was afterward postponed until the following Monday out of respect to the memory of Felix Larkin, who had kindly befriended Tim, did not eventuate at all. This was owing to the fact that the parties who had promised to make good the rent in advance for Collins failed to come down with the dust, and the proprietor wouldn't allow the gas to be lighted until he had the sugar in his kick. Tovee suggested that he enter the box office and take the money until his claim was settled, which was very sensible, but he would not agree, and so Tim and those who had assembled had nothing left to do but go home.

BOXING NIGHT UP TOWN.—The sporting blades of the upper districts, on the east side, are to be afforded a little sport in the way of boxing on Wednesday evening, 9th inst., when a complimentary benefit is to be given young Tommy Gleason, at Dingeldein's Hall, 932 Third avenue, near 59th street, upon which occasion he will, 'tis said, be prepared to make a match with any novice at 118 or 120 pounds. In addition to the boxers announced to assist, Jimmy Thompson will appear in an Irish reel and jig, and Mr. Clark will exercise his vocal powers, comically and sentimentally.

LUKE GLEASON'S NIGHT.—Saturday evening next, 12th inst., has been set apart for a benefit to Luke Gleason at the Broadway Opera House. An excellent programme has been prepared and more than a customary amount of sport may be looked for, especially in the winding up between Luke and his "buzzum" companion, Ed. Tuohey, who was talked of as a match for Abe Hicken and stood a good chance to get on with the latter had not Pete Maguire stepped forward and ruled him out.

WHAT ABOUT "DRUM" AND GLASGOW?—Since the response of Young Glasgow to Johnny Drumgoole's offer to give him a shake down for a couple of hundreds a side we have heard not a word from either party in reference to the matter. We have good authority, however, for saying that the necessary amount will be forthcoming for "Drum" as soon as the party of the second part succeed in finding "that man" or anybody else to plank for him. Sharp's the word, boys!

LAFFERTY AND BAYTON.—The match between these men, who are to do battle for three centuries a side on Thursday next, 10th inst., within fifty miles of Cincinnati, was going on all O. K. at last advices. The final instalment was posted at Herbert's saloon, in the Queen City, on the 1st inst., both principals being present, each looking remarkably well—a fact which afforded conclusive evidence that they had labored hard and assiduously to get themselves in trim.

BARNEY FRAIN has charge of Lafferty, who has shifted his quarters to Latonia Springs, Ky., five miles from Covington. Bayton, who will be remembered as one of Keating's seconds in his fight with Holliwood, is still at his old quarters.

BASE BALL.

CLUB AVERAGES.

PASTIME CLUB, JR., OF NORFOLK, VA.

The Pastimes are the junior champions of Virginia, and their record for the past season, which we give below, is one that the friends of the club may well be proud of. Thirteen games were played, in all of which the Pastimes were successful but one. In the thirteen games played they scored 521 runs to 218, an average of 40 to a game and 1 over, against 16 and 13 over for their opponents. The highest score made in a game was 65, and the lowest 15, the highest and lowest of their opponents being 30 and 7, respectively. The following is a list of the games played and the scores:—

	Opp.	Past.
Chesapeake	13	32
Chesapeake	7	32
Oceola	12	15
Oceola	8	50
Dixie	30	57
Dixie	29	43
Monumental	16	65
Monumental	7	44
Y'g America, Old Point	28	27
Y'g America, Old Point	19	27
Hope	29	51
Picked Nine, Norfolk	18	62
Virginians, Portsmouth	15	30
Totals	218	521

The following are the averages of those who engaged in five games and over:—

Players.	No. Games.	No. Runs.	Av. Runs.	No. Outs.	Av. Outs.	Home Runs	Fly Balls.	Left on Bases.
Griffin	13	73	5-8	21	1-9	8	7	6
Keeling	13	61	4-9	27	2-1	3	15	9
Hathaway	13	50	3-11	33	2-7	3	9	12
Wicker	13	59	4-7	27	2-1	11	19	7
Smith	12	61	4-9	29	2-3	1	7	8
Semmons	10	49	3-10	33	2-7	0	13	11
Martyne	7	36	5-1	18	2-4	[illegible]	6	3
Evans	9	44	3-8	27	3-0	1	9	2
Mecoy	5	12	2-2	10	0-2	2	3	4
Davis	4	21	5-1	10	2-2	5	4	1
Patton	3	11	3-2	8	2-2	0	2	5
Aldell	3	18	6-0	3	1-0	3	4	1
Powell	3	5	1-2	9	3-0	0	2	3
Sexton	3	9	3-0	11	3-2	0	1	5
Kendall	1	3	3-0	1	1-0	0	1	1
Woods	1	5	5-0	5	5-0	0	0	0
Mecoly	1	4	4-0	1	1-0	0	0	0

WORONOCO CLUB, OF WESTFIELD, MASS.

This promising organization, the Champion Juniors of Western Massachusetts, has played nine match games this season, winning six and losing three. In the nine games they have scored 334 runs to their opponents 335. The most they made in a single game was 103, and the least 10. The highest number of runs their opponents made was 62 and the least 2. We give herewith the averages of the nine:—

Players.	Matches.	Outs.	Avgs.	Runs.	Avgs.	Clean Scores.	Blank Scores.
Gladwin, 1st b	9	23	2-5	40	4-4	0	6
Gillette, 2d b	5	16	3-1	21	4-4	1	0
Snow, c	9	27	3-0	37	4-0	0	0
Allen, p	8	29	3-5	33	4-1	0	1
Fowler, 2d b	5	11	2-1	23	4-3	1	0
Hatheway, c f	9	22	2-4	43	4-7	1	0
Fairfield, l f	8	23	2-7	29	3-5	0	1
Snyder, r f	8	19	2-3	33	4-1	0	2
Murdock, s s	8	16	2-0	33	4-1	0	1

WIDE AWAKE vs. PICKED NINE.

On the 28th ult. the Wide Awake Club, of Alton, Ill., played their last game for the season, their opponents being a picked nine. The score follows:—

PICKED NINE.	H. L.	R.	WIDE AWAKE.	H. L.	R.
Lund, 1st b	1	2	Platt, 1st b	2	4
D. Robidan, p	1	2	Donaldson, r f	0	6
Collins, 3d b	3	1	Dutro, p	1	5
Ivissore, c	0	4	Batterton, 3d b	2	3
Simes, s s	1	2	Clark, c	2	4
Tisuis, l f	1	1	Logan, s s	4	2
Wm. Robidan, c f	4	0	Creiy, 2d b	1	5
Fowler, r f	2	2	Nixon, l f	0	5
Roberts, 2d b	2	2	Handsaker, c f	3	2
Total		16	Total		36

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Picked Nine	3	1	2	9	2—16
Wide Awake	2	11	6	9	8—36

Home runs—Wide Awake—Creiy, 2; Clark, 1—3. Picked Nine—Ivissore, 2. Fly catches—Wide Awake—Dutro, 1; Batterton, 1; Clark, 2; Nixon, 1—5. Picked Nine—Simes, 1; Tisuis, 1—2. Umpire—Wm. Roper. Scorers—Messrs. Boswell and Bramhall. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—The delegates to the eleventh annual session of the National Association of Base Ball Players will meet at Metzerot Hall, City of Washington, on Wednesday, Dec. 9. The Recording Secretary, Mr. A. H. Rogers, will be at Willard's Hotel at 2 P. M. on the 8th, to receive the credentials of delegates, etc. The Committee on Rules will have a meeting on Tuesday afternoon, to take action on the amendments to the rules which have already been approved by a portion of the committee. All preliminary work that will facilitate the proceedings of the Association has been attended to, and it is expected that an adjournment will be effected in time for the delegates to return home the same day.

MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE ASSOCIATION.—An adjourned meeting of the State Association of Pennsylvania was held on the 1st inst. Among the clubs represented were the Athletics, Olympics, Geary, Chesnut Street Theatre, Bachelor, Commonwealth, Alert, Expert, Americus, Atlantic, Malvern, Intrepid, Rescue, Village and Olive. The meeting was not very harmonious in its deliberations, some of the delegates having the bad taste to introduce politics into their discussions. The principal subject discussed was whether to instruct the delegates to the National Association to oppose professional players. Finally, the whole matter was laid upon the table by a vote of 10 to 9, the odd vote being cast by the presiding officer.

CURLING.

THE COMING SEASON.

The cold weather of the past week has set the lovers of this invigorating open air sport to looking up their tools and laying out their plan of operations for the approaching campaign. There is a score of clubs in the immediate vicinity of New York, and the members of the most prominent organizations are making active preparations for the coming season. The St. Andrews, Calidonians, Thistle and New York clubs of this city, and the Thistle of Jersey City and the Paterson of Paterson, are the most noted organizations in this section of the country, and their contests last season were numerous and exciting. Last winter an endeavor was made to get up an international match between the curlers of Canada and the United States, and very likely this season will witness a series of games between the crack sports of the New Dominion and Uncle Sam's boys. The Grand National Curling Club of North America, which was formed last season, bids fair, in time, to rival the bravest organization in "ould Scotia." It now embraces within its membership nearly every club of importance in the country, and has been considerably strengthened since last season. The little pond in the Central Park, which the commissioners have set apart for the use of our metropolitan and suburban clubs, presented a smooth surface of ice on the 3d inst., but the snow storm of the 4th was too much for the thin ice, and the hopes of the boys with the "curling irons" for an early commencement of their sport were doomed to disappointment. Garrett Mountain Lake, a romantic sheet of water about two miles from Paterson, N. J., used by the Paterson club, was also covered with ice on the 3d inst. Most of our metropolitan clubs have held meetings within the past week for the election of officers, skips and the transaction of other business.

ST. ANDREWS CLUB.—The following gentlemen were elected officers of this club at a meeting held on the 2d inst.:—President, John Dunlop; Vice President, A. M. Stewart; Secretary and Treasurer, J. B. Mattison. The following gentlemen were elected skips:—J. Dunlop, William Ritchie, A. Dalrymple and J. Hogg.

BILLIARDS.

FOLEY vs. FRAWLEY.

FOLEY THE WINNER BY 535 POINTS.

Thomas Foley, of Chicago, and John Frawley, of Cleveland, two well known billiard experts, played the first of a series of games at Garrett's Hall, Cleveland, O., according to announcements of previous issues of the CLIPPER, on Wednesday, the 2d inst. The announcement of the match created considerable interest in billiard circles, which increased as the time for the first game approached. The attendance was very large, but orderly and quiet, save when an occasional fine shot or a large run excited their admiration, when their approval broke forth in cheers and clapping of hands. At eight P. M., the hour fixed upon for the game to begin, Messrs. Frawley and Foley made their appearance upon the floor and were greeted with a round of applause.

During the time the men were arranging the preliminaries several bets were made at the odds of $100 to $75 on Foley. At ten minutes past 8 o'clock everything was announced to be in readiness, and the men stripped off their coats and went to work. In its report of the game the Cleveland *Herald*, of the 3d inst., says:—"Frawley won the lay off, and shot his ball near the left hand upper pocket. Foley, with the black or spot ball, began work coolly and carefully, and by a number of excellent around the table shots, scored 31, leaving all three balls inside the string and his opponent's ball in the upper right hand corner pocket. Frawley took the balls, but owing to their position failed to count. Foley followed, missing and leaving the two reds in easy position. John did not profit by it, however, and after scoring five missed an easy shot and left the balls in good position. Foley took advantage of it, and by careful, deliberate playing, increased his score 22, and then went into the pocket for safety. A miss for Frawley and a count of two for Foley, another miss for John and count of five for Foley, increasing the latter's score to 60. Again Frawley missed, and Foley added seventeen to his rapidly increasing score, and then was kissed into the pocket. A cypher for Frawley and 10 more for Foley closed the seventh innings, leaving the white in the pocket and the other three close to the upper cushion within the string. Frawley failed to count, and again Foley 'went for' all there was on the table, and scored 35 more, leaving his total count 122 to 16 for Frawley, the latter having had 11 added to his string for Foley's pockets. In the ninth innings Frawley got the balls, and by delicate playing made a run of 22. Neither counted on the tenth innings, Foley missing and going into the pocket. In the eleventh Foley scored 2 and Frawley 12, and went into the pocket for safety. Foley then got the two reds near the lower left hand corner, and by careful nursing made a run of 120. The game now stood Foley 251, and Frawley 57. On the fourteenth innings 4 more were counted for the black, and 29 for the white. The fifteenth innings scored 5 for Foley and 2 for Frawley. Tom got 5 more in the sixteenth innings, and Frawley scored an equal number. Foley kept increasing until, in the first half of the seventeenth innings, the game stood, Foley 302 to Frawley 95. On the nineteenth innings Foley scored 9 and left the balls, all three in number, in good position. Frawley counted only 8 and then missed an easy shot, leaving the balls in the same position as when Frawley took them. He got only 16 out of them, however, leaving them so scattered that it was with difficulty that Frawley counted 2. In the twenty-first innings Foley got 9 and made an inside string shot for safety. In the twenty-second innings Foley got nothing and Frawley 4. In the twenty-third innings Foley missed again and Frawley scored 8. In the twenty-fourth innings Foley got 22, and Frawley, by careful playing, scored 43. In the twenty-fifth innings Foley got all three of the balls in fine position and made 39, when he scattered them. Studying the situation a moment, he played around the table a couple of times, counting on each shot, and again the balls were together near the upper left hand pocket. He carefully nursed them, and increased his run to 65, when the balls became again scattered and he repeated his careful around the table play, seemed to control the balls just as he pleased, and kept on adding to his score until an unlucky kiss threw his ball away from an easy count, leaving him with a run of 103.

At the close of this innings the game stood, Foley, 460; Frawley, 164. In the twenty-sixth innings, Foley got 2 and Frawley, 16. In the twenty-seventh innings Foley got 2 more and Frawley 5. In the twenty-eighth innings Foley got 2 and Frawley 9. At the end of the thirtieth innings the game was again called and stood Foley 482; Frawley, 223. On the thirty-second innings Foley ran 48, making the calling of the game again necessary. It now stood Foley 530 to Frawley 249. In the thirty-third innings Frawley took the balls in good position, and by delib rate play scored 68 and then went into the pocket for safety. This being his largest run since the opening of the game, he was loudly cheered.

Nothing occurred to change the monotony of the game from this time up to the forty-sixth inning when Frawley, by a stroke of good playing and careful nursing, made a run of 68, making a total score of 467 and leaving him only 170 behind. In the next innings but one, Foley played very carefully and scored 80, necessitating another call of the game, which stood, Foley, 717; Frawley, 419. Again, upon the fifty-fourth innings, Frawley got the three balls near the lower right hand pocket, and carefully working them along towards the other pocket and up the left hand cushion, he rapidly lessened the gap between himself and his opponent, the caller successively announcing 50, 75, 100, 125, 150, 170, and 189, at which point he missed an easy shot, leaving the balls good for Foley. The game being called again, it stood, Foley, 769; Frawley, 710. As the latter steadily increased his score on the fifty-fourth innings, the crowd loudly cheered him, and the betting changed to from odds on Foley to even. In the fifty-fifth innings Foley took the balls where Frawley left them, and nursing them up the left hand cushion scored 94, and left the balls scattered.

At the end of the fifty-seventh innings the game stood:—Foley, 902; Frawley, 720. Foley opened the sixtieth innings with a run of 88, which he made by extra careful play. This made another call necessary. The game now stood Foley, 1,016; Frawley, 735. The sixty-sixth innings was a particularly fortunate one for each, Foley scoring 45 and Frawley 34. The game now stood Foley, 1,077; Frawley, 806. In the sixty-ninth innings Frawley got all three balls together near the upper end cushion, and succeeded in getting 72 points out of them, but left them in good position for Foley, who got only 22, and then missed an easy shot, but left the balls scattered, and Frawley failed to count on his shot. The game now stood:—Foley, 1,121; Frawley, 894. In the ninety-fifth innings Foley ran 79 points, turning his twelfth hundred and a half. The game now stood.—Foley, 1,251; Frawley, 923.

In the eighty-third innings Foley turned his thirteenth hundred and closed the run with 293 to go. In the eighty-fifth innings Foley worked the balls together by admirable play and added 68 points to his score, and then went into the pocket for safety. The score now stood Foley, 1,412; Frawley, 947. During the next six innings Foley steadily added to his score, and on the ninety-second, with 30 points to make, he got the balls together and ran out the game amidst wild cheering and applause. The following is the complete score:—

FOLEY Shot.	Count.	Total.	FRAWLEY Count.	Total.	FOLEY Shot.	Count.	Total.	FRAWLEY Count.	Total.
1	31	31	0	0	47	80	717	4	491
2	0	31	5	5	48	18	735	8	499
3	22	53	3	8	49	2	737	3	502
4	2	55	3	11	50	3	741	0	502
5	5	60	0	11	51	15	755	7	509
6	17	77	5	16	52	0	755	12	521
7	10	87	9	16	53	0	755	0	521
8	35	122	4	20	54	14	769	189	710
9	7	129	22	42	55	94	883	3	713
10	0	129	3	45	56	17	880	5	718
11	2	131	12	57	57	22	902	2	720
12	120	251	1	58	58	6	908	0	720
13	4	255	29	87	59	20	928	12	732
14	5	260	2	89	60	88	1,016	3	735
15	5	265	5	94	61	0	1,016	13	748
16	28	293	1	95	62	5	1,021	5	753
17	9	302	3	98	63	6	1,027	5	758
18	0	302	1	99	64	0	1,027	4	762
19	9	311	8	107	65	5	1,032	10	772
20	15	326	2	109	66	45	1,077	34	816
21	9	335	0	109	67	7	1,081	6	822
22	0	335	4	113	68	0	1,084	0	822
23	0	335	8	121	69	15	1,097	72	894
24	22	357	43	164	70	22	1,121	0	894
25	103	460	3	167	71	4	1,125	0	894
26	4	464	16	183	72	2	1,127	17	911
27	2	466	5	188	73	0	1,127	6	917
28	2	468	9	197	74	45	1,172	8	920
29	0	468	0	197	75	79	1,251	3	923
30	11	479	26	223	76	6	1,257	0	923
31	3	482	0	223	77	2	1,259	2	925
32	48	530	35	258	78	5	1,264	3	928
33	2	532	68	326	79	5	1,269	0	928
34	9	541	0	326	80	32	1,301	6	934
35	10	551	19	345	81	0	1,301	6	940
36	15	566	0	345	82	0	1,301	2	942
37	1	567	9	354	83	6	1,307	0	942
38	16	583	3	357	84	37	1,344	2	944
39	3	586	0	357	85	68	1,412	3	957
40	2	588	13	370	86	4	1,416	0	947
41	0	588	0	370	87	14	1,430	0	947
42	23	611	4	375	88	16	1,446	15	962
43	3	614	11	386	89	18	1,464	2	964
44	0	614	13	399	90	4	1,468	11	975
45	2	616	68	467	91	2	1,470	0	975
46	21	637	20	487	92	30	1,500	—	—

Average of the winner, 16 38-92; average of the loser, 10 55-92. Time of game—Four hours and forty-eight minutes. Umpires—John McDevitt, of Chicago, for Foley, and Samuel F. West, of Columbus, for Frawley. Referee—Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati. Marker—Patrick Dolan, of Cleveland.

The second game of the series will be played at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, Ill., on the 23d inst.

EXHIBITION AT LANCASTER, PA.—On Monday evening, 30th ult., an exhibition game was played at Bruner's saloon, Lancaster, Pa., between R. T. Ryall, ex-champion of the Arch State, and a young amateur player of that place, and as this was something unusual thereaway, there was a large assemblage to witness it. The conditions were 1,000 points up, on a second size carom table, Ryall giving the odds of 300. Play commenced at eight o'clock, and the game was, of course, won by Ryall, who scored 1,002 to 598. The winner's highest runs were 183 and 123, and his average 20 22-49; loser's highest runs 50, 23; average, 6 5-24. Ryall then gave Jos. Frick the odds of 15 points in the French game, 30 points up, and was beaten by the latter by one point. The entertainment closed with an exhibition of fancy shots by Ryall, which astonished the onlookers not a little and gained for him great applause.

THE BENJAMIN TOURNAMENT.—A meeting of the committee who have this affair in hand was held at Capt. Boyle's room on the 2d inst., at which Peter D. Braisted was appointed chairman, Alexander Samuells treasurer, and John J. Wizeman secretary. Subscriptions may be addressed to either of these gentlemen, at their several places of business, or else in care of this office. It has been decided upon to have the tournament come off at the Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, on the 29th inst. This hall will hold fifteen hundred people.

FOSTER AND PHELAN.—These experts played a French game of 300 points on the 2d inst. at the former's rooms in Park Row. Mr. Phelan, who received the odds of 100, was beaten 45. His best run was 17. Foster made 30 and 33. A few evenings prior to this, in a game of 150 points, Foster was beaten by Frank Dennison. Thus far Foster has not, in his practice games, played up to the expectation of his friends.

DEATH OF A BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURER.—We notice with regret, that among the ill-fated passengers lost by the unfortunate collision between the steamers United States and America, was Mr. Henry Brunswick, a partner in the well known firm of billiard table manufacturers, Messrs. Brunswick & Co., of Chicago.

BILLIARD OPENING.—The opening of the new and elegant hall located in the Swimming Academy building, Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, will take place on Wednesday, 9th inst., when Foster, Goldthwaite, Deery, Geary, and others will assist. The establishment is handsomely fitted up, and contains nine new tables.

PROBABLE $10,000 CHALLENGE.—We learn that John McDevitt intends, prior to resigning the championship cue, to issue a challenge for a match with any one in the country, at the pushing game, for a stake of $10,000 a side.

GOLDTHWAIT AND MCDEVITT.—The representatives of these players met on the 3d inst. and staked the balance of the money. The full amount is $500 a side, which will be played for in Chicago on the 22d inst.

DION PRACTICING.—On the 23d ult., in a French game of 200 points played with his brother, Joseph Dion averaged 11 2-5. Cyrille's average was 8½.

AMATEUR TOURNAMENT.—John J. Wizeman intends to offer a superb gold-mounted cue for competition among the *habitues* of his billiard room on Sixth avenue.

"THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC for 1869," published by A. Winch, of Philadelphia, is now ready, and those who wish to be posted in the events of the now closing year should have one in their book case, as it contains lots of interesting statistics, etc. It is for sale in this city by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann st.

A VELOCIPEDIST of Middletown, Ct., while riding on his velocipede on Thanksgiving Day, met some ladies, whom he did not see until very near them, and in endeavoring to turn out, he upset the velocipede, falling under it, with his heels in the air and unable to stir. The ladies came to his rescue, removed the velocipede and assisted him to rise.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Metairie Jockey Club, N. O., Fall Meeting.

FIRST DAY, NOVEMBER 28TH.

In last week's CLIPPER we gave the result, received by telegraph, of the first day's racing of the Metairie Jockey Club Fall Meeting at New Orleans on Saturday, Nov. 28th; but as the race for the Great State Post Stake was one of more than ordinary importance, we now give the particulars in detail. The weather was fine and clear, with a brisk wind blowing, which assisted in drying in some degree the course, which was heavy and holding in consequence of the previous fall of rain. The attendance was large and fashionable, the ladies' stand especially being crowded with a bright galaxy of the youth and beauty of the Southern States, assembled to witness the equine contest between the racing representatives of Louisiana, Alabama and Missouri in the Great State Post Stake. This race of three mile heats had created intense excitement among turfmen throughout the country, and large delegations from New York, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama and Louisiana were present to witness it. The stake itself was of great pecuniary value; the three states entering paying $2,500 each, and the Metairie Jockey Club adding $1000 more, making its total value $8,500. In addition to this was a piece of silver plate worth $1,000, consisting of a massive solid silver punch bowl and two large goblets of exquisite workmanship and design, lined with gold. On the top of the bowl is the figure of a race horse in the act of running; the handles represent two horses rampant, and the sides represent a horse race, with the figures embossed in raised relief. The goblets, which are equally as massive as the bowl, are ornamented with embossed figures representing a tournament, a race, and the chariot of the sun. This magnificent work of art was presented to the Jockey Club by Major W. D. Sanger, to be run for at a post stake, either in 1868 or 1869, and the club concluded to give it as a prize in connection with the race in question, which was a revival of the Great National Post Stake originally instituted on the Metairie Course in the year 1854, when Lecompte, the representative of Mississippi, beat Lexington, the representative of Lousiana, in the great four mile heat race, in the fastest time then on record. This spring it was determined by the Metairie Jockey Club to revive the stake, making the entrance $2,500 each, with $1,000 added, and the race one of three mile heats, instead of four mile heats as formerly. As already mentioned, three States, Lousiana, Alabama and Missouri entered; and if the Annieswood Stable's famous horse, Kentucky, had kept sound, New York also would have been represented.

It was originally intended that General Woolford, a four year old colt by Ruric, out of a Glencoe mare, who had proved himself a good, stout racehorse, by winning at two and three mile beats should represent Louisiana, but falling lame the week before the race, Gilroy, a six year old, by Lexington, out of Magnolia, and consequently full brother to Kentucky, was selected as his substitute. Gilroy was known to possess a great turn of speed, but his stoutness was questionable; besides, he had the worst of the weights, having, as a six year old, to carry 124 pounds against the three year old's 93 pounds. Missouri relied upon Pat. Malloy, a three year old, by Lexington, out of Gloriana, belonging to the O'Fallon and Davis stable of St. Louis, who had shown himself to be both fast and stout, and a first class racehorse in all respects. But the same fatality attended Missouri's champion as Louisiana's, for Pat. Malloy went amiss in the final part of his preparation, and his stable companion Sundown, a three year old, by Uncle Vic, out of the imported mare Sunny South, by Irish Birdcatcher, was substituted. Sundown was known to be very fast, but had never been tried to go the distance of this race; the fine style, however, in which he had beaten a good field at Saratoga in a dash of a mile and a half, inspired hopes that he could stay the longer distance. Alabama was represented by Capt. Moore's stable, and had three good ones to select from—Bayonet, a three year old by Lexington, out of Baylesf, by Yorkshire; Fanny Cheatham, four years, by Lexington, out of Laura, and General Ewell, a three year old by Lexington, out of Grisette. Bayonet was chosen to do battle for the Cotton State, and although it was reported that he also had broken down, the rumor proved to be unfounded. Like Sundown, Bayonet was untried at three mile heats, but he had won the Champion Stakes at the Jerome Park Fall Meeting, mile heats, in splendid style, in the fast time of 1:45¼, 1:45¼, and carrying the steadying weight, for a three year old, of 110 lbs. Such were the horses chosen to run for the great State Stake.

THE FIRST RACE

was a dash of a mile and a half, for all ages, $50 entrance, play or pay, with $250 added; carrying 100 lbs. The starters were Col. Nelligan's b h Bismarck, C. A. Hamilton's ch h Tom Green, and E. Warwick's ch h Transit. Bismarck was the favorite against the field, and he made the running, with Transit second, and Tom Green last, outpaced from the start. The first mile was run in 1:50, and as they entered the quarter stretch Transit made his effort to collar the favorite, but the latter shook him off, and came home a winner under a strong pull in 3:23½. Tom Green was four lengths behind Transit.

THE GREAT STATE POST STAKE,

the centre of attraction and interest, was the next race. John Ford rode Gilroy, Charley Miller was on Bayonet, and a colored boy on Sundown. Bayonet was the favorite at $100 to $50 against the field, Sundown ranking next in estimation.

FIRST HEAT.—Sundown went off in front, and made the running at a moderate pace, with Bayonet second, and Gilroy trailing behind. On the lower turn Gilroy went up and passed Bayonet, and before they entered the homestretch, he had taken the lead from Sundown but did not long retain it, for Missouri's representative again resumed it as they came up the stretch, and led Gilroy a length as they passed the stand on the first mile in 2:11; Bayonet laying away behind. The second was run in the same order. Time, 2:12. After passing the stand, Bayonet began to close on Gilroy, and improved the pace, and on the backstretch he took second place. He waited at Sundown's quarters until fairly into the stretch, when Miller, rousing him a little with the spurs, let him out, and quickly shooting past Sundown, beat him home by two lengths; Gilroy third. The last mile was run in 1:57, and the heat in 6:20.

SECOND HEAT.—The odds on Bayonet were now increased, but little betting was done. All three got away together, but Sundown soon showed in front, with Gilroy second, and Bayonet in waiting. At the quarter pole Gilroy went up to Sundown and depriving him of the lead, carried on the running through the first mile, which was done in 2:07, Sundown being several lengths behind him as they crossed the score, and Bayonet waiting far in the rear. The second mile was run in the same way in 2:08; Gilroy still in front. Bayonet now began to close steadily on Sundown, and was at his head at the quarter pole. On the backstretch both the colts closed on the old horse, but Ford still kept him a little in front at the half mile pole, where Bayonet was second. A splendid race ensued between Gilroy and Bayonet all around the turn, the latter trying desperately to reach the old horse, who still was ahead as they swung into the stretch. Amid tremendous excitement the two horses thundered up the straight, the partisans of Louisiana and Alabama wild with anticipated victory. Whipcord and steel were freely applied to both, Bayonet answering with consummate gameness to Charley Miller's call, and, creeping up inch by inch, got to Gilroy's head at the drawgate. Ford, however, kept the old horse going, and, riding with resolute determination, using the spurs freely, landed Gilroy a winner by a neck, after one of the finest and most brilliant finishes ever seen on the renowned Metairie Course, and amid the enthusiastic applause of the Louisiana ladies in the grand stand, who viewed the contest with breathless excitement. The last mile was run in 1:59, and the heat in 6:14—six seconds faster than the previous heat.

THIRD HEAT.—The betting now underwent considerable change, although Bayonet had slightly the call. The odds were $300 to $200 on the field against Gilroy, and $1,000 to $100 against Sundown. All the horses cooled out well, but darkness had now come on, and patrol judges were appointed and lanterns lighted and suspended over the string at each end. This time Captain Moore adopted a different line of tactics, and he ordered Miller to take Bayonet to the front and make the pace good from the start. It was now quite dark, but as the horses passed under the string on the first mile, it was seen that Bayonet was leading, with Sundown next; time, 2:03. As they crossed the score on the second mile, in 2:14, Bayonet was still leading, but Gilroy was now second. There was no alteration on the third mile, for Bayonet came in first, Gilroy second and Sundown third, the last mile being run in 2:07½, and the heat in 6:24½. Bayonet was therefore declared the winner of the Great National State Post Stake of 1868. The judges were General Hebert, Mr. McCloskey and Mr. Pace. Summaries:—

METAIRIE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 28TH, 1868.—Stake for all ages; dash of one mile and a half; to carry 100 lbs; $50 entrance, p p; $250 added by the club.

J. Nelligan's b h Bismarck, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe	1
E. Warwick's ch h Transit, by Bleakwind, dam by Sovereign	2
C. A. Hamilton's ch h Tom Green, by Memnon, dam by Tempest	3

Time, 3:02½.

SAME DAY.—Great National State Post Stake, for all ages; three mile heats; $2,500 entrance, p p; the club to add $1,000 and a silver plate worth $1,000; 3 year olds, 93 lbs; 4 year olds, 108 lbs; 5 year olds, 118 lbs; 6 year olds, 124 lbs, aged, 128 lbs.

Alabama named b c Bayonet, by Lexington, dam Baylesf, 3 yrs	1	2	1
Louisiana named b h Gilroy, by Lexington, dam Magenta, 6 yrs	3	1	2
Missouri named ch c Sundown, by Uncle Vic, dam Sunny South	2	3	3

Time, 6:20; 6:14; 6:24½.

SECOND DAY, DEC. 1ST.

The weather continued very fine, and the attendance was large in consequence. The track was in good condition, but far from fast. The first race was won by E. Warwick's b h Joe Johnston, beating Jack Gamble, Jr., and Larkin for the $300 purse, mile heats, in two straight heats. Larkin, formerly known as General McMahon, was the favorite at $100 to $50 against the field, but he was entirely out of condition and could not move freely. The second race for a purse of $600, two mile heats, was won by Moore and Coffey's b m Fanny Cheatham, beating Transit, Carrie Athertine, Little Mac and Bismarck. Fanny Cheatham was the favorite at $200 to $100 against the field, and she won the first and third heats, and Transit the second. Little Mack and Bismarck were distanced in the second heat. Summaries:—

METAIRIE COURSE, N. O., Dec. 1st, 1868.—Purse $300, mile heats, for all ages.

E. Warwick's b h Joe Johnston, aged, by Goodwood, dam Juda, by imp. Sovereign	1	1
W. Brady's b h Jack Gamble, Jr., 5 years old, by Jack Gamble, dam Mendora	2	2
J. Conliss' b h Larkin, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam Magenta, by imp. Yorkshire	3	3

Time, 1:52¾; 1:54½.

SAME DAY.—Purse $600, for all ages, two mile heats.

Moore and Coffey's b m Fannie Cheatham, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Laura, by imp. Leviathan	1	2	1
Richards and Kilgour's b f Carrie Athertine, 3 years old, by Lexington, dam Glycera, by Sovereign	4	3	2
E. Warwick's b c Transit, 4 years old, by Bleakwind, dam by Sovereign	2	1	3
J. Conlisk's ch h Little Mack, 5 years old, by Eclipse, dam imp. Weatherbit	3	dis	
J. Nelligan's b h Bismarck, 6 years old, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe	5	dis	

Time, 3:54; 1:52; 4:00.

THIRD DAY—DEC. 2.

Continued fine weather, a good track, but indifferent racing. For the two year old sweepstakes race was a walk over for Richards and Kilgour's Mickey Free colt, and the mile heat race was won easily by Faro, beating Tom Green and Wisenhunt; the latter being the favorite at $200 to $160 against the field. Summaries:—

METAIRIE COURSE, N. O., Dec. 2.—Sweepstakes $400; $25 entrance, p p; mile heats for two year olds. Four subs.

Richards & Kilgour's ch c by Mickey Free, out of sister to Prior. W. O.

SAME DAY.—Purse $200, all ages, mile heats.

Owner's b c Faro	1	1
C. A. Hamilton's Tom Green	2	2
T. B. Patterson's Wisenhunt	3	3

Time, 1:57½; 1:54.

FOURTH DAY—DEC. 5TH.

In consequence of the heavy rain on Thursday and Friday, the fourth day of the meeting was postponed until Saturday, the 5th inst. Although the track was very heavy and holding, there was a good attendance present to witness the sport, which was somewhat marred by an unfortunate accident, mentioned below. The first race was for a purse of $250, mile dash, for all ages, and was won by Richards and Kilgour's b f Betty Bay, beating Jack Gamble, second, and Gilroy, in 1:57.

The second race was for three year olds, two mile heats, and the appearance of Sundown frightened away all opposition, although nine horses were entered. He took the purse of $100 and sweepstakes of $25 each, p p, without a race, merely walking over for it. The third race was one of two mile heats for a purse of $300, and was won by Col. Nelligan's b c by Daniel Boone, dam by Brown Dick, distancing Bonita and Chemisette in the first heat in 4:10. In the second mile of this heat Chemisette unfortunately broke her left hind leg below her pastern joint, thus summarily closing her racing career. Summary:—

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 5th.—Purse $250, for all ages, mile dash.

Richards and Kilgour's b f Bettie Bay	1
W. Brady's b h Jack Gamble	2
J. Conlisk's b h Gilroy	3

Time, 1:57.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year olds, $25 entrance, p. p., with $500 added by the club; two mile heats; 9 subs.

O. Fallon and Davis' ch c Sundown.....walked over

SAME DAY.—Purse $300, for all ages; two mile heats.

J. Nelligan's b c by Daniel Boone, dam by Brown Dick	1	1
J. Buchanan's b f Chemisette	dis	
A. Hamilton's b f Bonita	dis	

Time, 4:10.

THE LADY THORN CHALLENGE TO GEORGE WILKES.—The challenge from Oliver Marshall and Dan Pfifer to William Simmons, the owner of the stallion George Wilkes, offering to match Lady Thorn against the latter horse for $10,000, in a race of mile heats, in harness, over the Narragansett Park Course next June, has not been accepted.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Close of the Racing Season in England.

THE SHREWSBURY AND LEAMINGTON MEETINGS—SALE OF LORD STAMFORD'S STUD—THE DERBY BETTING—THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS' BETTING LIABILITIES—WINNING JOCKEYS OF THE YEAR.

The racing season in England has been brought to a close, the meetings at Shrewsbury and Leamington winding up in November the campaign which commenced at Lincoln in February. Nine months of almost uninterrupted racing would seem sufficient for the most inveterate turfite, but no sooner is flat racing terminated than steeple chasing and hurdle racing commences. Late in the season as the meeting at Shrewsbury is held, no fewer than three hundred and sixteen race horses took part in the five days' sport, during which forty-two races were run. The principal event at this meeting was the Shrewsbury Cup, won by Romping Girl, a four year old daughter of Wild Dayrell, who won the great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster, beating that good but unfortunate horse, Knight of the Garter, who had such a succession of ill luck in running second, and twelve others. The winner, however, was in receipt of 27lbs from Knight of the Garter, who was only beaten by half a length, so that the performance was not one of extraordinary merit. The Shobdon Cup was won, as it also was last year, by the Duke of Hamilton's fleet daughter of Newminster, Leonie, a three year old, carrying 126lbs., and beating the speedy Vespasian (second); Cocoa Nut, the winner of the Carnival Nursery Handicap; Vestminster, the winner of the Cleveland Plate, and two others. As Leonie was the trial horse of the Derby favorite, Wild Oats, previous to his running for the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket, won by Pero Gomez (and with whom he subsequently ran a dead heat for the Criterion Stakes), this race shows both Wild Oats and Pero Gomez to possess extraordinary speed for two year olds, and makes their respective backers still more confident in their chances of winning the Blue Riband of the Turf. The Column Handicap was won by the Goodwood Stakes winner Tabouret, a son of Rataplan, who, with the odds of 10 to 1 against him, cut down his eleven opponents cleverly. The Wrekin Handicap was won by Venice, a two year old colt by Carnival out of the American bred Summerside, by Lexington dam by Glencoe, formerly owned by Mr. Ten Broeck, beating five others. This colt had won a race at the Liverpool Meeting, in which he showed such fine racing form, that although entered to be sold for 20 sovs, he was sold to Lord Westmoreland for 165 guineas. In this race, after winning, his new owner, although the conditions stated that the winner was to be sold for 50 sovs., preferred buying him at 150 sovs to parting with him. The Gold Cup produced an exciting race between Mercury, Knight of the Garter, Cocoa Nut, and The Hind; the odds of 9 to 4 being laid on the Knight winning. He made the running at a terrific pace for a mile, when Cocoa Nut caught him, but dying away immediately after, the race seemed over. At the distance, however, Mercury came with a tremendous rush, caught the favorite, and won, to the consternation of his backers, in a canter; the knight only being able to gain his customary unenviable position of second. A noticeable feature in the meeting was the running of Raunds, a strangely named five year old son of The Cure, owned by Snowden, the well known jockey, who having been ridden as a hack from the time he was a two year old, came out and won four races right off the reel; putting a thousand sovereigns into the pockets of his owner. Three of these were selling engagements, and he in succession fetched 85 gs; 220 gs; and 410 gs, and is doubtless a cheap horse at the last named price.

At the Leamington Meeting the most prominent events were the victories of Monarch of the Glen, in the Donnington Handicap, beating a field of twelve horses; of President Lincoln, in the Welter Handicap; of Stradbroke, in the Great Autumn Welter Cup; Romping Girl, in the Great Midland Counties Handicap, and Pearl Diver, in the Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase. The field opposed to President Lincoln in the Welter Handicap was a strong one, comprising the speedy Vespasian, Sugarstick and five others, and the victory was achieved by a head only; Sugarstick being second. By a somewhat singular coincidence, Mr. Jefferson Davis, the late President of the Southern Confederacy, was present and witnessed the victory of the namesake of his former opponent and rival. The victory of Stradbroke—the highly bred son of Thormanby and Virago—was a wholly unexpected event both to his owner, Mr. Stephenson, and the ring; for the former had not backed him for a shilling, having been so often disappointed with him on previous occasions—especially in the Chester Cup, City and Suburban and Cæsarewitch—and the latter could find no one to take their offers of 100 to 6 against him. Romping Girl, in the Midland Counties Handicap, had a dozen opponents, among which were Knight of the Garter, Tribune, Clemence and Ackworth, but she had no difficulty in repeating her Shrewsbury Cup victory. This filly has been a fortunate purchase for Sir Reginald Graham, who bought her for 2,000 guineas after her dead heat with Achievement for second place in the Oaks of last year—won by Hippia—and she has since won for him the Great Yorkshire Handicap, the Shrewsbury Cup, and the Midland Counties Handicap. The success of Pearl Diver in the Steeple Chase, after a slashing finish with Tally Ho, was a surprise, for he was so far behind his opponents in one part of the race, that one thousand to ten was offered against him; fortunately for the layer, no one could be induced to accept the tempting odds. Vespasian showed his tremendous speed over a mile by winning the Bradgate Cup with 126 pounds up, giving no less than *forty-seven pounds* to some of his ten opponents in the race. The Guy Cup was won by Bel Giorno, a very fast three year old son of Orlando and Gossamer, beating fourteen competitors, and he followed up his success by carrying off the last race of the meeting, the Free Handicap. The Warwick meeting closes the legitimate racing season in England, and steeple chasing will now prevail until the following spring again inaugurates the turf campaign of another year.

The Derby favorites for next May keep wonderfully firm in the betting quotations. No more than 6 to 1 is offered against Belladrum or Pero Gomez, who are both equal favorites. The highest offer against Wild Oats is 8 to 1, and 11 to 1 against Pretender. Thorwaldsen, the stable companion of the latter, has been supported for a small amount at 25 to 1, while 33 to 1 to all the money that could be got on, has been eagerly taken about Ethus, a promising son of Blair Athol, who was third to Pero Gomez and Wild Oats when they ran their memorable dead heat in the Criterion Stakes. A new outsider in the betting has appeared in the highly bred Fairminster, a son of Newminster and Fairwater, who has no fewer than thirty-two engagements, and about whose Derby chance 50 to 1 is accepted. An even "monkey," or £500, was bet on Belladrum, Pero Gomez, Wild Oats and Pretender against the field. The Two Thousand Guineas is only mentioned in connection with double event bets on that race and the Derby, 1,000 to 40 being taken that Belladrum wins the Guineas and Pero Gomez the Derby, and the same odds that Wild Oats wins the Two Thousand and Sir Joseph Hawley's colt the Epsom event. This is, of course, equivalent to 3 to 1 each against Belladrum and Wild Oats for the Two Thousand, and even money is offered that the field beats the pair.

The Earl of Stamford's entire racing stud was announced to be sold by public auction recently at Tattersall's, in consequence of his intention to retire from the turf. Although Lord Stamford has several times before declared his intention to give up racing, his love of it is so strong that he finds it impossible to carry out his resolution, and always comes back again. The present occasion is no exception, for when the day of sale arrived, of the twenty-eight lots put up at auction, fifteen were bought in. These were the Peer (340 guineas); Escar (190 guineas); Warrington (950 guineas); Charnwood (450 guineas); Amity and Ladoga (190 guineas each); Scintilla (290 guineas) and Little Nell (170 guineas). Besides these, six yearlings were bought in, at prices ranging from 330 guineas to 145 guineas. These horses will in future be trained by John Day, at Danebury, if not previously disposed of by private contract. Lord Stamford has been peculiarly unfortunate in his aspirations for the winning of the Derby and St. Leger; for although he won the Two Thousand Guineas with Diophantus in 1861, he could only gain third place with him to Kettledrum for the Derby.

It is rumored in sporting circles that the Marchioness of Hastings is desirous that the betting liabilities of her late husband be settled in full, but the sentimental wishes of the beautiful and bereaved lady are not likely to be acted upon by the practical business men who have the management of the estate. Death releases from all responsibilities on the turf, and, as in nominations, renders them null and void, and no member of the betting ring, who was a creditor of the late marquis, can expect payment under the circumstances. There is a recent well known precedent for this, for when Rama won the Goodwood Stakes in 1866, a well known turfman, Mr. Shephard, had won a large stake by backing him, but dying of cholera the same night, the bookmaker with whom he took the bet declined to pay, although at the moment Rama won Mr. Shephard was alive and well. In this case the laws of betting justified the bookmaker in his refusal to pay the representatives of the deceased winner the money dependent on the race.

The list of winning jockeys just published shows that the accomplished rider, Fordham, still maintains his place as the most successful jockey of the year; having won one hundred and eleven races. The clever light-weight, Kenyon, runs close to him, having one hundred and ten victories to his credit. The newly arisen Newmarket jockey, Jeffery, has in a single season emerged from total insignificance, and is placed third, with eighty-six wins to his name. Butler has seventy-eight, Cameron fifty-eight, Cannon fifty-one, Mordan fifty, Custance forty-five and Daley forty-three. Fordham's greatest victories were achieved in the Oaks and One Thousand Guineas with Formosa; the dead heat in the Two Thousand on the same mare; with The Earl, in the Grand Prize of Paris, and with Seesaw in the Cambridgeshire. Strange to say, he has never yet attained the height of his ambition; riding the winner of the Derby. He suffered a more cruel disappointment this year than any previous one, as to the chagrin of "hope deferred" was added the ignominy of a mount on the notorious Lady Elizabeth, which he declared he would rather have given five hundred pounds than have had. Kenyon's principal victories were in the Goodwood and Brighton Cups, on Speculum; the Newmarket October, on Seesaw; and the Great Yorkshire Handicap, Shrewsbury Cup, and Midland Counties Handicap, on Romping Girl.

CONSEQUENCE OF SUNDAY RACING.—Mr. Merry, who offered himself as a candidate for Parliament, for Falkirk, Scotland, was taken to task by the electors for running one of his horses on a Sunday. He admitted the offence, but set up four pleas in extenuation:—First, that it was seven or eight years ago, and he never did it again; second, that it was in Paris, where people would be none the worse for it; third, he was not present at the race itself; and fourth, that his horse won the grand prize. The meeting was apparently satisfied, for it passed a vote of confidence.

A NOVEL JUMPING MATCH.—A New England paper contains a good story of how an enterprising resident of a village "way down in Maine" was outwitted by a feminine Bluenose recently. It appears that the young man—with that inclination for peddling peculiar to the genuine, unadulterated "Yank"—had started on a peripatetic journey into the Provinces with some small articles for sale. One night, just as the sable curtains of evening were being lowered upon him, he applied at a very respectable looking house for entertainment. He was very kindly received by a young lady, who happened to be the only one of the family at home, with whom he partook of the evening meal, and everything seemed to our hero to be going "merry as a marriage bell." It seems, however, that the young lady began to suspect that in "entertaining a stranger" she had not entertained "an angel." At length she asked him if he could jump well, saying that she could jump better than any Yankee living. This was a "stump" which the hero of a dozen battle-fields was not disposed to take, and so they arranged for a trial of leap frog. The young lady placed herself against the opposite wall, at three jumps reached the door. Our Yankee now took his station for the trial. At two bounds he nearly reached the door, when Miss Bluenose, with all the feminine fascination imaginable, said that she would open the door for him, so that he might have a chance to see how much he excelled her, and took the third leap, which landed him outside. The young lady instantly closed and fastened the door, took his hat, mittens, overcoat and valise of merchandise into the chamber, threw them out of the window to him, and told him there was a tavern about seven miles below, where no doubt he could be entertained. He went on his way, meditating on the mysteries of women.

CARRIER PIGEONS, as a means of communicating news, are exciting as considerable attention in England as in France. Six pigeons were recently released at a distance of 180 miles from London, and returned to their homes, at that place, in a little over 3½ hour, or at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

PEDESTRIANISM.

BILL LANG vs. W. E. HARDING.

WILL WE HAVE A RACE?

Thursday, 3d inst., was the day designated by Bill Lang, the celebrated English pedestrian, to meet Wm. E. Harding at this office for the purpose, if possible, of making arrangements for a test of their abilities in a pedalistic point of view, and as the New Yorker had said nothing to the contrary, it was presumed that he was agreeable to the proposition. Lang made his appearance at the appointed hour, having come from Paterson, N. J., in company with Joe Careless and a friend, but after waiting some time and Harding failing to attend, or have any one present to represent him (which he could readily have done had he been prevented attending in person), he took his departure, evidently considering himself very shabbily treated—a conclusion which, under the circumstances, must be admitted to be both natural and sensible. Before leaving, however, he stated that he was prepared to meet the New Yorker at this office whenever the latter felt disposed to give him the chance he (Harding) at one time appeared so anxious for, and informed us that he would make a match upon either of the following conditions:—First, to run one mile and a half for $100 a side, in accordance with the terms of the match lately made by Harding and some of Lang's friends without the latter's consent; second, he will run three miles and put up his five mile champion belt, valued at about $1,000, against $600; third, he will run three miles for $500 or $1,000 a side; fourth, he will run twelve miles and give Harding one minute start. The stakes in whichever race or races are made to be deposited at the CLIPPER office, and the contest to take place in three or six weeks from signing articles. If two races are made they are to be decided within a week of each other, one to take place at Paterson, N. J., and the other at the Fashion Course, L. I. These propositions are very fair, and for the sake of his own reputation we would advise Harding to close with one or the other, providing, of course, he can find anybody who will put up on him against the famous Britisher. Lang brought with him and exhibited to us the belt alluded to above, which is a very handsome trophy, ornamented with two large gold and three silver plates, appropriately designed, that in the centre containing an inscription giving the time and place of its being won by its present possessor. It cost, we are told, a trifle over £150, and the offer Lang makes to stake it against a sum much less than its real value shows how desirous he is of running Harding, and the confidence he feels in his ability to beat the American. Will the latter give him the chance? Surely, if he can make such wonderful time as he is accredited (?) with having made he will not refuse. We shall see.

WESTON'S LATEST SENSATION.—E. P. Weston started from Bangor, Me., on the 1st inst., on his proposed walk(?) to St. Paul, Minn., and back to New York. He arrived at Yarmouth at 11.30 P. M., on the 4th inst., remained over night, and the next morning, at an early hour, entered Portland, which place he left again at nine o'clock and traveled as far as Biddeford. A correspondent writes from the latter place on the 5th inst. as follows:—"The famous Weston, the walkist, arrived here last evening at 6 o'clock. He was to have left this morning, but there is a 'hitch' somewhere in the machinery, and it is said he will remain over Sunday. It is impossible to get at the facts, but rumor saith the trouble is with his backers."

A dispatch from Biddeford, dated Dec. 7th, states that Weston has concluded to give up his contemplated tour, on account of "lameness." Perhaps he was too closely watched and things didn't work as he anticipated.

BETHEL RESPONDS TO GRISWOLD.—In reply to the challenge from Wm. C. "Griswold" to run a two mile race on the 25th inst. with Frank Bethel for $100, the latter denies having said anything about running this fall and concludes as follows:—"Now, as Griswold has come out and expressed himself willing to run on the 25th, I must state that I will not quit my work to run a race for $100, but, if he has patience until next spring, I will then (if in as good health as I am now) run him any distance he may name, from two miles to twenty, and for all he can raise. But, if he is spoiling for a race, I will employ a man to work in my place for an afternoon, and run him two miles the day after this comes to his notice for the $100 he named, and as much more if he wishes. Now, if this suits Mr. Griswold, he can find man and money ready at Thomas Burns', No. 39 Public Landing, Cincinnati, O. Very respectfully, FRANK BETHEL."

NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB.—The annual election of this athletic organization was held at their rooms, 118 Sullivan street, on Tuesday evening, 1st inst., when the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the year ensuing:—John Goldie, Chief; George Gilluly, First Chieftain; George Mitchell, Second Chieftain; John Watt, Third Chieftain; Henry C. Thompson, Fourth Chieftain. Finance Committee—William Manson, Jno. McLellan, Thomas Barclay. Property Committee—Andrew F Dykes, William Deans, Matthew Goldie.

MILES VERSUS FREE.—In reply to a challenge which lately appeared from Mickey Free, James Miles called upon us one day last week and says that he will walk him 100 consecutive hours, without rest or sleep, the first man that sits down, or rests in any way, to lose the money. Miles says he will be at Bob Smith's, 25 West Houston street, prepared to make a match, accompanied by his backer, Fred Payne, of Jersey City, for $500 a side, at 8 o'clock, P. M., Wednesday, Dec. 9th.

JOHN GOULDING received a letter one day last week from W Price, of London, Eng., one of George Topley's backers, in which the latter was requested to return to England as soon as possible, for the purpose of contesting for the championship and £100 a side. Whether George will respond favorably to the request or not remains to be seen. If he does decide to go, he would be much pleased to try the mettle of McCann, of Albany before he takes his departure.

NOT BAD FOR A CHILD.—A correspondent states that Annie Bell Dodge, thirteen years old and small for her age, weighing but fifty-five pounds, recently wheeled a wheelbarrow containing a ten pound doll, from the house of Chas. R. Dodge, in Calais, Vt., to that of E. Scribner, in Montpelier, between seven and eight miles, in a little over an hour and a half, which, all things considered, is exceedingly good locomotion. She is not destined to be a wall flower.

JIM SMITH, the English pedestrian, returned to this city last week, having been thrown out of what promised to be a good engagement by the destruction of the Atlantic Garden, Philadelphia, by fire, recently. He thinks seriously of returning to the old Sart in the course of a few weeks, unless something advantageous turns up here.

VELOCIPEDE RIDING SCHOOL.—Several enterprising gentlemen of this city have opened a school of instruction for those who wish to perfect themselves in the art of propelling the new vehicles. The school is located at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second street. The opening occurred on Saturday evening, 5th inst., when a number of experts displayed their abilities and several amateurs their awkwardness before a large assemblage.

JOHN GOULDING, the well known English trainer, contemplates leaving for the home of his childhood in a few days.

SKATING.

OPENING OF THE SEASON OF 1868–69.

The skating season was inaugurated in the metropolis on the 2d inst, on the open Beekman ponds. For two or three days previous to that time the weather indicated a degree of coldness that made the lovers of our popular winter amusement look up their "irons" and think of outside and inside "rolls," and the other curious curlicues known to experts in the divine art. The principal places of resort in the upper part of the city, the free ponds located on the sunken lots between the Third, Fourth and Fifth avenues, were visited on the 2d, 3d and 4th inst., by a number of skaters, among whom were a few of the crack skatists of the New York Club. On the Fifth avenue pond, where the New York Club will have its headquarters this winter, Messrs. Rollton, Egbert and other experts galivanted on the glossy surface. In Brooklyn and Jersey City, Cooper's and other free ponds were visited last week. The Union and Capitoline ponds were frozen over, but the ice was not strong enough to admit the public.

Every indication favored the skaters, who were in high glee at their bright prospects. But a sudden change in the temperature on the evening of the 4th inst. knocked the calculations of the skatorial public on the head. A heavy shower of snow fell during the night of the 4th, and has continued with slight intermission till the present writing—rain alternating with the feathery flakes—until the streets are a mass of slush, and the ponds not much better.

THE TRIGGER.

IMPORTANT PIGEON MATCHES IN THE WEST

WARD DEFEATS TRAVIS AND KLEINMAN.

On Thursday and Friday, 26th and 27th ult., there was a strong muster of trigger pullers and others at Dexter Park, Chicago, Ill., the attraction being a brace of pigeon matches between James Ward of Toronto, C. W., and Capt. Travis, and Ward and Abraham Kleinman, champion of Illinois. Contrary to expectation the latter match proved the most interesting of the two, the shooting in the first, partly in consequence of the high west wind prevailing throughout, being very poor. We append summaries of the two events, which is all we can find room for:—

DEXTER PARK, CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—Match for $1,000 a side at pigeon shooting, 50 birds, single rises, from a plunge trap, between James Ward of Toronto, and John Travis of Chicago. Referee, George T. Abbey; Umpires, Messrs. Gann and Wachter.

Ward—1101110111101111011111000111111011111111110111111011—38.

Travis—1100010110100111101101011011101011011111011110011—21.

SAME PLACE, Nov. 27.—Match for $500 a side at pigeon shooting 100 birds, single rises, from a ground trap, between James Ward of Toronto, and Abe Kleinman of Illinois. Referee, George T. Abbey; umpires, Messrs. Thomas and Hogle.

Ward—1001111101111110111111011011111010110111011111111111011 1101111111111011111101111111111111—83.

Kleinman—1111011111101111111010111101111111111011111111011111, 01 111101111101111010100101111011111111—80.

BROWN'S LATEST MOVE.—Our old Pittsburgh correspondent "Sport," sends us the following, under date of Dec. 3d:—"Walter Brown has been here two or three weeks trying to get up some kind of a sensation, and he has finally succeeded. On Wednesday of last week some friends of Brown and Coulter met, and a discussion took place as to the merits of the men, resulting in a match being made to row five miles for $500 a side; $50 a side was put up as a forfeit, the balance to be made good the next day; but the Coulter party failed to come to time, and Brown got the forfeit. Walter next matched himself against time, to row from here to Cincinnati (nearly 500 miles), in eight days, to row from daylight till dark, for, tis said, $1,000. Considerable betting (?) is done here, at evens, that he will not foul his opponent in *this* race. He started on his long trip on Tuesday and reached Wheeling on Wednesday afternoon. A dispatch from the latter place says he started again from there at three o'clock this (Thursday) morning. If this is true, he has fouled Time already, for it is not daylight at that hour, at least not in Pittsburgh." Another telegraphic dispatch states that Brown accidentally (?) ran his boat against a pile of the bridge pier at Parkersburg, Va., on the 5th inst., injuring it so badly that he was obliged to discontinue the effort. "Jess so."

SKITTLE MATCH AT THE BREWERY SHADES.—A crowd of old country sports was present on Thursday evening, 3d inst., at the above place, to witness a match for a leg of mutton supper and trimmings, between the veteran, "Pop" Tuckley, and Sam Causer, a well known up-town sporting gunsmith. The game was a "stand fair" one, 5 points up, Boss Harlow acting as scorer and Capt. Teets as referee. Causer won the first chalk; the betting, which before the game commenced, was in favor of Pop, now changed the other way, odds of $5 to $3 being freely given. The veteran now took the "cheese" in his hand, and delivered, with extraordinary precision, tickling his backers, and fairly astonishing the friends of the gunsmith. Pop won the second chalk, Sam the third and Pop the four last, the score standing at the finish:—Tuckley, 5; Causer, 2. The party then adjourned to the dining room and partook of a substantial repast, after which they enjoyed a good old fashioned free-and-easy, the old man presiding as chairman and his opponent as vice. The singing was kept up until the "wee sma' hours." Another match was made for next Thursday evening between John Webb and Pop, play to commence at 8 o'clock, P. M.

A TWO WHEELED VELOCIPEDE was made sixty years since in Norwich by John Cox, an ingenious blacksmith of that town. It was in all respects like the ones lately introduced, says a Connecticut paper. He became quite expert in the use of it astonishing the good people of that period by his dexterity in handling it, going through the streets at great speed, turning short corners, and performing all the evolutions so much admired in the modern vehicle.

FROZEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY C. L. BRIERMEAD.

Her bright eyes are upon me,
Her breath comes quick and warm,
Her heart throbs firm and faster,
Like surf-beats in a storm;
Whilst through the lamp's low twilight,
To thrill me past control,
Her rich voice, wild with passion,
Probes to my inmost soul.

Her lithe hands gently stealing,
Go softly through my hair,
My eyes can tell me plainly
That she is young and fair;
Her waist is round and slender,
Encircled by my arm;
She hates because she trusts me—
She'd rather come to harm.

Ah, girl, you tempt but vainly!
I've lived and loved be sure,
Yet hold the reins o'er passion—
The thoughts I bear are pure;
You call me stern and icy,
I wear a Joseph's coat—
Oh! words like those you long for
Would die within my throat.

Believe me, I am heartless,
And lost to love and you;
Whilst drag the weary moments
The past still holds me true.
Bright eyes and lips as ruby,
Fair face, and tightening clasp
Of hands as soft and tender,
Are treasures of that past.

I'd sooner die than lose them,
Leave life, and all, and lie
Beneath the sodded moorland,
Where wailing winds sweep by,
Than have a heart beat quickened
In newer trance of bliss,
Or stain the frozen moisture
That lingers from her kiss.

We sit and dream together,
You love me—I but jest.
Your lips, though ripe and ruby,
I touch with no wild zest,
Unthrilled, unthralled and soulless,
Untouched by passion's wave,
My heart, my soul is frozen,
And lies within her grave.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;
OR,
CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XXXVI.
PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

"Tell me one on 'em," said Dan.

"I'll tell you them all, my dear fellow. One is that you wouldn't split on an old pal who's done you many a good turn out in the old place. Another is that I want you and I will make it worth your while to serve me well; I can afford it."

"Neither of them reasons are good for much. As to being a pal of mine, we were all pals out there; and black as I am, I never struck a man down as I was traveling with in friendship, and then beat his face to pieces afterwards—none of *us* would do dirty work like that."

Ralph Gaveston put up his hands in agonized entreaty.

"Oh, we're afraid of our servants hearing, are we?" said Dan, with a sneer. "Well, I don't want to make mischief just yet. Your second reason has more sense in it. I might serve you if you made it worth my while; but it would take a deal to do it. I'd like to hear another reason why I shouldn't go to the beaks and take what they would give me for telling all I know about the master of Gaveston Hall."

Ralph Gaveston moved a little, so that he was between his visitor and the door, and then he pointed a tiny pistol in the startled man's face.

"There's a reason," he said. "Did you think I should be such a fool as to come to talk to you unprepared? You are in my power, Dan. Independently of this pistol, with which I could take your life like a dog's, there are secret places in this old house where I could keep you till doomsday and no one be the wiser. I have only to touch this bell and strong hands will come to my assistance in a moment."

Ralph Gaveston knew his man well, or he would not have uttered such a piece of bravado. Dan, as we have said, was in many things a coward; and, though he would have fought lustily for his life, even at a disadvantage, the coolness of a superior mind completely overcame him and he yielded on the spot.

"I didn't mean it; on my soul, I didn't," he growled. "I don't want to split if you'll help me along a bit."

"Of course I will, old friend. Sit down and we'll have a glass of wine and talk over our business together."

He replaced the pistol in his pocket and rang the bell; bidding the surprised servant, who answered it, to bring wine and spirits for the stranger guest.

"Thank you, Mr. Gaveston, but I'd rather you tasted it first," said Dan, as a glass of sparkling wine was poured out and placed before him. "I should like it all the better if I was sure it was as wholesome for you as for me."

"Tush man! I'm not going to poison you," said Ralph, exchanging glasses with him. "I want you, or some one as clever and unscrupulous. You may drink without fear; the wine hasn't been doctored by me, and I don't think any of my servants are addicted to the practice of private poisoning."

"*Your* servants!" said Dan, as he set down the empty glass. "*Yours!* Egad, it makes me laugh to think of it. Servants, houses, wine, horses; and all come to a poor devil of a digger through——"

"Hush, my dear fellow. Laugh as much as you like, but not out loud. It is a piece of great, good fortune, I admit, and I want to enjoy it. You can help me if you choose."

And so over often-filled glasses, Ralph Gaveston unfolded to Dan the nature of the business he required of him. There was nothing in it half so dark and wicked as hundreds of things he had done in his strange career, and yet to him it was infinitely more difficult than a midnight murder or a highway robbery would have been, simple as it was.

"Its all very well to say look like a gentleman," he growled. "How am I to do it? Would any one take me for one?"

"Not at present, perhaps; but I can alter that as far as looks go. I can give you a suit of clothes which will do very well; and as for the rest, all you have to do is to be moderately civil and you'll do. There's not much refinement needed to deliver a simple message, and it is all written down for you here."

"And the money?"

For answer, the master of Gaveston drew out his pocketbook and counted out fifty pounds in notes and gold.

"When I am satisfied all is done as I wish," he said, "I will make up the rest. You know now what you have to do. When you get to London, take a cab to London Bridge Station; deliver the message and wait for the answer. If the thing is properly managed, it will be what I wish it to be, and in a few hours after your work will begin."

"He's a little man you say?"

"Little and slight; you won't have much trouble. I'll fetch you the clothes now and then set off at once."

He went to his room and returned with a shooting suit that had seen some service, a rough, loose overcoat and a wide-awake hat.

"These will make you look respectable at any rate," he said; "and here is money for your expenses. You won't find me stingy if the matter is properly managed."

"It'll cost a good bit of money one way and another."

"I don't mind that. If you don't bungle you shall never know want again while I have the means to prevent it."

"I won't bungle, never fear. I wish you a good day, Mr. Gaveston."

The bell was rung and the man let out, with a bundle of clothes under his arm, uttering many protestations that their master was a gentleman and uncommon kind to remember an old pal. And the afternoon train whirled Dan the Devil, completely metamorphosed, away to London. When he was gone Mr. Gaveston went to his own room and drew out a note which he had that morning received:—

"Clarence Hotel, Warwick, Tuesday.

"Mr. H. J. Kennedy presents his compliments to Ralph Gaveston, Esq., and would feel obliged if he would grant him the favor of a few minutes' interview in the course of the next two days."

"My old friend is singularly stiff and haughty all of a sudden," he said to himself. "If I had not seen his handwriting a hundred times, I should not have known it for his. See me! Oh, of course he shall see me. How very kind of him to put his address in that clear manner! I couldn't have got on at all without that."

If Mr. Kennedy was cool, he was not. His note was the very essence of cordiality and frankness. It was written in the curious, stiff, almost painful hand, which the hurt he had received made natural to the squire, and was as cordial as the other was reserved:—

"Gaveston, Tuesday Afternoon.

"MY DEAR HARRY.—Though you do write to me as though I were a Turkish Bashaw or something equally unapproachable, and 'present your compliments' in that extremely formal manner, I cannot help saying I shall be glad to see you. What has brought you to England? I have been away for a few days, but I heard of your advent the moment I returned. I hear you have been to Bertie House, and to see poor Mattie; about whom more when we meet. Why do you ask permission to come and see me? Has my silence offended you? If that is it, I can explain all when I see you. Come when you like and make yourself as much at home as though Gaveston were yours; stay, not when you like. Don't come to-day, unless you would care to inspect the place by yourself. I am going to Beech Grove to dinner. The future mistress of my dominions lives there, you know, and I am on duty to-night. Come to-morrow any time you will, and I will introduce you at once to my kingdom and its queen that is to be. Excuse this scrawl, but you know why I can't write legibly; and believe me, Yours in the old time,

"RALPH GAVESTON.

"H. J. Kennedy, Esq., Clarence Hotel, Warwick."

He sealed the letter with a smile on his face and rang the bell.

"Let James ride over to Warwick with this," he said to the servant who answered it; "and saddle the Sultan, I am going out. If anyone calls, I shall not be in this evening."

"Very good, sir."

The man departed to inform his comrades that "master was off to Beech Grove again;" and the messenger rode into Warwick and duly delivered the letter at the Clarence Arms. Ralph Gaveston went to Beech Grove and dined with his future father-in-law; and sang, and danced and gossipped with pretty Ruth, as though his heart was solely occupied with the amusements of the hour, and there were no such things as sin and sorrow in the world. They talked of their future plans; on the alterations that were to be made at the Hall for its mistress' comfort; of the rambling tour they intended to make together to all sorts of places sanctified by song and immortalized by art; and of a glowing life of happiness never to be equalled by any other couple in this lower world. Ruth was perfectly happy. Silent and undemonstrative as she appeared, she was thoroughly in love. She had "fallen down, down, into the abyss where there was neither sense nor reason," and to her worshipping eyes the faulty hero of her choice was a very demigod. He seemed to know everything and to have been everywhere. He could tell wonderful tales of travel and adventure, such as her heart delighted in, and sing—to her ears like a second Giuglini; and she fell down and worshipped him. To have him for a whole evening by her side was to her the seventh heaven, and on this night he was more than usually cheerful and lively. He joined in a discussion with Lady Grantly on the merits of silks and satins, ribbons and laces; and talked to Sir John about the disposal of the younger boys, till the worthy couple declared, for the fifteenth time, that they could not have wished Ruth to be better settled.

Mr. Kennedy was not at home when the note was delivered at the Clarence Hotel; he was gone to dine with Mr. Ord. A great intimacy seemed to have sprung up between the lawyer and himself in the short time they had known each other, though a curious change had come over the former. He looked haggard and anxious, and seemed as though some trouble was oppressing him of which he might not speak; and, on Mrs. Gaveston mentioning the visit of Mr. Kennedy to him, he seemed much agitated and said he wished he had never come, or something of that kind. She was very much puzzled; but, as he made no further remark, she could not well continue the subject. Whatever his business had been with the old lawyer, it had been disagreeable; and yet they were perfectly good friends. He had gone thither straight from visiting Mattie Brock, and had spent most of his time at Emscote since. This evening he was dining there; and after dining—a meal at which Mr. Ord ate little or nothing—they went into the lawyer's study for a chat.

"I am sorry to see you take it so to heart," Mr. Kennedy said, marking the sigh with which Mr. Ord pushed away a mass of papers to make room for his elbow.

"I am sorry I ever came back to the old country only to be disappointed. I loved Ralph Gaveston dearly."

"And I loved him dearly, and do. Mr. Kennedy, you haven't seen him yet. There is—there must be some horrible mistake."

"I'm afraid not. Here is his portrait, dear old boy, just as I saw him last; and when I think of that painted lie in Mrs. Gaveston's album, I feel as though I could rise up and avenge the wicked wrong that has been done with my own hand."

"But you will see him? You will wait till then?" said Mr. Ord, in agony. "You will not act upon mere surmise. People alter so in such years as he has gone through lately."

"I will not act without proof," Mr. Kennedy replied, "be sure of that. I wrote to Mr. Gaveston this morning asking to see him. He will at least have the grace to answer me."

"He will I am sure. God grant you may turn out wrong after all."

"I hope I may, for all our sakes. Half past ten. I must be going, Mr. Ord."

As he rose to leave, a ring came to the door bell, and the new comer proved to be a messenger from the Clarence Hotel, with a telegram to Mr. Kennedy.

"Master said I had better come at once, sir, in case it was of importance," he said; "and as this note came from Gaveston Hall in the afternoon, he bade me bring it as well."

Mr. Kennedy tore open the telegram. It was lengthy for such a missive and appeared urgent.

"London Bridge Hotel, August 20th, 18—.

"John Carter, of Melbourne, Australia, to Henry James Kennedy, Clarence Hotel, Warwick.

"Just arrived from Melbourne with important news for you, both private and business. Cannot leave London for a week. If possible come up immediately. Gold found on the Darrabar estate. Your daughter very ill."

"John Carter," said the recipient of the message—"Carter—I certainly remember the name, but I have no recollection of the man. A digger, I think he was. I shall have to go to London, Mr. Ord."

The other missive was Ralph Gaveston's note, which Mr. Kennedy received with no little surprise, and handed to the lawyer.

"I was *sure* you were mistaken," he said, when he had read it.

"*I* am not *sure* even now," was the reply. "That note is very frank and free, and the writing very like what I have seen before; but I'm not convinced yet."

CHAPTER XXXVII.
AT SEA.

"Why a man could write like that and be what you fancy," Mr. Ord exclaimed; "the thing's impossible!"

"Maybe we shall see. I must go to London. It is unfortunate but I shall find out when I return. Meanwhile I'll give you a hint; Ralph Gaveston had two things which he took a solemn oath never to let out of his possession during his life. If he can show them to you, all my doubts will be at an end."

"And what are they?"

"One is a parchment document, which was a certificate that he belonged to a certain secret society out in Australia. *Why* he valued it I need not tell you now; and the other was a small silver coin—a Dutch one, of the reign of William and Mary—about the size of a shilling. It had a hole in it and was hung round his neck. Have you ever seen them?"

"Never—never heard of their existence even. He talks very little of Australia."

"No, I daresay not—he has good reason, doubtless; but regarding the two articles I spoke of, I will tell you their history. Once upon a time Ralph Gaveston was in love."

"He would deny that fact now most strenuously if you made such an assertion."

"It is true, nevertheless. Out in Australia, and while at sea, he and I were suitors for the hand of the same young lady. To me she came for succor. Poor Bessie! *I* was the winner of the race, but his love never lessened or wavered, though he had to give her up and look upon her as his friend's wife. He did it nobly and truly, for the Ralph Gaveston of those days was an honorable fellow, who would not do injury or wrong to any living creature. The little coin my wife gave him and it was the only remembrance he retained of his love dream. He wore it always next his heart, and I knew that he did, and, I think I held him all the dearer for his silent, faithful love to my Bessie. She is dead now, Mr. Ord, and knows what a wealth of affection there was for her in two hearts, though only one might be outspoken. Poor darling! she knows the *truth*, too. May be Ralph Gaveston gave her the first greeting in heaven—who can tell?"

"Ah-h," said Mr. Ord, drawing a long breath. "I cannot bear to hear you talk so. It is dreadful to think of what you suspect."

"As for the parchment," Mr. Kennedy went on, "this is a *fac simile* of it. We have our secret societies on the other side of the world as you have here, and this is one of them. It is something like Free-masonry. Wherever its members meet they help each other if need be, and we preserve our certificates of membership most religiously. I am certain Ralph Gaveston would never part with his."

Mr. Ord looked anxiously at the square document Mr. Kennedy laid before him; it was engrossed, with a good many flourishes and hieroglyphics, nothing but the name and some unimportant data being written. He had never seen or heard of such an article being in Ralph Gaveston's possession and he resolved to introduce the subject on the first opportunity. He felt sorry that Mr. Kennedy had to go away and leave him in the midst of such uncertainty; but that gentleman promised to be back as soon as possible. He bid his host good-bye and returned to Warwick, whence he telegraphed to Mr. John Carter that he should leave for London by the first train in the morning, which reached Paddington about nine o'clock, and that he might expect to see him at the London Bridge Hotel by ten at the latest. That done, he went to bed, and thought, not slept, for his mind was very busy. He considered many things which had passed since his return to England, and one, especially, which he had not told Mr. Ord.

"I'm sure I was right," he said to himself, "quite sure; and if there is a mistake, I have done no harm."

The fact was, that on his first introduction to Mr. Ord he had summed that gentleman up in a moment and had seen exactly what he was. He saw him warm hearted and easily led, chivalrous where anything concerning the Gavestons was in question—the old family retainer all over—and he knew, after a few minutes' conversation with him that he need not rely upon him for much aid in anything that tended to disturb the present peaceable state of affairs at the Hall. He was a just man and good, but old and timid, and it was not to him Ralph Gaveston's old friend must look for help. After his first interview he cast about for some other way of setting his doubts at rest, and without any publicity he quietly sought the aid of the police. He was an impulsive man and apt to do things on the spur of the moment, and he took it into his head that Ralph Gaveston had gone away to avoid him, having in some way heard of his arrival in England. He was wrong in that respect; the squire was entirely ignorant of his presence; but Mr. Kennedy took things for granted and applied to the Superintendent of Police at Warwick for the assistance of a man accustomed to delicate investigations and silent surveillance of all sorts.

"Our best man is laid up," was the answer he received. "Hawkes, of Birmingham, is the man to suit you, unless you will tell me the nature of your business and let me attend to it."

But Mr. Kennedy would not do that, having an intuitive feeling that the Warwick official would bungle if entrusted with the secret and went in search of "Hawkes, of Birmingham." The superintendent there was a very different man; and, though Hawkes was away at the time, as we have already seen, he felt no difficulty in communicating with his principal, and telling him what he would not reveal to his brother in office at Warwick.

"After all I *may* be mistaken," he said, when he had told his story; "I may be indulging in the wildest flight of fancy and wronging a man who was my dearest friend."

He spoke half apologetically, but, to his surprise, the officer put down his pen and said, quietly, "I don't think you are."

"You don't?"

"No; more people than you have been puzzled about the new gentleman at Gaveston. You may be of as much use to us as we can be to you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; if you can spare time I will read you some particulars. Hawkes has the same suspicions as yourself; we ridiculed them at first, but he felt so sure of finding out the truth eventually, that we have let him alone in the matter lately."

To say that Mr. Kennedy was surprised at what he heard is to use a very mild phrase. He sat in silent astonishment while leaf after leaf of an official looking volume was turned and notes read to him relating to every incident of note in Ralph Gaveston's career. Now for the first time he heard about Mrs. Dale and her strange disappearance; of the death of the little boy and what had occurred then and at his funeral, and various other things apparently of no moment, but all going to make up a mighty whole, to be sifted and analysed and brought to light some day. The officer agreed with him that Mr. Ord was not to be depended upon for much help in the matter.

"He's just been a part of the family almost, till he's grown quite doting in their service," he said. "Tell him what you suspect, if you will, but don't expect any help from him."

And so it was that when Mr. Kennedy set off for London he left his cause of disquiet in able hands. Arrived in town, he drove to the London Bridge Hotel, where he found Mr. Carter waiting to receive him. He was not sure he recognized him, but as he began to talk glibly of Australian affairs, and was very cordial, he concluded his memory was playing him false.

"Your telegram said something about gold at Darrabar, Mr. Carter; is it anything considerable?" he asked.

"So considerable that your immediate return is desired. You are a made man, whether you resolve to sell or work it yourself."

"I shall never work it. What about my little Marion?"

"Ah, I grieve to tell you bad news, Mr. Kennedy; she is, or was when I left, very ill—a bad case of typhus."

"And she may be dead, now, poor darling, and I so far away."

"Do not suppose the worst; try to hope; but you have come off a journey, will you do me the favor of breakfasting with me? We can talk our affairs while we eat; the feeding here is very good."

"Thank you. I had an apology for a breakfast before I started—a cup of tea and a morsel of bread and butter. A cup of coffee will be very acceptable."

A comfortable breakfast was soon upon the table, and Mr. Carter proceeded to pour out the coffee with the air of a man accustomed to wait upon himself.

"They are much more dependent people in England than we are in the colonies," Mr. Kennedy remarked. "It comes natural to us who have seen digger life to wait upon ourselves."

"And I like it far better—another cup—it is capital coffee. Hallo! What is the matter?"

For Mr. Kennedy's head was sinking upon his hand, and he appeared to be going to sleep. To sleep! It was more like death—an oblivion from which it seemed there could be no awakening; utterly dreamless, lifeless and motionless.

When he awoke it was pitch dark. He was lying somewhere, but his limbs were powerless. There was a noise of waters in his ears, and the couch or bed seemed to heave up and down. He could not collect his thoughts. The uppermost sensation was a burning thirst which consumed him, and made him moan audibly with its torments. In response he heard the voice of the man he had breakfasted with.

"Hallo, Kennedy! Awake at last. What a fright you gave me; I thought you were dying."

"Water, for heaven's sake! Where am I? What has happened?" gasped poor Kennedy, struggling with his stupor.

"Happened? Well, I don't quite know. You've had a kind of fit. Curse the matches, they won't light. It's the middle of the night now. Here's something better than water; there's a dash of brandy in it. See if that will wet your mouth and bring you to a bit."

He lifted his hand and held a cup to his lips, which was eagerly drained to the last drop.

"There, now, pull yourself together," he said; but even as he spoke the sleep which had been dispelled for a minute or two came back with renewed strength, and Mr. Kennedy was more unconscious than ever. His companion found no difficulty in getting a light when he was asleep, and looked at him with triumphant eyes.

"This is good for fourteen or fifteen hours more now," he said to himself, "and by that time I shall be back at Gaveston, and he'll be too far off to trouble any one again."

When Mr. Kennedy woke again there was daylight around him, and a strange face staring at him through a narrow door.

"Where am I? What is the matter?" he asked again.

"You're aboard my ship, the Cygnet," was the answer; "as to what's the matter, I know no more than you—not quite so much, perhaps."

Aboard a ship! The bewildered man raised himself on his elbow, and looked through a little window to see only the grey, cold sea stretching far away to the far distant horizon!

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW TO FATTEN TURKIES.—Four turkies were cooped up by a "fowlist" recently and fed with meal, boiled potatoes and oats; four others, of the same brood, were treated in a similar manner in another pen, but with a pint daily of finely pulverized charcoal added to the food, and an abundant supply of the coal. All eight were killed the same day, and those fed with the charcoal were found to weigh a pound and a half more than the others, and to be of much better quality.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 34.—The New York Cricket Club.

For a series of years the St. George Club remained the only organization devoted to the game of cricket in this locality, when by an unforseen incident a new and more liberal association, dedicated to the same end, sprung up to dispute the pretensions of this long established club to the monopoly of the game in this section. It must be borne in mind that the St. George were never popular with the community; on the contrary, the exclusiveness of its members, drawn wholly from a distinctive class, and foreigners at that, and the slight inducements they held forth for propagation of the game among native born citizens particularly, had alienated all respect and esteem from them on the part of the general public to which cricket was a novelty and unattractive through their ignorance of its principles, for viewed by an uninstructed spectator no pastime presents fewer points of attraction.

The Canadian matches had gained both glory and reputation for the St. George, and many of our young yearned not only to comprehend the game but to master its practice. Some one or two Americans, thrown in contact with the leading members of the St. George through business connections, had already, although of mature years, ventured upon membership; many more would have imitated their example but were repelled as well by the extravagant habits of the moguls of the club as from the antipathy they unconsciously felt against the peculiar, I may say eccentric, manners of the clubbists, who contended that it was impossible for those to the manner born to master the intricacies of this really scientific pastime. This nettled the pride of many natives, while still more Englishmen, annoyed at the arrogance and patronizing demeanor of the St. George magnates, frankly announced their willingness to support any organization which might be instituted as a rival to the self-created champions of a national sport.

Such was the state of opinion among the outside admirers of the game, when an opportunity was casually afforded to carry out the wishes of all parties. Old John Richards, proprietor of the *Spirit of the Times*, who had not played at cricket for some forty odd years, challenged Tom Picton, a recent recruit to the standard of St. George, to play at single wicket, giving him the odds of Garvin, proprietor of the *Anglo American*, a gentleman who, beside being left handed, had not the remotest idea of the use of bat and ball. The stakes were a dinner for the contestants, umpire and a few chosen friends, the governor agreeing to stand all for the crowd, win or lose. In pursuance of this wager Burroughs' ground was secured for a fine September day; the services of Sam Wright enlisted and the proper implements for the game borrowed from the chest of the St. George's. As intelligence of the proposed match was bruited around, the idlers of the *Spirit* crowd took interest in the game; so when time was called a very good sized group of spectators was congregated to witness it.

Picton took the bat, and Governor Richards, in the merriest of his merry moods, stripped for the contest and endeavored to conjure up his antiquated skill in the art of bowling. By especial arrangement wides were ignored, so the Governor peppered away in the direction of the wicket, sometimes yards to the right and then again as far off to the left; finally, however, the old gentleman, persevering under difficulties, secured the range, and by a well delivered and unexpected ball which his antagonist, who had been vainly cleaving the air at previous essays, contemptuously disregarded, and in consequence retired with his bat under his arm, having, after an hour's hard labor, made the heavy score of a round O. Next Garvin assumed the vacancy at the stumps, when some spectator, discovering his infirmity, tendered him the use of a left handed bat, which he gratefully accepted and struck an attitude seemingly denoting direful mischief. Richards bowled one of his newly discovered shooters, Garvin moved at it with intrepidity and vim, but unfortunately hit it with the wrong side of the bat, which sent the ball like a sky rocket into the air, whence it descended gracefully into Richards' hands, and what was worse for the allied forces it remained. So the first innings closed on their side with the remarkable score of two nothings.

As everybody had grown emphatically dry the Governor's ale was produced, instantly to disappear, when, after a brief repose, the indefatigable Richards assumed the bat against Picton's bowling; and bowling it was, too, very much after the style of the Governor's maiden efforts; nevertheless after some three score trials he contrived to send a straight one under the governor's bat which eradicated his middle stump. One innings and no runs!

Nothing daunted by his previous mishaps, but rather encouraged at the negative state of the game, Picton again presented himself against his antagonist's bowling, which, thanks to sundry flagons of nut brown ale and the speedy prospect of dinner, improved amazingly over the prior display. Along came rattlers which Picton scientifically stopped, until wearied with blocking he spread himself on a slightly wide and sent it whistling over the Governor's head, who, puffing and blowing, chased up the ball in time to prevent a second run. In attempting to repeat this exploit the batsman missed the ball, which, rattling among the timbers of the wicket, announced his downfall at the stumps. Then again came the valorous Garvin who mowed with his left hand bat regardless of consequences, as became strikingly evident, for but a few moments after swinging to deal a blow which should have sent the ball to parts unknown, he lost his centre of gravity and brought his body prostrate upon the ground, while his bat, describing a circle, sent stumps and bails flying in all directions. "Hit wicket," solemnly quoth the umpire, and the prospective cricketer closed his day's work with another O.

Again Richards' ale flowed, for there was now intense excitement as to the ultimate termination of the game. One to tie, two to beat. Can it be done?

More of Richards' ale disappeared, for the calculation of chances appeared to require an immensity of libations to clear the perceptions of the future, and after an adequate rest that worthy individual placed himself before the wicket; the umpire called "play" amid the breathless anxiety of the spectators, now increased to the number of thirty odd. The first ball was delivered; it was well pitched, and would have risen and carried off the bails, only it came in contact with the governor's willow and rebounded into a section of the field where Picton had omitted to locate himself and Garvin could not be found. The hilarious Richards propelled himself at high pressure and made one run amid the shouts of the excited outsiders. That run settled the first part of the general result. The game stood a tie, so all hands suggested a suspension of labor to celebrate the event in a little more ale, while an expert suggested a change in bowlers. The ale disposed of, the jolly Governor, refreshed at all points, resumed his position. Picton took the long field and Garvin assumed charge of the ball, not that he had ever bowled, but as he designed being a cricketer—the Lord willing—he conceived it a good opportunity to make an opening, especially as in the days of his youth he had been A No. 1 as a pitcher at base ball. Acting on youthful experience the new bowler hurled the ball, as if shot from a catapult, in a straight line for Richards' nose. Nothing daunted, the jolly old cricketer advanced to meet it and again the sharp crack of the willow announced the flight of the ball to a distant part of the field. The two were made, victory perched on the Governor's brow, and a select party adjourned to dispose of the lost dinner, well washed down by an unlimited supply of ale.

I have been thus particular in describing this famous single wicket match, inasmuch as it was actually the origin of the New York Club, for, upon reassembling upon the ground, it was found that among the spectators there were some half dozen very good, yet rusty, cricketers, all anxious to humiliate the St. George Club, if such an event could be deemed probable. The enthusiastic Richards, flushed with victory and pale ale, proposed the formation of a rival club, to be conducted on the most liberal principles. The idea was well received by all present, and an extemporaneous single wicket match, on as large a scale as the parties present could allow, inaugurated the new design.

That very evening, in the year 1842 or 3, I think, a meeting of the embryo organization was held at the office of the *Spirit of the Times*, at which, some dozen individuals being present, the new club was legitimately formed by the election of William T. Porter president, John Richards vice president, and Thomas Picton secretary. The only trouble experienced was in the selection of an appropriate name—a very delicate task, when every man affected some designation consonant with his fancy—but finally, after a long argument, the baptism was completed by adopting the simple, yet significant, title of the New York Cricket Club.

From the first day of its creation the New York club was a popular institution, chiefly on account of the liberality of its constitution and the enthusiastic character of its founders, who, with the exception of Richards, were men in the prime of manhood and full of future promise. Being organized, too, almost at the close of the season, the members had the winter before them to perfect their arrangements before taking the field in early spring, when they could appear in considerable force. To this sagacious arrangement, aided by other suggestions from the more experienced members, the success of the club can be mainly attributed, for, from its very first institution, the New York proved not a success alone but a virtual triumph.

The original catalogue of members embraced those only immediately connected with the *Spirit* office, several of whom were Englishmen who had learned the game in their native land. This constituted an excellent nucleus for an active association, but as the club was designed to induce Americans to participate in the pastime, in contradistinction to the national spirit of the St. George, the members set about rallying as strong a muster of natives as could be gathered for the coming season. To attract many of the English population who were not gifted with the financial means adequate to indulge in the game as carried on by their more aristocratic rivals, the New Yorkers placed their fees at the most moderate figure and remitted them to actual players unblessed with sordid pelf. At the same time they determined to play an annual match with the St. George, regardless of that club's superior strength or the certainty of defeat, for such was the pluck of the juveniles.

The energy of the original members, in hunting up material for the organization, soon reaped its reward, for once the fact of the rivalry with the older club becoming known, an ample crowd of adherents were easily obtained. The first regularly elected member was Mr. Edward Clark, a lawyer of wealth and high standing at the bar. Despite the fact of his being compelled to wear spectacles, Mr. Clark soon became a useful player by uninterrupted practice, and in this way set an encouraging example to the other Americans, who, like him, had been unversed in the mysteries of the game until this late period. For a time he was the most reliable bowler of the club, while at the bat he was steady and good for a moderate score. He remained with his associates during the long hours of their trials under adversities and difficulties, overcome by perseverance and patience, and was rewarded by seeing the New York assume and maintain for consecutive years the position of champions of the game, in which a majority of the club had been instructed after reaching a maturity in manhood, which the English declare precludes possibility of its acquisition. And it was in this particular that the New York labored for a time under disadvantage with its competitors, for while New York trained and instructed its best players from crude material, the St. George and other clubs supplied vacancies from recent importations of men already distinguished in Europe for their ability in the game. Indeed, when sorely pressed by the New York, and other organizations springing into existence after the example of New York, the Dragon Slayers were alone enabled to maintain a reputable appearance in the field by securing the services of paid players, whose presence militated against the very intention of these organizations, which contemplated simply the encouragement of the game as a pastime, and not as a means of livelihood. It may be well enough to hire stipendaries to instruct and discipline the junior members of a club, or to take general charge of the arrangements of the field, but their participation in a match proves a fertile source of discontent, if not a direct violation of courtesy, as amateurs come to contend with those of an equal social status, and not with laborers trained to a trade.

After Mr. Clark came William Ramsey, the artist, a tall, wiry, nervous and athletic young man, who, in a single season exhibited himself a player of the first class. There were few men, I remember, with greater energy and more untiring perseverance than Mr. Ramsey, and his progress in cricket was but a type of the enthusiasm he displayed in his professional life. When I first knew Ramsey he was an obscure painter, copying popular paintings to secure the means of living, which required no large sum, for he was frugal, industrious and inclined to seclusion. Sustained by his ambition to excel as a national painter, he labored upon the production of sketches of frontier life, with which he was fortunately conversant from some years of his youth spent upon the prairies. Gradually and with extreme difficulty the enterprising artist won his way to a foremost rank among his brethren of the pencil, who, with habitual perversity, in the first instance threw impediments innumerable in his path, but as the intelligence of the populace—the soundest of criticism—pronounced in his favor, his works became popular, many of them being reproduced by the Art Unions in their annual issues of subscription engravings. Possibly his connection with cricket gave Ramsey his first start in his professional career. While the Canada eleven were here, Ramsey painted a full length cabinet portrait of a leading player. The truthfulness of the likeness, the remarkable accuracy and the general spirit in all the details, at once attracted the attention and admiration of all who witnessed a sketch, possibly of a few days labor. Insignificant as it might appear, this artistic gem awakened knowledge of its author's dormant genius, which, once recognized, was conducting him to a well earned reward, when the touch of disease carried him off in the prime of manhood, a severe loss to the artistic world.

A curious fellow was Cuyp, for many years the overhand bowler of the New York, in which department he was the superior to Groom, the crack bowler of the St. George, and the inferior to no man on the continent. The beauty of Cuyp's delivery was its extreme accuracy, for having once obtained the pitch, he would bowl from morning to night with a like pace and dead upon wicket. Unlike other overhand bowlers, Cuyp walked deliberately up to the bowling crease and, delivering his ball with apparent ease, it came with an unexpected velocity and certainty in length which threw the batsman unaccustomed to his style entirely off his guard. But like every other device, the players in course of time grew accustomed by practice to Cuyp's excellent, yet monotonous manner, and he was supplanted by other bowlers better versed in the knack of varying their deliveries. Finally he withdrew from practice of the game and concentrated his intellect upon that of the law.

The New York, with commendable foresight, as the sequel proved the impossibility of securing, for any length of time, a plot of land adequate for cricket purposes on this island, and convenient of access, established their grounds at Hoboken, to the rear of the Elysian Fields. For a couple of years they played upon a section of the domain of Mr. Edwin A. Stevens, but subsequently they removed to a more spacious and accessible locality, just beyond the upper end of the old race track. When applied to for the leasing of his premises, Mr. Stevens, anxious to encourage the enterprise, leased the ground at a nominal rent, put it in order at his own expense, and gave the use of his gardeners to assist the club in the proper arrangement of the turf and sod. Upon ascertaining that many of the cricketers were poor men, to whom the item of ferriage would prove a severe tax, he conferred upon all members of the club a free passage when traveling in the interests of the game. Under such liberal auspices the New Yorkers opened their first season with a roll of over fifty members.

Prominent among the New York players, at that early date, were a young Englishman named Sawyer, and a left hand bat named Elliott, both enthusiastic votaries of the game and constant attendants on the field. Mr. Sawyer was a slight, active man, youthful in years, but of great physical endurance, who bowled excellently and batted with precision. Elliott, on the other hand, was heavy and methodical, what a nervous man may call fussy, who played slowly, determinedly and with a settled design of wearing out his opponents, a task which, as far as bowling was concerned, he more than once accomplished, as he was an inveterate block, and rarely struck at a ball unless in perfect safety. Unfortunately for the interests of the club, Mr. Sawyer, who had proved himself an invaluable accession, was called to England, after a year or so of service with them, and from thence never returned.

An eccentric genius belonged to the club who was familiarly designated as the "Irish Dragoon." The circumstances under which he came among them in so singular a manner caused serious doubts as to his sanity, but, upon subsequent examination, the commission reported him not only to be in right senses, but of a decidedly available turn of mind. During the interval of rest between the innings, as the players were lounging to catch the breezes which almost incessantly swept over the Hoboken meadows from the Hudson shore, a strange looking being presented himself and asked permission to join in the play, a request which was willingly accorded to any stranger desirous of participating in the sport. Although in the opening days of the Autumn, the stranger was clad in a military cloak, while his feet were ornamented with fencing slippers. Throwing off the cloak, our friend appeared in a striped Guernsey shirt and white pantaloons, girt about him with an embroidered belt. Upon his head was a sombrero of huge dimensions, modelled after the style of Robinson Crusoe's historical umbrella. When the play recommenced it was found that this mysterious visitor possessed a knowledge of the game, but buried beneath a want of practice, so it was concluded to humor his eccentricities, in the hope of gaining a valuable recruit. The policy of the club for the stranger, after a few months' practice, regained his previous aptitude, and he proved a reliable auxiliary in more than one contested match. Finally, he as suddenly disappeared as he came among them, notifying none of the cause or hour of his departure, when it was ascertained that he had accepted a commission in the Mexican service, which he resigned upon breaking out of the war with the United States. During the late war our eccentric cricketer found congenial employment in the Federal service, and returned among us as Lieutenant Colonel Battersby, of the First New York Cavalry.

There was another and still more eccentric gentleman attached to the club, who was a veritable monomaniac on the subject of cricket. His name was Bennett, and his occupation that of sub-manager to one of the Broadway museums. If ever a man was infatuated with an idea, Bennett was possessed by the demon of cricket. Scarcely a day passed without his devoting two or three hours to practice, and even when the snow was on the ground he was seen bowling away at a single stump, while a couple of shivering boys, hired by the hour, chased up the ball, coated with a covering of snow and ice. Even in the dead of night he would arise from his bed and alarm the entire household by bowling away through the hall way, or in his bed room to the sure destruction of gas shades, mirrors and crockery ware. In all other transactions Bennett was a shrewd business man, but cricket on the brain had softened it beyond hope of redemption. By a singular coincidence poor Bennett committed suicide on Lord's Cricket Ground, in London, while he was visiting England upon professional business.

There was a venerable gentleman who took a deep interest in the success of the New York club. He was a Judge Church, who, although at least sixty-five years of age, handled a bat with the best of the young men, having been educated at Eton in England, at which place he acquired a taste for the game which never deserted him. The judge was a man of means and resided somewhere in the western part of the State. He attempted to introduce cricket in the locality where he resided, but failing in his endeavor he was accustomed to spend his summers in New York, where he could have an opportunity of indulging in a pastime which he prized above all others. It is related of the judge, that once traveling upon urgent business on a railway train, the cars chanced to stop at a station near which some cricketers were playing a match. Oblivious to everything else the judge got out to witness the termination of the game, allowing his baggage and business to take care of themselves until this passing whim was gratified.

It was mainly owing to Governor Richards that the New York Club owed its activity and prosperity, for that old gentleman, treasuring it as his personal hobby, was the life and soul of the concern. He arranged, planned and negotiated on its behalf, he encouraged it during its hours of weakness, and reaped his reward when it came out victorious. Did the Club want money, his purse was open; did a member need assistance, the Governor was the rescue; in fine, he looked upon the organization as his pet bantling, and with true British obstinacy, he toiled, struggled, and left no stone unturned, regardless of sacrifices of money and time to bring the club to a strong and enduring position. That the Governor fully accomplished his design was a satisfaction to him no money could purchase, no accident could ensure; it was the result of a well founded determination carefully planned, and most enthusiastically carried out.

Agreeably to their fixed determination, the New Yorkers annually played the St. George men, and during the first years encountered most discouraging defeats. But the Club was composed of men of nerve and courage, who observed that with each year's conflict they gathered strength, and comforted by this reflection they persevered in their trials, until, after an arduous struggle of seven years, they overthrew the Dragon Slayers in a most glorious victory. Then the standard of supremacy rested with them for seven additional seasons, notwithstanding the efforts of the St. George to regain their forfeited position.

The New York Club still exists, and as I am informed, a strong association, but those of its members whom I knew have long since withdrawn from the cricket field, if not departed to a more distant sphere.

Exciting Chase After a Strange Animal.

The citizens of Jerseyville, Ill., and the surrounding country, have been of late furnished with a fresh sensation, concerning which a correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* writes as follows, under date of Nov. 16:—"For some time past the existence of a strange and hideous monster has been reported in this neighborhood, but little credence was given to the rumor until Wednesday, the 18th inst., when a hunting party from this city discovered strange tracks in the mud, and the dogs seemed much excited, snuffing and growling, yet acting as if afraid. The tracks being followed, the animal was discovered. The dogs were set upon it. It fought viciously, killing a valuable hunting dog belonging to Major J. E. Sandford, and forcing the rest to retreat in great disorder. The animal is described as follows:—It is about the size of a very large hog, having light hair or bristles on the back, a bare breast and ears like an elephant. His feet (judging by the tracks) are much like those of a dog, only many times larger, and having one more toe. His head is flat and broad. His mouth is opened, like an alligator's, by raising the upper jaw. His neck is long and legs short. He is amphibious—seems to like the water best. The party, on returning, reported what they had seen, but not much confidence was put in their 'yarn,' the story being regarded as an exaggerated description of a wild boar. Anyhow, a new party was formed for the investigation of the matter, this party being composed in part by Charles H. Bowman, Sheriff of this county; James Blythe, Deputy Sheriff, and J. S. Daniels, City Marshal, to either of whom reference may be made for the correctness of this account. They repaired to the reported haunts of the animal, or devil, as the case may be, about fifty miles from Jerseyville, in the Illinois bottom, among the willows and sloughs, in a wilderness seldom penetrated except by frogs and mud turtles. The party arrived at their destination about eight o'clock in the morning, and began the search immediately, some going one way and some another, so as to leave none of the territory unsearched.

Diligent work was kept up till about 3 o'clock P. M., when all were about coming to the conclusion that the whole affair was a 'sell.' 'Better late than never.' The dogs were barking fiercely, and we could hear the voice of Blythe summoning all to come to him. What a sight! There he was—even more hideous than he had been described. In full sight of us, he sent a thrill of terror to the heart of the bravest. He was wallowing in the slough, and had a large fish, a buffalo, devouring it. We were stationing ourselves when he discovered us, and sent up the most unearthly roar, such as only such a beast can do. Bowman fired at him, and he dived down under the water, coming up on the opposite side; but the men there were ready for him, and gave him a volley which stayed him for a moment, but the dogs were upon him, and he recovered. Fighting was his forte. He instantly killed a large bull-dog, and routed the balance. Then he turned upon the men. All but one succeeded in avoiding him. Mr. Frank Smith, a daring young man, was struck by him and knocked against a tree. The beast then ran off into the water and escaped. We went up to Smith, whose leg was found to be broken and the flesh terribly lacerated. We bore him off on a litter made of willow branches, and cared for him as best we could. Now was no time for further pursuit of the nondescript, for Smith was suffering terribly, and it was five miles to the nearest house. Thus ended this attempt. To-morrow we go again, and if we find him, with our reinforcements, we will give him a poor show. The city is considerably excited, and many are the speculations as to what he is and where he came from. All that we can tell is that he is here, and that we are determined to 'go for him' again."

SHE CALCULATED AHEAD.—One evening a little girl of six years heard her father read an account of a mechanic whose arm was torn by machinery. No one supposed she took any notice of it; but when she went up stairs she began to sob violently. When asked what was the matter, she exclaimed, "Oh, dear! what shall I do if they marry me to a machine man?" Her mother, scarcely able to repress laughter, replied, "Don't cry about that, my child; perhaps you will never be married." "Oh yes, I shall," she responded, trying to swallow her sobs; "they will marry me to somebody, and likely as not he will be a machine man; and if he breaks his arm all to pieces, I sha'n't know nothing what to do."

THE EXAMPLE IMPRESSED.—At a Paris theatre they were playing a sensational drama. The whole audience listened anxiously and breathlessly. A youth saved his mother who was about to tumble down a precipice, which caused a general emotion, and sobs innumerable. Just then the attention of the whole house was directed to the gallery, where sat a mother and her son, the former of whom administered to the boy a sound cuff, which was followed by an irrepressible bawl, "Why didn't you do as much for me, booby, when your sot of a father tried to throw me out of the window?"

THE PLACE TO GO INTO TRAINING.—A Winona paper says:—"The beneficial and bracing effect of our Minnesota atmosphere is sometimes quite amusingly illustrated. A young gentleman who has been here four weeks, from New York, has gained eight pounds in that time. The other day he weighed one hundred and thirty-six pounds before dinner, and after supper on the same scales, he reached one hundred and forty! That'll do for two meals."

"A DRY REJOINDER.—An Episcopalian minister, rather noted for his careless preparation for the pulpit, while on his way to church one Sunday was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. On arriving at the vestry he exclaimed, rather impatiently, "I wish I were dry!" "Never mind," said the clerk, "you'll soon be in the pulpit, and there you will be dry enough."

THEATRICAL HISTORY OF BROOKLYN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY A MEMBER OF THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Probably the first entertainment of a theatrical character given in Brooklyn, was that by George Frederick Handel (George Handel Hill) in a hotel in Front near James street, about 1825-'6. Handell, or Hill, afterward famous as

YANKEE HILL,

was then locally noted as a very clever comic singer and dancer. His entertainment consisted of songs and dances, the Indian war dance, then "new and popular," being an attraction. The pecuniary success of this entertainment is very doubtful, but as Hill shortly after received and accepted an offer from the manager of a traveling company on the strength of it, I infer that it was otherwise artistically considered. It may be interesting to state, in this connection, that Hill, who was then barely fifteen years of age, had recently left the Park Theatre, New York, where he made a hit as a "supe," having "resolved, in imitation of the great Matthews, of whom I had heard and read, to give an entertainment on my own hook. When duly prepared, I did so in Brooklyn." I quote from his biography (*Scenes from the Life of an Actor, compiled from the Journals, Letters and Memoranda of the late Yankee Hill*), a little volume written by his friend and admirer, Dr. William Knight Northall, of Brooklyn, editor and dramatist, at the direction of the widow, shortly after his death.

In December, 1825, a colored comedian,

MR. HEWLETT,

quite a celebrity at that time, gave an entertainment at Duflon's famous Military Garden, at the junction of Fulton and Jerolomon streets (the sight of the present Kings County Court House). The *Long Island Star*, December 22d, 1825, informs us that Mr. Hewlett was "a native of our own dear Island of Nassau, Rockaway being said to have been the place of his birth. He was announced (in Kean's style) as 'Shakespeare's proud representative.'" Mr. Hewlett recited Shakespeare and other standard authors and dramatists, indulging in imitations of Kean, Matthews, Philips and other eminent actors. The *Star* says he had a good voice and figure, and was evidently highly pleased with the entertainment.

"AT HOME."

In March, 1826, a stage was improvised at the further end of the long room in Mrs. Chester's Coffee Exchange House, in Front, near James street, for the accommodation of a company of "off" ladies and gentlemen from the Chatham Street Theatre, N. Y. It appears to have been under the management of Mr. Roberts, comedian, who opened the house by being "At Home," and giving his performance of Matthews' Mail Coach Adventures. Among the pieces presented to the Brooklyn public by this company, I may mention Home's "Douglass;" Mrs. Entwistle playing Lady Randolph, and Miss Riddell, Young Norval; "Wags of Windsor," Mr. Anderson playing Loony M'Twolter, and Mr. Roberts, Caleb Quotem; "The Soldier's Daughter;" "The Stranger," and "Lover's Quarrel."

BROOKLYN AMPHITHEATRE.

The Brooklyn Amphitheatre, a fine, large frame building on the east side of Fulton, just below Concord street, was erected in the spring of 1828, by the proprietors of the Lafayette and Mount Pitt "establishments" in New York, and opened in July by an equestrian company. From a notice in the *L. I. Star* I learn that the still popular melo-drama of the "Broken Sword" was the initial bill, and that it was finely mounted, appointed and performed, and "attracted the silent and orderly attention of the audience." The *Star* remarks, deprecatingly, that "nothing but a higher species of gratification, combining intellect with show, can be expected to succeed" in Brooklyn. It prophesied correctly, for it was not many weeks—nay, days—before the amphitheatre was closed, the enterprise having proved an unmitigated failure. But the ring was so arranged that it could be changed at a moment's notice into a stage, fully provided with all the accessories necessary to the production of standard dramas, and in the ensuing September, after several reverses, it was opened as the

BROOKLYN THEATRE,

by a "respectable and sufficiently numerous" company, composed of the following ladies and gentlemen:—Messrs. Roberts, Richings, Garner, Woodhull, De Camp, Blakely, Walstein, Scott, Quinn, Neilson, McGuire and Douglass; Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Walstein, Mrs. Durang, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Eberle, many of whose names are doubtlessly still quite familiar to the surviving theatre goers of that period.

A local critic says "the earnestness and powers of Mrs. Sanford and Mrs. Garner are known in all our capitals, and have graced the first metropolitan theatres. And (he continues) in comedy, excepting Barnes and Hilson, where is the superior of Roberts?" Performances were given three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Mr. Roberts was the star, and he appears to have been a versatile if not talented actor; in Somno, the leading character in the laughable farce, "Sleep Walker," he gave imitations of Messrs. Kean, Matthews, Hilson, Simpson, Cooper, &c. The performances generally consisted of two light pieces, interspersed with songs and dances.

This company, however, did no better pecuniarily than its predecessor, and it was soon compelled to vacate the premises. The theatre then became a prey to itinerant companies, third rate star (there were, however, come to think of it, very few such in those golden days of the legitimate drama) and circuses (which always do well in Brooklyn) and therefore soon fell into disrepute. But, worst of all, the house was closed a greater part of the time; it never was taken for more than a night or two, and the intervals between the engagements were long and many, so that is a matter of doubt whether it even paid expenses. A veracious historian states that the establishment was never patronized by the higher class of citizens. A transaction, fully explained in the following paragraph from the *L. I. Star*, closed the establishment ere the end of the year:—

"*The Brooklyn Theatre.*—It is too well known to our citizens that a large wooden shell of a building was some time ago erected in this village, originally as a circus, and afterwards called 'The Brooklyn Theatre;' and that it has been occupied only occasionally by beggarly adventurers. A few weeks ago a company took possession and *got up* performances which did not result in much profit to any one. On Wednesday night, the 231 ult., one of these plays having been announced in the bills posted throughout the village, a considerable number of auditors were in their seats, but the *players* did not make their appearance. After some time the *play* or the *pay* was loudly called for, but it appeared that neither could be obtained—*all* had "cleared out," and only the bare building remained on which the enraged persons could take *satisfaction*. The mob accordingly did some injury to the furniture and windows before the constables could quell them. Thus terminated the last act at the Brooklyn Theatre. We would advise the proprietors to convert it into a manufactory of something better than blackguards. The New York theatres are accessible to all who choose to participate from this village; and nothing short of the *best* of those can deserve our patronage. If this cannot be done, the proprietors had better *give it up*."

It was soon after converted into a row of dwelling houses, and occupied as such until 1838, when it was consumed by the disastrous conflagration which then occurred in that neighborhood. It is said to have resembled the old Richmond Hill Play House, which stood in this city, in Varick street, many years ago.

MILITARY GARDEN THEATRE.

In 1829, at the solicitation of Mr. Edwin, comedian, from Niblo's Garden, the large refreshment saloon at Duflon's Military Garden was converted into a theatre, capable of comfortably accommodating some eight hundred people. The theatre was opened on the 19th of June with much *eclat*. The entertainment commenced with a grand vocal and instrumental concert, in which the following artists participated:—Mr. Beargfelt, first violin; Mr. Knights, second violin; Mr. Jackson, tenor; Mr. D. Contra, basso; Mr. Senio, flute; Mr. C. Centra, clarionet; Mr. P. Torse, bugle; Mr. Boynson, trumpet; Mr. E. C. Petre, ditto; Mr. Marino, ditto, and Mr. G. Dago, trombone; after which Mons. Chekin's pupils danced a *Madarin pas de Quatre*; a new vaudeville was then performed, when the entertainment was closed with a superb display of fireworks. The company included Mrs. Hardwicke ("engaged for an unlimited period"), from the National Theatre, N. Y.; Miss Kerr, *danseuse*, from the Park Theatre, N. Y.; Mrs. Jackson, from the St. Charles Theatre, N. O.; Mr. Stanley (the celebrated buffo singer), from the London and New York Theatres; Mr. Huntley, from the St. Charles Theatre, N. O.; Mr. Jackson, ditto, and Mr. Edwin, from the London Theatres, Niblo's Garden, and Park Theatre, N. Y. This may be considered the first successful attempt to establish a theatre in Brooklyn, although the arrangements and accommodations here were, perhaps, more limited than at either the Brooklyn Theatre or Mrs. Chester's "long room." A few boards, I am told, laid across "horses," formed the stage, while the scenery was painted on stationary paper screens. The opening performance, however, was quite well attended, and no doubt entirely satisfactory to the audience. The Military Garden was then in the zenith of its popularity as a suburban resort, not only of the Brooklynites and the surrounding villages, but also of New Yorkers, it being celebrated for its choice viands, refreshing beverages, delightful promenades and balls, and other entertainments; and it is not surprising that this theatrical enterprise should have proven a success. Performances were only given once or twice a week. Conspicuous on the bills was the line, "No improper persons admitted." "The Waterman," a vaudeville, was presented at the second performance (given a night or two after the first), with Mr. Edwin, Mr. Stanley and Mrs. Hardwicke, "the bright, particular star;" but I cannot undertake to trace out, methodically, the progress of this theatre, even if it is the first successful one, thus far, in Brooklyn. Suffice it to say that "L'artiste en tout genres; or, Ma Cousine de Campagne," "Two Queens," "Two Gregories," "Monysyllable—No!" and "Bee Hives; or, Industry Must Prosper," were produced in a very creditable style, all things considered, such as the immovableness of the scenery, &c., before the company closed; and also that Mr. Cole, comedian, and Mons. Adrian, magician, played star engagements under Mr. Edwin. The stage, &c., such as it was, remained some years in the Garden, being occupied occasionally by itinerant concert singers and "colored" minstrels, which latter have been popular in Brooklyn ever since the elder and original Christy performed at the Institute, in 1842, until Hooley opened his little Opera House on the corner of Court and Remsen streets, in 1862, and which has proved such a great success. In 1848, when Mrs. Prest took the Garden, the Assembly Room of the City Hotel, which was erected in the enclosure, was converted into a theatre, and occupied by the

"BROOKLYN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION."

Mr. G. W. Hill was lessee, and Mr. Macdonald manager. For a long time they depended for success more upon the quantity of their programmes, than upon the quality of the performances, the performers, doubtless, all being amateurs, as there is not a familiar name on the list; but this sort of thing was soon stopped by the engagement of a good company of well known actors and actresses. The house was then called the

BROOKLYN CONCERT HALL.

The regular season opened on January 8th, 1849, with the following company:—Mr. Corson W. Clarke, formerly of the Park Theatre, N. Y., Mr. Lansing, of the Bowery Theatre, N. Y., Mrs. Dyott, of the Park Theatre, N. Y., Mrs. Tilton, of the Bowery Theatre, N. Y., and Miss Flynn, of the Park Theatre, N. Y. The "Lady of Lyons," with Clarke and Mrs. Tilton, was played to crowded houses. Mr. Gabriel Harrison, who had recently made quite a metropolitan reputation by playing the King to Charles Kean's Hamlet, at the Park Theatre, also played a short season under Messrs. Hill and Macdonald. The house then passed into the hands of Mr. A. Macfarland, jr., who, after a short season of amateur entertainments, was succeeded by Mr. Clare. It was then called by the rather ambiguous name of the

BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM MILITARY GARDEN,

and fitted up in such a manner that a local paper declared it could only be compared with Niblo's Saloon, N.Y. Mr. Clare surrounded himself with a good company, and by playing stars did a fine business for some months, in fact until the Museum was opened. Among those who played under him may be mentioned Mr. C. Walcot, late of the Park and Olympic Theatres, N.Y.; Miss Sinclair, of Burton's, N. Y.; Miss Fanny Wallack, Mr. Bass, Mr. Dyott, Mr. George Jordan, Mr. Gilbert, (John?) Mr. Barney Williams, Mr. Holland (George?) and Mr. William Florence. [Florence, being called before the curtain at the close of a recent performance at the Academy of Music, alluded to his engagement at the Athenæum Military Garden, remarking that it was among his first star engagements, and that the reception he then received strengthened him in the belief that he had chosen the right profession in going on the stage.] The extravaganza, "New York in Slices," then very popular at Chanfrau's National Theatre, in Chatham street, N. Y., was localized for this house, entitled "Brooklyn in Slices," and performed some time with considerable success. I understand it was adapted to this stage by Dr. Northall, whom, I am sure, all of my old metropolitan readers, especially professionals, remember; he was the author of several pieces brought out by Mitchell at the Olympic, among which may be mentioned "Macbeth Travestie," "Virginius Travestie," "Richard Number 3," and "King Cole," besides the life of Yankee Hill (previously alluded to) and a very popular (in its day) little pamphlet, entitled "*Before and Behind the Curtain; or, Fifteen Years' Observations among the Theatres in New York.*"

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Long, sloping sunbeams, slantwise flung,
Like gilded spears, that glittered yellow,
Slid down the gleaming boughs where hung
The rosy apples, ripe and mellow.

The robin 'twixt the orchard rows,
With clear chirp to his fellows calling,
Flew hither, thither, where he chose,
And seemed at times a red leaf falling.

Unheeded by the absent breeze,
Beneath laced boughs with ripe fruit laden,
I half reclined in listless ease;
And by me sat a brown eyed maiden.

Her cheeks were like the rose's leaf
Where summer bees were wont to settle,
That with the autumn came to grief,
And dropt to earth each velvet petal.

The chestnut braids that crowned her head
Defied her sun hat's breadth to screen them;
Her perfect lips were coral-red,
With rows of gleaming pearls between them.

The sun by slow degrees had wrought
The magic change that marks the season,
And autumn clothed each careless thought
With romance, rather than with reason.

Loosed from the bough above us there,
Seeming no longer bent on stopping,
A luscious pippin, plump and fair,
Straight in my maiden's lap came dropping.

She bade me break its mellow round;
Four seeds she named, some charm repeating;
The fifth she flung upon the ground;
The eighth was love with true love meeting.

Oh, happy day! thy sloping sun
Of time's swift flight gave heedless token,
Thy golden life had almost run
Before my bashful lips had spoken.

But ere we left the orchard, where
True love with love had had its meeting,
Beneath the thick, laced branches there
My lips with her's were joined in greeting.

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 10—The Literary Press.

Rapid as has been the mortality in both daily and Sunday journals during a period of a little over a quarter of a century, it is a veritable consolation to the unfortunate projectors of those experiments to learn that it has been by many degrees exceeded in the case of weeklies, devoted wholly to criticism and literature. The names of the numerous literary journals which have flourished for a time in our midst and disappeared with meteor like rapidity, is truly legion; hence from the formidable catalogue of the defunct, we are authorised to select but a few of them, temporarily famed or now existing, which have passed with some show of credit through the ordeal of public criticism, or which have enjoyed more than ephemeral popularity.

It must be observed that among a people so universally educated as our own, and claiming to be addicted to the cultivation of belle lettres, can be found but very few weekly newspapers of a high, or even mediocre, standard in taste as compared with journals of a similar character emanating from the London press. It may be urged in extenuation of this palpable inferiority, that our people, unlike the gentry of Great Britain, are of a decidedly utilitarian nature, more given to trade and commerce than to a pursuit of literature beyond the limits of a useful educational course, and hence have little leisure to bestow upon historical and critical researches. Again, that the cheap price placed upon American journals, as compared with those emanating from the British press, necessitated a circulation with difficulty to be attained in the narrow circle among us devoted to the cultivation of letters, a pastime requiring both means and leisure, for we are well aware that the higher the order of merit displayed in any one particular branch of either art or literature the more narrow becomes the circle of its appreciators. Moreover that our literary journals, being designed especially for the masses, and for the fair sex in particular, have been forced to adopt a varied and popular character at variance with the labored scholasticism—the cardinal feature of British hebdominals.

The oldest literary weekly newspaper at present existing is, undoubtedly, the *Albion*, nominally an organ of British interests in America, but in reality an eclectic repository of transatlantic literature. True, from its commencement there has always been in the *Albion* a department consecrated to reproduction of intelligence interesting to Englishmen in this country, embellished with able editorials upon topics affecting British interests; still, the journal found its warmest admirers among our citizens indiscriminately, anxious to peruse the gems very carefully collected from the pages of the British reviews and magazines, almost inaccessible through any other channels. Moreover the *Albion* was noted as the most reliable theatrical critic of the day, when the legitimate drama flourished in full purity, and the playhouse constituted the favorite amusement of the better class of citizenry. The *Albion* was the property of Dr. Bartlett, and by him edited, with the assistance of Mr. A. D. Patterson, both sound critics and well read scholars. It was printed upon a sheet of appalling magnitude, folded in twelve pages of elephantine folio size, containing about six times the matter of the *New York Ledger*, as at present printed, and furnished to subscribers only at the price of ten dollars annually—a high price, it must be admitted. But, in addition to the letter-press, the *Albion* furnished to its subscribers, as gratuities, two or three times a year, impressions from steel plates—engravings of a large size, and of a popular character, fit to adorn the parlors of a majority of its patrons, many of which can at this day be found carefully preserved at the firesides of the more aged among our British residents, among whom the Doctor and his paper were held in merited esteem.

Wearied by many years of assiduous editorial labor, Dr. Bartlett retired from the *Albion*, disposing of it to a Mr. Young, popularly known as a translator of the poems of Beranger, whose editorial management proved as satisfactory to the general public as that of his gifted and respected predecessor.

During Dr. Bartlett's ownership of the *Albion*, his associate editor, Mr. A. D. Patterson, endeavored to supplant his journal by the publication of the *Anglo American*, a sheet of the same dimensions with that of the *Albion*, but susceptible of being folded into a more convenient folio size. Mr. Patterson was a Scotchman of general ability and excellent education, remarkably popular among the sons of St. George, from his urbanity and benevolent disposition. When first arriving in this country his necessities compelled him to accept a situation as usher at the Rev. Dr. Huddart's well known boarding school, where, meeting with Henry William Herbert, who officiated in the capacity of Greek tutor, he was induced to embrace a literary course of life. Unlike his colleague, Herbert, Mr. Patterson labored for a long time assiduously and in obscurity, until he became connected with the *Albion*. In his publication of the *Anglo American* he was joined by Mr. E. D. Garvin, a practical printer, a good business man, but unhappily not gifted with surplusage of means adequate to push a newspaper of a costly character to a successful position. Consequently, after a year of promise, the proprietors of the *Anglo American* found themselves compelled to abandon its publication at the very moment success appeared within their grasp.

The *Albion* had not been suffered to monopolize the field of public favor, for it had a powerful opponent in the *Constellation* an elegantly printed paper, conducted somewhat on a similar principle with the *Albion*, and edited by a gentleman named Prescott, who had formerly been a wealthy merchant, assisted by some of the leading essayists of the day, the aim of the publication being to infuse a strong leaven of originality among the matter selected from foreign sources. Seemingly this very idea proved the ruin of the journal, notwithstanding the fact that the contributions emanated from the ablest writers the city could supply, inasmuch as a general preference was bestowed upon the *Albion*, with which the *Constellation* was subsequently incorporated.

The most successful attempt to introduce a purely original literary journal, at that time, was through the publication of the New York *Mirror*, a handsome quarto newspaper, edited by Nathaniel Parker Willis and George P. Morris, devoted to the development of native talent in all branches of light literature, a most meritorious and for many years successful experiment. Both Willis and his colleague had been favorably known as poetical writers. Willis from his sacred poems and Morris from his pathetic ballads, one of which "Woodman, spare that tree," sharing in popularity with Samuel Woodworth's oft repeated composition, "The Old Oaken Bucket." Willis, moreover, had published several popular prose works which had gained a widespread reputation, so that, under the auspices of such well known names, the new publication jumped at once into general favor, especially as Willis had ever a genial knack of ingratiating himself into the good graces of the fairer sex by a judicious employment of a naturally fluent pen. The *Mirror* became almost immediately the organ of the *bon ton*, and as such was regarded as an indispensable ornament for every fashionable centre table. But as a literary journal it could boast a better basis for popularity in securing contributions from authors of recognized talent. To its pages James K. Paulding, the author of the "Dutchman's Fireside," one of the best written novels composed by an American, furnished a series of quaint and ludicrous stories illustrative of Knickerbocker manners and customs, while Theodore S. Fay, subsequently minister to Switzerland, supplied novelettes written with that excellent good taste marking his later romances, now unfortunately obsolete compositions. The *Mirror* was likewise embellished with steel plate engravings from designs by native artists and engraved in the highest style by Durand, Smillie and others, who laid the foundation for that elegant style of vignette engraving which has long been a specialty in the execution of bank notes in America.

Through some quarrel, too common between authors and publishers, the *Mirror* was transferred from its original proprietors, under whose management it had thrived, to the possession of Daniel Fanshaw, a well known printer, publisher and bookseller, who continued its publication for some two or three years. But from the hour of the change the popularity of the *Mirror* waned, until finally its publication ceased, much to the regret of a sympathetic community.

Mr. Willis, still relying upon his reputation, again assumed the editorial chair of a new paper called most whimsically the *Corsair*, associating with him Dr. Porter, a brother of the "Tall son of York," a highly accomplished gentleman and the most talented of the Porter family. Neither of the partners were in the least acquainted with the business details of a newspaper office, and hence their affairs were administered indifferently, to the disadvantage of the enterprise. Willis, moreover, pleading a weakened health, entered upon a European tour, but in reality crossed the Atlantic to compose a work for some English publisher. Dr. Porter, left alone, grew disheartened at his embarrassed situation, and, notwithstanding that the paper was actually in a self-sustaining position, disposed of it to be engulphed by the *Albion*, to which it threatened to prove a formidable rival.

Joined by his *fides Achates*, Willis, on his return, commenced another periodical, which he styled the *New Mirror*, issued in an imperial octavo form and embellished with engravings of a corresponding size. The dual editors had trusted to congregate around them their prior friends and contributors; a few reappeared, and with their aid, the *New Mirror* prolonged a feverish existence for a year or so. But the prestige of the old *Mirror*, so far from aiding the new enterprise, proved its most effective drawback through inviting comparison between the old and the new, a comparison not all advantageous, for the readers missed the genial humor of Paulding, the writings of Fay, the thousand and one graceful essays from well remembered pens. Hence after a desperate struggle the editors of the *New Mirror* laid it side by side with the corpse of its progenitor.

A few years after, however, the fortunes of the editorial twins changed for the better, for the *Home Journal*, printed and published more in consonance with the advancing spirit of journalism, proved a popular and entertaining newspaper, notwithstanding the literary idiosyncracies of its senior editor. Both Willis and Morris, who prided himself upon the title of the Korner of America, quizzically bestowed upon him by waggish John Brougham, have passed away, leaving behind them excellent reputations, the one as that of a gifted poet, dramatist and author, the other that of a genial companion, a devoted friend and a man of untiring industry, for without the tact and experience of General Morris, who, in his earlier days, had followed the typographical profession, the editorial abilities of his associate would have proven fruitless.

Contemporary with the first days of the old *Mirror* came a drawing room newspaper, almost its *fac simile* in appearance and form, entitled the *Parlor Journal*. It emanated from the bookstore of Charles H. Peabody, then a popular dealer in choice works of literature and art, who had located himself upon Broadway, where now stands the Astor House. Mr. Peabody had originally commenced the issue of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, the most ambitious publication as yet presented to

the American public, which, proving successful, emboldened him to venture upon the present enterprise as a medium for the publication of articles not of the elevated character demanded by his magazine. The failure of Mr. Peabody in the book business carried with it the cessation of the *Parer Journal*, for no other man could be found sufficiently venturesome to continue its issue with the financial fate of its projector staring him in the face. Mr. Peabody subsequently dwelt for a number of years in London, where he officiated as a species of agent for many of the American newspapers.

The demise of the *Corsair* was followed by the issue of a weekly magazine, fashioned after the manner of the former's conduct, entitled the *Rover*, each number, however, embellished with a handsome steel engraving. The literary department was under the supervision of Lawrence Labree, the author of several popular romances, while that of the engravings was entrusted to Mr. Stephen Dean, for many years attached to one of the leading firms of bank note engravers. It was upon the illustrations that the *Rover* relied for success, as at that time no serial publication—and there were a dozen of them—could come before the reading world unless embellished with steel engravings; the art of wood engraving being with us comparatively in its infancy. The expense of illustrating a weekly magazine, with such costly works of art, proved too great for the moneyed resources of the *Rover's* proprietors, while its paucity in literary matter did not enable it to compete with the mammoth sheets then in existence, consequently the publication was indefinitely suspended after the issue of a couple of volumes.

The void created by the failure of the old *Mirror* was sought to be followed up by the publication of the *Broadway Journal*, edited by Charles F. Briggs, and one or two associates. It was designed as an imitation of the London *Spectator*—a literary, critical, and theatrical review, adding other features of a more sprightly and gossiping character, together with a species of court gazette, wherein the movements of the world of fashion could be chronicled to the satisfaction of our budding parvenu aristocracy. Nevertheless, with all these varied elements, very ingeniously and happily combined in a newspaper, ably edited and of a superior literary calibre, the *Broadway Journal* soon passed out of existence. To speak the truth, it was a periodical far in advance of its age, and could be creditably compared with the best London weeklies; in fact, no journal of a like character would scarcely be appreciated at the present moment, the pretensions of the *Round Table* to the contrary notwithstanding.

A further weekly appeared to take the vacant place of the *Mirror* in the shape of the *Emporium*, edited by a gentleman named Green, who judiciously discarded the previous quarto form, and adopted in its stead the immense folio sheet, which afterwards became thoroughly popular with the Sunday press, so that the purchaser could scan at a single glance the amount of matter offered for his acceptance. This innovation of Green's secured him a passing popularity, and as his paper was replete with good literary articles, and utterly devoid of political allusion, it contrived to exist for several years, when the competition of the *New World* and *Brother Jonathan*, to the dimensions of either of which his sheet was as a pigmy to a giant, crushed it out of the newspaper world. In those days of literary contention the magnitude of a literary gazette was taken as evidence of its pecuniary value, for the contents of all, drawn almost wholly from European periodicals, breathed a similarity, defying critical discrimination between the merits of either contestants. Anything approximating to originality was carefully eschewed, mainly through necessity, for the monies which would otherwise be expended upon contributors, were appropriated to the printers, for no paper of the prodigious dimensions of the three issued could sustain themselves, were it not that the absence of an internal copyright law supplied them with abundance of gratuitous literary matter.

The *Examiner* was a futile endeavor to reconcile our public to the existence of a purely original literary journal of moderate dimensions and at a price to match. During its very brief existence its columns exhibited a fair array of editorial and critical matter, but as the taste of the public had been prejudiced against native writing through being supplied with a super abundance of foreign authorship, the contrast militated so strongly against the *Examiner* that it was forced to seek refuge under the wing of a political party to eke out the few remaining days of its never profitable career.

A gentleman named Parker, who had intermarried with one of the leading ladies of Japonicadom, as Willis designated the fashionable quarter, conceiving the idea that the authority of Willis in the realms of fashion originated almost wholly from his editorial position, determined to rival that poetic Beau Nash by the publication of a literary journal and gazette of fashion. Consequently he secured the services of the former manager of the *Mirror*, and through him sent forth a sheet, modelled, typographically, after the defunct periodical, which he somewhat egotistically christened *Parker's Journal*, inasmuch as he was neither a man of letters, a politician, or anything else, but an ambitious man of fashion, aspiring to the leadership of the *ton*. As Mr. Parker neither possessed, nor claimed to possess, the faintest qualifications for authorship, the management of his journal was committed to a very eccentric Irish gentleman named McGorham, a ripe scholar, capable linguist and polished writer, whose essays, published in the various magazines, had gained for him a wide reputation. He was assisted by William Ross Wallace, the poet of Kentucky, and between the two they managed to turn out a creditable, but not popular, paper, the publication of which, after a couple of years of constant expenditure, convinced Mr. Parker of the absurdity of attempting to engineer a position among the fashionable world through the instrumentality of newspaper propriety; hence he, with commendable wisdom, abandoned this rather unprofitable method of consuming a portion of his income.

Later than this failure appeared the *Criterion*, anonymously edited but evidently the conception of some collection of newly graduated writers, who, unacquainted with the wants of the public, and inexperienced in the art of journalism, expended a handsome sum in producing a purely critical sheet, designed to supply America with an *Athenæum*, the prominent features of which London periodical they faithfully copied. It is unnecessary to observe that the enterprise, after a few months of useless labor on the part of its originators, became numbered with the ambitious dead.

FANTASTICALS.

Quite a number of these comical companies turned out for excursions on Thanksgiving Day, and, of course, smiles, broad grins and hearty laughs were freely indulged by spectators on their routes. The First Warders made the most ludicrous, and therefore, most creditable appearance, and made a good turn out, being governed by the following unique general order:—

GENERAL ORDER No. 4-11-44.—The public in general of this city and other one horse towns, are hereby ordered to assemble in front of the Right Wing of the City Hall, on Thursday, 26th inst., at 11 o'clock A. M., to Review the First Ward Fantasticals.

His Honor the Mayor, the Board of Common Council, the Board of Supervisors, Heads of Departments, Heads without Departments, Representatives in Congress, Tycoons, Mandarins and other Public Dignitaries have consented to Review, from the Balcony of the City Hall, the First Ward Fantasticals.

All persons that have on the brain Billiards, Keno, 4-11-44, Faro, Draw Poker, Bluff, Vantoon, Euchre, Seven Up, Old Sledge, Forty Fives, Raffles and Whistle Jack, will drop their cues, stop their shuffling, and assemble in front of the Left Wing of the City Hall, and see the Review of the First Ward Fantasticals.

Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines, assisted by Lord Dundreary, will seize, arrest, hold, and present in front of the City Hall all Grecian Bends they may find running at large, that they may see the Review of the First Ward Fantasticals.

All the regular members of the Ancient Order of O. F., Lunch Travelers, Sponges, Dead Beats, Bulls and Bears, Policy Dreamers, Dead Ducks, members of the Swell Head Brigade, Button Holers, Blowers of the Hifalutin Order, Travelers for the Game, Woolly Heads, Copperheads, Ku-Klux-Klans, Scallawags and others of the same kidney, are hereby ordered to hold themselves as a reserve in the rear of the City Hall, and wait for the Review.

Dutch Grocers, Dog Sausage Chawers, Policy Dealers, Bazaar Magnetizers, Leaders of all Brass Bands, Undertakers, Stage, Railroad and Ferry Companies, Navy Yards, Military Garrisons, Custom Houses, Post Offices, Mercantile Houses, Proprietors of Hotels, Gin Mills, Lager Bier, Billiard and Dining Saloons, and our old friend Burg Cruel Memory, are positively commanded on that day to suspend all business, shut up shop, and let their employes go see the Review.

All Theatres, Operas, Minstrels, Circuses, Fenian Congresses and Menageries will postpone their Afternoon Matinees, that their employes may go and see the Grand Review.

The Inspector of Street Cleaning will see that the Mud and Garbage in Washington avenue and other streets on our line of march, is removed.

Proprietors of all Daily, Weekly and Monthly Papers and Magazines, are politely requested to send First Class Reporters to the Grand Review, who will give a correct Report.

The Sons of Temperance, and many other Sons, are cordially invited to meet our friends in the Evening, and join the Party for a good time, with a Little Old Rye.

After the Review, everybody and his neighbor will meet and preserve order in the Council Chamber, as it is expected on that occasion several Pow Wows will be on hand to address the multitude. The Calumet will be smoked on that occasion, and the hatchet buried forever.

All Bills not ordered by the First Ward Fantasticals will be received and paid by the City Chamberlain, at his office.

The Inspector of the old or any other imaginary Metropolitan force, are hereby ordered to notify their subordinates to stop all club exercise on that day. They will also see that the aforesaid subordinates are well scrubbed, well clothed, well gloved, and well clubbed for all emergencies that may arise.

On our Line of March, the Police on full or half pay wil see that all peaceable and orderly citizens are clubbed back from the front.

By order of the Third General of O. Fs. O. P. C.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

W. S. H., Springfield, Ill.—We should be happy to oblige you, but cannot to do so at present.

INQUIRER, New York.—We are not aware of Mr. Mercer's whereabouts. Will inform you as soon as we learn.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Sir:*—Noticing in your last issue a challenge to D. S. Robbins, and supposing it means me, I reply thus: I will play "Chicago Boy" (50) fifty games, for five dollars a game, *across the board*, according to Sturges' rules of the game, play or pay. Winner to pay all necessary expenses. As soon as "Chicago Boy" puts up a forfeit of not less than $25, I will cover it and proceed.

Respectfully yours, D. C. ROBBINS.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 20th, 1868.

Game No. 35.—Vol. XVI.

"OLD FOURTEENTH."

Played between Messrs. Fry and Breen.

Black. Fry.	White. Breen.	Black. Fry.	White. Breen.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	13..9 to 14	25 to 21
2..8 11	22 17	14..11 15	22 18 (b)
3..4 8	17 13	15..15 22	19 15
4..15 18	24 20	16..10 26	17 13 (c)
5..11 15	28 24	17..26 31	32 28
6..8 11	26 23	18..2 7	3 10
7..3 8	23 14	19..6 15	21 17
8..9 18	21 17	20..31 26	13 9
9..18 22	25 18	21..8 11	9 5
10..15 22	27 23	22..12 16	17 13
11..5 9	30 25 (a)	23..16 19	13 9
12..22 26	31 22	24..26 31, and wins.	

(a) This loses. (b) Struggling against fate. (c) Only to kill tim

Solution of Position No. 66.—Vol. XVI.

BY LOTUS.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..17 to 14	10 to 17	4..28 to 1	15 to 6
2..21 25	29 22	5..1 19, and wins.	
3..31 27	22 24		

Solution of Position No. 67.—Vol. XVI.

BY LOTUS.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..7 to 11	25 to 18	5..1 to 6	10 to 1
2..20 24	16 7	6..24 19	32 23
3..26 30	23 16	7..19 10, and wins.	
4..30 25	29 22		

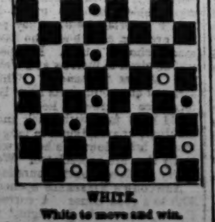
Position No. 68.—Vol. 16. Position No. 69.—Vol. 16.

BY COLFAX. BLACK.



WHITE. White to move and win.

BY LOTUS. BLACK.



WHITE. White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

A. Z. H.—Your splendid contribution, for which accept our hearty thanks, came safely. They will be arranged as you suggest. The displaced positions we purpose using, as we did the other three. May we not omit a few of the titles?

WM. H. LYONS.—Your remarks upon Verbeek's position are quite just; but you must remember that beginners and the comparatively inexperienced are always set down for their share in the CLIPPER. Thanks for kind compliments.

LOUIS GOLDSMITH.—As we anticipated, the new proposition of "Zatridigitation" has evoked a response. We shall withhold for a time G. R. C.'s 24-move solution, with a Black Kt on Q 4th, but herewith present you with his 22-move solution, with a Pawn on that sq, *e. g.*:—

1..Kt to R 2 +	7..2d Q × B +	13..Q to Kt 4	19..R to B 3 +
2..R-K 2 +	8..2d Q-K 7 +	14..R-B 6 +	20..R-B 3 +
3..Q-B 8 +	9..2d Q × Q	15..K-B sq	21..R-Q B 3 +
4..R-Kt 4 +	10..B-Kt 3	16..Q-B sq +	22..B-Kt 2, and
5..P-Queens	11..B-R 2	17..Q-K sq +	this compels
6..R-Kt 6 +	12..R-R 6 +	18..2d Q × P	22..P × R mate.

Black's best 8th move is K to R 4th, for, if Q × 2d Q, then follows:

9..R × Q	12..K to R sq	15..R to Q 7	18..R to Q B 6 +
10..B-Kt 3	13..R-R 6 +	16..R-K B 6	19..R-Q B 3 +
11..B-R 2	14..Q-Kt sq +	17..Q-K sq	20..R × P +,

and the 22d above, becomes the 21st here. *Follow d'ye see?*

G. REICHHELM.—The only ill result of the address to Danbury was the delay in the receipt of your letters. The very ingenious problem dedicated to M. J. H. is most gratefully accepted. It will appear next week.

S. F. B., South Boston.—Your criticisms are as correct this time as they were erroneous on a former occasion. Such errors in Chess are alike vexatious to reader and editor. No game ever leaves our hands that is not reduced to MSS., to our style of notation, and then subjected to verification and correction over the board. Even now, to the only error of the slightest consequence, you have suggested the remedy.

ERRATUM.—As has been pointed out by our correspondent, "S. F. B.," the 24th move of the Defence in Signor Dubois' game, No. 650, should be 24..Q R to Q 5th, *not* 3d, as given.

A NEW COUP.—An English paper says that the renowned political Zatridigitateur, D'Israeli, has discovered a remarkable move at Chess. It may be freely described as follows:—"If you find yourself hopelessly beaten, look your adversary coolly in the face, turn the board round as unobservedly as you can, so that his pieces appear to become yours, and vociferate 'mate!' before he can protest."

ADELAIDE (AUSTRALIA) TOURNAY.—In this *fete* of Caissa's devotees, Mr. H. Charlick has quite emulated the recent performance of Herr Czank, in Vienna. Mr. Charlick had the task of playing 24 games, which he performed with the score of 23 victories to a single draw only against him. Mr. W. Burton stood 2d, with 20 victories; Messrs. R. M. Steele and W. D. Scott 3d, with 19 each, and Mr. J. Mann 4th, with 18 to his credit.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. IV.

PROBLEM No. III.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

WHITE.—King at Q Kt sq; Rooks at Q R sq, and Q 4; Bishop at K 8; Knight at K 6; Pawns at Q Kt 4, Q B 3, and K R 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q Kt 4; Rooks at Q Kt 2, and K R 4; Bishop at K R 7; Knights at Q R 2, and Q B 3; Pawns at Q Kt 3, Q B 5, and Q Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Imperfect.—If Black play 1..R to Q 2d, the only move given in the "*Era Prob. Tourney,*" and afterwards 2..B to K Kt 8th, as there and here given, White mates on the next move. A singular oversight. If Black make the only other move given in "*E. P. T.,*" White has then a choice of Kt to Q 4th, or R to Q Kt 7th, for his 3d move. But Black might also play 2..B to Q 3d, which protracts mate to the 4th move, but White would, after taking Bishop with Rook, have from two to four ways of making next move. This problem closely resembles Nos. 132 and 184, *post.*

[This last citation seems to us so especially *apropos* that we give it for the benefit of our readers who have not Mr. H.'s Collection.—ED.]

No. 184.

WHITE.—King at his Kt 2; Rooks at Q Kt 2, and K R 3; Bishops at Q R 3, and K 2; Knights at Q 5, and K Kt 4; Pawn at K 4th.

BLACK.—King at his Kt 4; Rooks at Q R sq, and K Kt sq; Bishop at Q B 6; Pawns at Q B 2, and 4, Q 3, and K Kt 3d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. IV.

WHITE.—King at his Kt 6; Queen at her B sq; Bishop at Q R 6; Knights at K B 3, and 5; Pawns at Q B 2, and Q 4th.

BLACK.—King at his 3; Rooks at Q 2, and K 7; Bishop at K 2; Kts at Q R 3, and K sq; Pawns at Q Kt 5, and K Kt 5th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Imperfect. After the key-move:—

1..	B to Q sq	3..Kt × R + Kt × Kt, and
2..Q × B	R-Kt 2 +	4..Q to her 7, or Q to K B 6, or

B to Q 5, or Kt to K Kt 5, or P to Q 5th mate.

In the design of its key-move, this problem is but one of many in which a similar idea is employed. The sacrificial offering of her majesty is woven into an unduly large proposition of this author's productions with a sameness that detracts in no small degree from the general interest of his collection. The design in most cases is to decoy a Black piece, most frequently a Rook or Bishop, from its strong position, and, if the capture be made, mate easily follows with a Kt. Compare, among others, Nos. 153, 170, 178 and 179. The double offer in No. 178 makes this a conspicuous example:—

WHITE.—King at his B 7; Queen at her R 6; Bishop at K R 6; Knights at Q R 5, and K 2; Pawns at Q R 4, and K B 3d.

BLACK.—King at his 4; Rook at Q B 8; Kt at Q 4; Pawns at Q 2, K 5, and K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

No. 179 is a splendid specimen of the offer to both the pieces named; but, with it, 170 should have been omitted. The former is our present Enigma. Here is 170:—

WHITE.—King at his R sq; Queen at K B sq; Bishops at Q Kt 4, and K 4; Kt at K Kt 7; Pawn at Q 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q 5; Rook at K R 3; Bishops at Q R 2, and Q 2; Kts at Q Kt 8, and K B sq; Pawns at K 4, K 6, K B 3, and K R 7th.

White mates in four moves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 653.

BY FRANCIS HEALEY.

at K R 6, K sq, K R 8, K 8, K Kt 4, K B 3, K Kt 3, K R 3d.

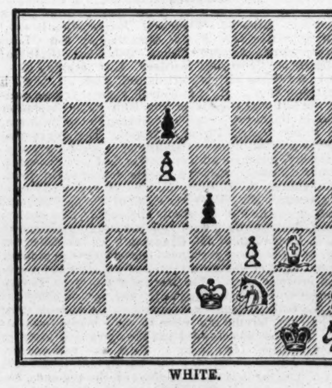
at K B 4, K Kt 8, Q R 3, Q R 4, Q 8, Q Kt 3, K 3, Q Kt 2d, and Black Pawns at Q B 3, K 4, and K Kt 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 653.

BY CHAS. PORTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Game No. 653.

Partie in the grand Parisian Tournoi for the Emperor's prize.—*Era*.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

Attack, M. Winawer.	Defence, M. Rousseau.	Attack, M. Winawer.	Defence, M. Rousseau.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	27..R to Q Kt 2	P to Q Kt 4
2..P-K B 4	K B-B 4	28..R-Q R 2	P-Q 5 (e)
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	29..R-P × B (f)	R P × P
4..P-Q B 3	Q B-Kt 5	30..Kt-Q B 2 (g)	Q R-home
5..K B-B 4	Q Kt-Q 2	31..K R × R	K R × R
6..P-K R 3	Q B × Kt	32..B P × P (h)	K P × P
7..Q × Q B	Q-K 2	33..K-his Kt 2 (i)	Q Kt-Q 2
8..P-Q R 4	P-Q R 3	34..Q-K B 2	Kt × Kt P
9..P-Q Kt 4	K B-R 2	35..Q × Q P +	Q × Q
10..Q Kt-R 3	K Kt-B 3	36..Q Kt × Q	Q Kt-K 6 +
11..P-K B 5	P-Q B 3	37..K-his B 3	Q Kt × R
12..P-Q 3	P-K R 3	38..K B × Kt	K R-K 4 +
13..Q Kt-B 2	Q R-Q sq	39..K-his 3	R-Q R 8
14..B-K 3	K B-Kt sq (a)	40..K B-K 2	R-Q Kt 8
15..Castles, K R	K Kt-R 2	41..Kt-K B 3	K Kt × Kt
16..Q-K Kt 4	Q-K B sq	42..K B × Kt	R × Q Kt P
17..P-K R 4	Q Kt-B 3	43..P-K 5	P-Q B 4
18..Q-K B 3	Q-K 2	44..K B-B 6	R-Q Kt 8
19..P-K Kt 4 (b)	P-Q 4	45..K-his 4	P-Q Kt 5
20..Q B-his 5 (c)	K B-Q 3	46..K-Q 5	P-Q Kt 6
21..Q B × B	Q × Q B	47..K-Q 6	P-Q Kt 7
22..K B-Kt 3	Castles	48..K-his 7	R-K 8
23..Q R-Q sq	P-K Kt 4	49..P-K B 6 +	K-his Kt sq
24..Q-Kt-K 3	K-his Kt 2	50..K B-K 4	K R × B
25..P-K R 5 (d)	K R-K sq	51..Q P × R	P Queens
26..K R-B 2	K Kt-B sq	52..K-Q 6	Q × K P, and

the Attack resigns. It is not often that the loss of a single game involves such serious consequences to the loser as did this. The Tourney had at the moment reached a point when, had M. W. won the present game, which he made sure of winning, and with very little care must have scored, he would have had an excellent prospect of carrying off the Emperor's prize. In fact it must have then been the object of a match between M. M. Kolisch and Winawer.

(a) This adds to the restriction of the Defence, whose game is already much too cramped.

(b) M. Winawer was thought to have been provoked into making this somewhat hazardous attack by the hesitating, timorous policy of his adversary.

(c) 20..K B to R 2d, threatening P to K Kt 5th, looks to us better play than attacking the Queen.

(d) Taking K Kt P would have been very dangerous.

(e) This considerably improves his position.

(f) Attack offers his Kt for three Pawns, but the Defence, perhaps wisely, declines this exchange.

(g) Was this as good play as taking Q P?

(h) This was thought injudicious by critical lookers on, because it afforded M. Rousseau an opportunity of presently planting his Kt at K 4th.

(i) 33..K to R sq, rather.

An excellent game by correspondence; Berlin beaten at its own Defence.—*Bell's Life*.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Breslau.	Berlin.	Breslau.	Berlin.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..Q R to Kt sq	B to Q B 6
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..K R-K 6	P-K B 5
3..K B-Kt 5	K Kt-B 3	19..Q B-Kt 2	K B × B
4..Castles	Kt × K P	20..Q R-K 2	Q-K R 5
5..P-Q 4	K B-K 2	21..Q R-K 2	P-K R 3
6..P-Q 5	K Kt-Q 3	22..P-K B 3	Q R-B sq
7..Q P × Kt (k)	Kt × K B	23..K R-Kt 6	K-his R 2
8..Q-K 2	K Kt-Q 5	24..Q R-K 6	K R-B 2
9..K Kt × Kt	P × Kt	25..K R-K 4	Q-home
10..Q × Q 2d P	Castles	26..K R × R P +	K × Q R
11..P × Kt P	Q B × P	27..Q × K R	K × R
12..Q Kt-B 3	P-K B 4	28..Q × Q +	Kt P × Q
13..Q Kt-Q 5	P-Q 3	29..R × B 2d P	K-his Kt 3
14..K R-K sq (l)	Q B × Kt	30..K R-K 4	K-his B 3
15..Q × Q B +	K-his R sq	31..P-K Kt 4, and wins a game	
16..P-Q Kt 3	K B-his 3	played throughout with equal judgment and skill.	

(k) This seems an injudicious exchange.

(l) Obtaining a fine game.

GRANT AND HIS HATCHET.—When Ulysses S. Grant was a little boy, his father bought him a hatchet. Ulysses was so delighted that he went about hatcheting everything he could find. One fatal day, after things had been going on thus and so for more than a week, Ulysses cut down one of his father's favorite pear trees. When the old gentleman saw the ruin of his favorite pear tree, he went to U. S. and said:—"U. S., who cut down my favorite pear tree?" "I cannot tell a lie, father, I cannot tell a lie," said Ulysses; "Ben Johnson cut it down with his hatchet." "My dear son," said the old gentleman, spanking him, "I would rather have you tell a thousand lies than lose so fine a tree!"

AQUATICS.

THE GREAT SCULLING RACE

FOR THE

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES AND £200 A SIDE

BETWEEN

James Renforth, of Newcastle, and Harry Kelley, of Putney.

RENFORTH WINS VERY CLEVERLY.

In a late issue we gave the result, as received by cable telegraph, of the above important race, which took place on Nov. 17th over the usual Thames course from Putney to Mortlake, distance four and one quarter miles, and below we give full particulars—

RECORD OF THE MEN.

JAMES RENFORTH is but little known—or, at any rate was not much known a few months since—beyond his native place. His rise to fame has been extraordinarily rapid, as it is only within the last two years that he has taken to boating at all, though always fond of the water, and a swimmer of no small reputation in the north of England. He was born near the Rabbit Banks, at Gateshead, on the banks of the Tyne, in April, 1842, and is consequently in his twenty-seventh year. In height he is about 5 feet 7½ inches, and yesterday weighed 10st. 12lb. He is powerfully built, with grand shoulders and loins, and powerful, muscular arms, and in appearance, when sitting in his boat, reminds one of Bob Cooper, the famous Redheugh sculler, though his style is not so taking as that of the second best Tynesman of his day. Like Chambers', Renforth's previous employment has been of a kind thoroughly to develop the great muscular power with which nature has endowed him, his occupation for a considerable time having been that of a striker at the North Eastern Railway Company's works at Gateshead. He has not a long string of performances to boast of, but has not been defeated in any match, though at regattas, when giving start, he, like many other good men, has had to own himself worsted. His first match, the interest in which was chiefly confined to some half dozen of his friends, was against a man of no note named Robinson, *alias* Princey, whom he defeated, not, however, without a good struggle on the part of the loser, who led for three-quarters of a mile. A youth named Curry, also hailing from Gateshead, followed next, and shared a similar fate. The race was in open boats (outrigged gigs), for a sum of $5 a side, the distance being from the High Level Bridge to the Meadows House, one mile and three-quarters. Renforth, after going a short way on the journey, had the race easily in hand, and won by five lengths. Bell next accepted the gateshead man's challenge to row in the same boats, the stakes and distance also being the same as in the previous match. Bell made a show of a race at the first starting, but was rowed down by the superior strength and generalship of Renforth, who eventually passed the Meadows House a very easy winner. Against Balmbra, another Gateshead sculling aspirant, and who at one period of his career was set down by some supposed judges to possess the necessary qualifications of a good and prominent oarsman, Renforth had not quite such an easy task, although after the first half-distance Harry Kelley's opponent of yesterday performed as he liked, and won once more. In August, 1866, Renforth appeared at the Talkin Tarn Regatta, and took part in the Corby Castle Plate (skiff handicap), but was defeated in the second heat, with six lengths start, by R. Chambers, Wallsend (a length and a half), and W. Stephenson, Newcastle (five lengths). At the same regatta, in the fourth heat for the Patterdale Hall Plate (handicap skiff race) he won with eight lengths start, beating Adam Deas, Newcastle, with four lengths, and P. Armstrong, of Bramton, with ten lengths, the final heat being won by G. Dinning of Dunston, with nine lengths start. After this, Renforth occasionally took part in the Tyne handicaps, most of which he competed in more for amusement than anything else. It must not be supposed that Renforth, during his successful career, had not attracted the careful and anxious attention of north-country patrons of sport. He was first taken in hand by Mr. Joseph Stewart, of Newcastle, with whom, however, he had afterwards an unfortunate misunderstanding. The first important engagement he entered into was with John Bright, of Newcastle, against whom he was matched to row in skiffs (first-class outriggers), for £50 a side, on December 9, 1867. In connection with the projected contest, matters went smoothly until the evening assigned for the final deposit of £10 a side, at Mr. George Brown's, Battery Inn, Forth street, Newcastle, when, for the first time, it became known that Bright was not in that form which his backers desired. They were, therefore, at the eleventh hour necessarily obliged to forfeit, and Renforth consequently received the £40 deposited. At this time there was some talk of a match between the same men in open boats, but Bright was considered such a clipper in that class of craft that Renforth was in no particular hurry for business; but terms were subsequently come to, and articles signed for the men to row, in James Hall's fine short outrigged craft, from the High-Level Bridge to the Meadows House, for the sum of £10 a side, open for £25 a side, the former sum being the actual stake competed for. The race took place on March 28th, of the present year, Renforth winning all the way, having succeeded in clearing Bright at the Sand Wherries, a little more than a quarter of a mile from the place of starting. The unexpected defeat of Bright, on whom long odds were laid, at once brought Renforth into prominence, since which time he has gradually worked his way up to the exalted position in which he now stands. A little time previous to this last race he had been negotiating for a match with James Taylor, who had trained him for his race with Kelley. The offer was to row for £100, but the matter came to nothing, and the only time of consequence when the same two men fell together was at the Durham Regatta of the present year, when Tayler suffered a remarkably easy defeat. Renforth, previous to his race with Bright, was matched to row the Boyds, of Gateshead, for £25 a side each match. He met Robert Boyd first, in open boats, and beat him remarkably easily, after going a quarter of a mile. James Boyd's turn followed, "skiffs" being this time used. James shared the same fate as his brother, and was defeated quite as easily, Renforth displaying his sculling abilities in this instance in the most conclusive and decisive manner. A dispute arising in the champion four-oared crew, Chambers resigned and Renforth took his place. At the Leeds Regatta, in July last, he took part in most of the matches. In the final heat of the skiff handicap he was beaten half a length by James Taylor, who had an allowance of two lengths, but on the following day he carried off the Championship of the Aire, the contestants being almost chiefly confined to the Tyne scullers, in consequence of a dispute having arisen between them, the managers of the regatta, and the Manchester watermen, who left the grounds at once. At the Thames Regatta, in August last, he won the championship scullers' race and the first prize of £90, defeating in the final heat James Percy and Joe Sadler. On the 20th of the same month, at the Chester Regatta, with Andrew Thompson, James Taylor and Matthew Scott, he won the £30 prize, also winning the skiff race at the same regatta. At the Burton Regatta, Renforth, with the aforesaid crew, carried off the four oared trophy of £30. Beyond having engaged in a few unimportant handicaps, the foregoing is a full record of the chief doings of Renforth, from which it will be seen that his career has been one continued success, unclouded by a single serious reverse.

HENRY KELLEY was born at Fulham, Feb. 11, 1832, and is consequently in his thirty-seventh year. His earlier days were spent on the steamboats, and although he had won the Coat and Badge given by the Leander Club in 1852, beating Bell, Constable, Snell, Ralph, and Redknap, yet it was not till 1854 that he was brought out, when he literally astonished the rowing world at the Royal Thames National Regatta, by defeating J. Candlish, T. Mackinney and J. Mackinney, at that time three fine men. At this same regatta he pulled in a pair-oared boat with R. Piner. They were beaten by W. Pocock and H. Clasper, E. Winship and T. Bruce, and T. Cole and R. Coombes. In 1855, at the Royal Thames National Regatta, he rowed in the scullers' race, and came in first, but was disqualified, owing to a foul. At the same regatta he was the stroke in a crew consisting of G. Driver, A. Ralph, J. Goodson and Kelley, who were called the "Who'd have Thought it." They rowed very creditably in the race for the £100, and in the second race, for £70, open to all barring the winners of the last race; while all were rowing oar and oar, the Newcastle men fouled Kelley's crew and the Confidence (Richmond) crew. Hammersmith won the first prize, and St. Agnes being distanced, Kelley and the Richmond men had to row in a few days for the second prize, when Kelley's crew beat the Confidence easily, the crew of the latter being J. Mackinney, T. Mackinney, W. Mancey, and A. Chitty. The same year Kelley also rowed in the picked London Watermen's crew at Henley, and with T. Mackinney, J. Phelps, and J. Mackinney, beat R. Newell, W. Pocock, J. Messenger and R Coombes. On Oct. 2, 1855, he rowed in a friendly race against a Wadsworth crew, for a supper and £10 a side, when Kelley lost; the crews were—Kelly's: J. Phelps, J. Kelley, P. Jones and H. Kelley. Wandsworth: A. Salter, S. Salter, H. Salter and G. Salter. On Oct. 22, 1855, he rowed J. McKinney of Richmond from Putney to Mortlake, for £100 a side. It was a very rough day, and Mackinney fell out of his boat at starting. They were at once matched to row again on May 22, 1856, and Kelley this time won easily, doing the distance in 24 min. 30 sec. This same year he again rowed at Henley, and was again successful, his crew consisting of R. Newell, W. Pocock, J. Phelphs and Kelley, beating G. Driver, A. Chitty, J. Mackinney and T. Mackinney. In the Royal Thames National Regatta he won the scullers' prize, beating A. Ralph, T. Cole and T. Mackinney; and in the Champion Four-oared Race, his crew consisted of himself, Bruce, Winship and J. Mackinney, rowed second to H. Clasper, W. Pocock, Chambers and T. Mackinney, beating Hammersmith (3) and Manchester (4). In the pair-oared race with J. Mackinney as partner, he was not so successful, for, breaking an oar, he was last beaten by Cole and Driver, Chambers and T. Mackinney, and Matthews and Oxlade. In 1856 he went to the Manchester and Salford Regatta, and quite surprised the Irwellites. He began by winning the Ordsall Scullers' Prize, beating M. Taylor, S. Wood, R. Clasper, J. Mackinney and J. Cronshaw. In the Trafford Park Stakes, with J. Mackinney for pair-oars, he beat Taylor and Carrol, and Wood and Ault, and he wound up his successes in the four-oared race for the Pomona Champion Prize of £50, with J. Mackinney, Winship and Bruce, beating some fine crews. On November 13, 1856, he rowed against and defeated Richard Buttle of Norwich, from Putney to Mortlake, for £50 a side. It was a very easy victory, and it being a home-and-home match, they rowed on the 25th of the same month on the Yare, at Norwich, for the same amount, when, although much unfair play was shown towards the Londoner, he won more easily than before, thus becoming Champion of the Yare. On May 12, 1857, he rowed for the Championship of the Thames and £200 a side against James Messenger of Teddington, from Putney to Mortlake, when Kelley went away with the lead, and although Messenger picked up at Finch's, Kelley went away again, and won in 24 min. 30 sec., easily. On May 21, 1857, on the money being handed over to him in his match with Messenger, he was presented with a testimonial in commemoration of his accession to the Championship. In June, at Henley Regatta, with Phelps, Newell and John Mackinney, he beat Robert Coombes, Thomas, Mackinney, William Pocock and Ralph. In July, 1859, he was a fourth time successful at Henley with Phelps, Hammerton and John Mackinney, defeating Francis, T. Mackinney, W. Pocock and T. White. At the Royal Thames National Regatta he rowed in the Champion Four Oared Race, his crew consisting of himself, Fred. Kelley, J. Mackinney and T. Mackinney, beating the two Hammersmith and Western crews, and being defeated for the first place by Clasper's four. In June, 1860, with W. Pocock, J. Wise and T. White, won the Watermen's Race at Henley, beating Tom Mackinney, W. Bell, E. Bell and G. Hammerton. July, same year, with T. Pocock, J. Wise and T. White, beat the Lord Kilmorey crew (J. H Clasper, E. Winship, R. Chambers and H. Clasper), and the A. P. Lonsdale crew (J. G. Taylor, T. Matfin, H. Ault and M. Taylor.) On the 29th of September in that year he lost the championship and its accompanying stake to Bob Chambers. In June, 1861, with J. Wise, W. Bell, and John Mackinney, won the Watermen's Fours, beating T. Mackinney, W. Pocock, T. White and G. Hammerton. July, same year, at the Thames Regatta, won the Sculls, beating T. Pocock, T. Mackinney, G. Drewitt, J. Mackinney and J. Chandler. July, 1862, at the Thames Regatta, with W. Bell, rowed second to Winship and Chambers, and beat J. H. Clasper and H. Clasper for the Pairs; and with J. W. Tagg, J. Bell and J. Mackinney, rowed second to the Lord Kilmorey (J. H. Clasper, R. Chambers, E. Winship and H. Clasper) beating the Hammersmith crew (T. Hoare, Jr., T. Hoare, J. Holder and G. Green.) Same month rowed second to T. Mackinney, W. Bell, J. W. Tagg and G. Hammerton for the Watermen's Race. At the Thames Regatta, July, 1863, with Green (the Australian), won the Pair-oared Race, beating Hammerton and Tagg, Thompson and Scott, Hoare and Wise, and Mackinney and Glover; and in the second heat of the Sculls beat Green (the Australian), Tom Hoare, of Hammersmith, and Eagers, of Chelsea, but was deliberately fouled and swamped by one of the competitors in the final heat. August, same year, beat Teasdale Wilson easily in his own heat for the Tyne Champion Cup at the Tyne Regatta, and in the final Cooper fouled him, and the race was rowed again without Cooper on September 11th, when Kelley was again fouled, this time by Chambers, who had the race decided in his favor. Kelley was also entered for the Pairs with Green, but the latter was taken ill and they did not start. In August, 1864, Kelley, in company with T. Hoare, J. W. Tagg and Hammerton, again won the Champion Fours, beating the Colleen Bawn crew, Manchester (M. Addy, R. Addy, G. Williamson and S. Butler), and the Tyne crew, Newcastle (J. Taylor, T. Matfin, E. Winship and M. Taylor). He also won the Scullers Race, beating Joseph Sadler, of Putney, and Tom Hoare, of Hammersmith. In 1865 won the Championship of the Ouse (sculls) at King's Lynn; beat Chambers, Putney to Mortlake, £200 a side and Championship, August 8th; and won the Great Championship Sweepstakes, rowed at King's Lynn, beating Cooper and Chambers, Cooper, who came in first, being disqualified for fouling. On July 4th, 1866, he beat James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, U. S., on the Tyne (from the High Level Bridge to Leamington Point), for £250 a side; on the following day he again beat Hamill on the Tyne (from the High Level Bridge to Paradise Quay and back, five miles), for a similar amount. On May 6, 1867, he beat Robert Chambers of Newcastle, for £400 a side and the Championship, from the High Level Bridge to Leamington Point. At the Paris Regatta, on July 10, won the third heat of the Watermen scullers' race, beating Thomas Hoare and Joseph Sadler, the latter of whom was disqualified for being accompanied by a pilot cutter. He afterwards won the final, defeating James Percy of Newcastle, Robert Cooper and G. Cannon; at the same regatta on the following day, with Randolph Cook, won the second and final heats of the watermen's pair-oared race, beating the brothers Marshall of Durham, James Taylor and Matt. Scott, Hammerton and Sadler and Chambers and Thompson. On November 27th he rowed J. Sadler on the Thames, for £600, and came in first by several lengths, but the referee pronounced it to be no race in consequence of a foul, and ordered the men to row again on the following day. It will be sufficient here to state that the referee ordered Kelley to row over, and awarded him the stakes, in consequence of which Sadler's backers brought an action against the stakeholder, the proceedings in connection with which are still pending. Kelley's next appearance was on August 3, of the present year, when he rowed second to James Percy in the first heat of the Champion Sculls at the Thames Regatta, but as both the first and the second men in the trial heats were entitled to contend in final, there can be little question that Percy obtained his position on sufferance. Kelley, however, did not start for the final heat, which was won by Renforth, his successful opponent of Tuesday.

"Considering the time of year, the weather on the day of the race was everything that could be desired for a 'Championship day,' both wind and tide being extremely favorable, while the thick mist that had overhung the river during the early morning happily cleared off shortly after midday, and left an uninterrupted view of the course. The scene, however, both ashore and afloat, was scarcely in keeping with the importance of the occasion.

Punctually to the moment named in the articles (three p.m.), Renforth put out from Simmons' yard, and paddled leisurely into the centre of the stream, accompanied by his pilot and trainer, James Taylor, in an eight-oared cutter, which was manned by a crew of London watermen, and steered by J. H. Clasper. About a minute later, Kelley, who was waited upon by his old mentor, George Drewitt, in the bows of an eight-oar, the lines of which were handled by Tom Pocock, made his appearance on the scene from Styles' boathouse, and the two rivals, amid a burst of cheering from their respective partisans, at once proceeded, without loss of time, to take up their stations astern of a couple of skiffs, which had been previously moored for the purpose, about 25 yards apart, off the Star and Garter, the North-countryman, who had won the toss, of course selecting the Middlesex berth. While the men were stripping and receiving the finishing touches at the hands of their trainers, speculation raged fast and furious, both on shore and on board the steamboats. In town during the early part of the morning Kelley had a decided call, and in some instances as much as 5 to 4 was laid upon him, but the execution at the last moment of a heavy commission—to the extent of nearly a thousand pounds—on behalf the Newcastle man, caused a reaction in his favor, and on board the umpire's boat, where the principal operations were conducted, odds of 5 to 4 were freely forthcoming on Renforth, and for a time as readily taken—albeit just before the start 50 to 40 was currently offered without eliciting a response. In other quarters, however, where the "latest market movements" were not generally recognised, Kelley left off the better favorite. Having completed their toilets, the men took up their allotted stations, and at 3:18 Mr. Ireland, who combined the double functions of umpire and starter, proceeded to put the momentous question. Kelley, apparently misinterpreting the formal query as the signal to start, at once dashed away, but was immediately recalled, and again took up his position alongside his opponent preparatory to

THE RACE.

All being in readiness Mr. Ireland once more asked the question "Are you ready?" and, receiving no response, dismissed the men on beautifully level terms, both catching hold of the water at the same moment. For an instant, Renforth seemed to be slightly flurried, but after indulging in half a dozen short, jerky strokes, he at once, as if by magic, settled down into a long, determined drag, which fairly seemed to lift his frail craft out of the water with every effort, and in less than 100 yards showed perceptibly in advance. Inch by inch, he slowly but surely improved his advantage up to the London Boathouse, where he led by seven or eight feet; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of Kelley, who, though rowing in magnificent form, seemed even thus early scarcely to get such a firm hold of the water at the beginning of the stroke as heretofore, the Tynesider gradually drew further in front, and half-way up the Willows was nearly clear. At the Point there was a palpable gap between the two boats, and Kelley, in obedience to the signals of his pilot, "put it on" a few strokes, but the north-countryman was fully equal to the occasion, and, spurting, in turn, added another half length to his lead. At this stage of the race we timed Renforth to be rowing 39 strokes a minute to his opponent's 35, and notwithstanding the hollow manner in which the latter had been outpaced at starting, not a few of his admirers were still sanguine that when the pinch came the longer reach and tried staying powers of the veteran would enable him to turn the tables upon his less experienced opponent. For a moment, as the competitors emerged to make the shoot for the Soap Works Point, it seemed as though these anticipations were about to be verified, as Kelley, laying himself out to his work in splendid style, drew with inconceivable rapidity upon the leading man, and in less than a dozen strokes had reduced the interval between the two boats to a few feet, and, as both were in the act of crossing the inevitable foul looked imminent. The Newcastle man evidently saw his peril, and at once took the most effective measures for averting it. Instead of giving way and thus allowing his opponent to come up, he put on the steam with amazing vigor, and half a dozen long, lashing strokes, which reminded us forcibly of Old Bob Chambers in his palmy days, sufficed to place him out of danger, and before they were half way across he had fairly taken Kelley's water, with a lead of fully two lengths. The startling rapidity with which this movement was effected seemed to take Kelley completely by surprise, and for a moment he seemed to falter in his stroke, but, quickly recovering himself, he again settled down into the long, telling drag, which has so often carried him to victory. This time, however, it was not to be. All the efforts of the Londoner, whose fine, faultless form and machine like action certainly never showed to better advantage, were unavailing to make any impression upon the redoubtable Tynesider, who had now fairly got the measure of his opponent, and spurting as he approached Hammersmith Bridge, shot the Surrey arch upwards of a clear length and a half in advance of the Londoner. Nearing the Doves, Kelley made a last despairing effort, which was, as before, responded to by another marvelous burst on the part of Renforth, who displayed throughout the whole of the contest the most commendable patience and judgment, easing slightly the moment his antagonist showed symptoms of relaxing his efforts, and yet always ready with a spurt on an emergency. The remainder of the race, which was a mere repetition of these tactics, calls for no detailed description, as the Newcastle man was fully three lengths to the good at the bottom of Chiswick Eyot, and notwithstanding all the gallant struggles of Kelley, who stuck to his work with most indomitable pluck and resolution, under the most disheartening circumstances, he held his own without difficulty to the finish, and ultimately passed the Ship three lengths and a half in advance, having accomplished the whole distance in exactly 23min. 15sec.

Of the winner's performance it is impossible to speak in too high terms of praise. That a veritable novice in the art of rowing, whose name twelve months ago was almost unknown, even on his native river, should have risen, as it were, at a bound to the very top of the tree, and vindicated his claim to the championship fairly and honorably against the finest sculler the Thames ever produced, and one who, be it remembered, has for years held his own against "four quarters of the world in arms," is utterly without precedent in the annals of aquatics. And the closer we scrutinize the nature and character of the performance the more wonderful does it appear. No excuse that could be advanced in palliation of Kelley's defeat can detract one iota from the surpassing merits of Renforth's victory. In the first place, the time in which the race was rowed, taking even the most unfavorable computation, was one of the quickest on record, and though the time test under dissimilar conditions of wind and tide cannot always be relied upon as a trustworthy criterion of pace, it is in this instance amply corroborated by the fact that the two cutters which accompanied the race, though manned by picked crews, had the greatest difficulty in keeping up with the competitors, and never once had occasion to "easy" from start to finish. Moreover, the performance of Kelley furnishes undisputable testimony to the wonderful powers of the winner. We never saw the veteran looking better, more admirably trained, or in finer form, and so far from anything being amiss with him on the day, we have his assurance that he was as fit and well as he could desire, and to the best of his belief never rowed faster in his life. In point of neatness and finish his sculling was, beyond all question, vastly superior to that of his conqueror, whose style is marked by several ungainly peculiarities—notably, a round back and shoulders and projecting elbows, which are scarcely in accordance with the traditions of the Tyne. He possesses no trace of the grace and ease which so distinguished Cooper in his best day; and, moreover, lacks in a great measure that powerful grip of the water at the beginning of the stroke that was so characteristic of the veteran Chambers; but for a man of his inches he has a wonderful reach forward, combined with a lightning like recovery, while his enormously muscular back and loins enable him to tear his sculls through the water with the power and precision of a machine, and to all appearance with as little effort. One very notable feature of his style is the great use he makes of his legs; indeed, we have no hesitation in saying that we never met with a sculler, not even excepting the late Bob Chambers, who so fully understood the important art of bringing every muscle together with the full weight of the body to bear on every stroke; and we are satisfied that this is the great secret of his wonderful turn of speed, which enabled him to vanquish such a "flier" as Kelley. Of the loser we can honestly say that no man ever rowed a more plucky, stern wager, or strove more gallantly against fate. Though palpably outpaced from the start, he never seemed to bate one jot of heart or hope, but struggled with unflinching gameness on to the finish, and never threw away a chance. His repeated magnificent bursts were a treat to witness, the more so as he preserved his matchless form throughout the whole of this arduous contest; and though obviously distressed never once lost the machine like precision and regularity of his stroke. As might be expected, he was deeply mortified by his defeat; but he has the satisfaction of feeling that, though compelled to succumb to a younger rival, he did all that pluck and manhood could accomplish to avert the evil day, and that, though beaten, he is by no means disgraced. The race was in every respect a "model match," all the proceedings in connection with it, from the preliminary negotiations down to the final ratification and result, being conducted throughout on both sides in the most amicable and straightforward spirit. Both men rowed in new boats specially constructed for the occasion by Jewitt, of St. Dunstan. The dimensions of Renforth's craft were:—Length, 30ft; extreme width amidships, 11¼in; depth at stem, 3¾in; depth at stern, 2⅞in; depth amidships, 5½in. She is built of cedar, and weighed, inclusive of her iron work, exactly 30lbs. [The time in this race has been variously stated. The *Sporting Life* gives it as 23:16, and according to Benson's chronograph, 22:38.—ED. CLIP.]

In the evening the scullers and their partisans met at the Canterbury Hall, where Mr. Tom Morton took a benefit. Both men appeared on the stage, and Kelly, in the course of his remarks, declared his opinion that Renforth is the fastest sculler he was ever pitted against. On the evening of the 19th ult., a few minutes before five o'clock, Renforth arrived at the Central Station, Newcastle, and received a reception never before accorded to any living oarsman. Fully ten thousand persons assembled and as the train steamed into the station the air was rent with one great cheer, which was continued for several minutes. On the champion alighting on the platform he was raised shoulder height, and carried out into Neville street, with the wreath presented to him at the Canterbury Hall encircling his head. He was then placed in a cab, the horse attached to which was unyoked, and drawn in triumph to Mr. J. Taylor's the Trafalgar Inn, New Bridge street, Newcastle, where, in answer to loud calls from the multitude assembled, he returned his thanks for the reception which had been awarded to him, and intimated that he should always do his best for the honor of Tyneside. This announcement was received with great enthusiasm, during which the hero of the hour retired. Mr. J. Gibson (Mooney) also addressed the people, stating that when the remains of the late lamented Robert Chambers were followed to the grave, it was considered the Thames would be able to maintain the championship for some time to come. Subsequently, however, it was thought that the form shown by Renforth was of a first-class character, and he was, therefore, matched against Harry Kelley, one of the grandest scullers that ever lived. (Cheers.) The result they all knew. (Applause). He might add that Renforth had proved himself well worthy to wear the mantle of honest Bob, who so long maintained the supremacy of his native river. (Cheers.)

CHAMPIONS OF THE THAMES.

Name.	Beat.	Date.
C. Campbell	Williams	Sept. 9, 1831.
R. Coombes, Vauxhall	Campbell	Aug. 19, 1846.
T. Cole, Chelsea	R. Coombes	May 24, 1852.
J. Messenger, Teddington	T. Cole	Nov. 20, 1854.
H. Kelley, Fulham	J. Messenger	May 12, 1857.
R. Chambers, Newcastle	H. Kelley	Sept. 29, 1859.
H. Kelley, Putney	R. Chambers	Aug. 8, 1865.
R. Chambers, Newcastle	J. H. Sadler, Putney	Nov. 22, 1866.
J. Renforth, Newcastle	H. Kelley	Nov. 17, 1868.

THE KELLEY AND SADLER RACE.

THE EX-CHAMPION WINS IN 23 MIN. 30 SECS.

The following Atlantic cable telegram gives the result of the long expected race between Kelley and Sadler, which decides the question left in abeyance by the unsatisfactory result of their prior race. It is probable that this issue will affect to some extent the case now pending in the court between the backers of these oarsmen:—

LONDON, December 1.—The second great scull race on the river Thames took place to-day, between Joseph Sadler of Putney, and Henry Kelley of Putney. The latter held the championship of the Thames for nearly six years, but was defeated last month by James Renforth of Gateshead, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in a race from Putney to Mortlake, for £200 (in gold) a side. The race to-day was over the same course, and for the same amount, and was won by Kelley, who beat Sadler four lengths in 23½ minutes, thus regaining in part his lost laurels and prestige. The weather was fine, and, as at the previous race, there was an immense attendance to witness the contest.

BASE BALL.

CLUB AVERAGES.

THE ORIENTAL BASE BALL CLUB OF BROOKLINE.

During 1868 the Oriental played in 32 games, winning 18, losing 12, and having 2 ties. The clubs they beat were the Empire of Brookline, 3 times; Eagle, Unknown and Star of Brookline, twice; Niagara, Nameless and Village of Brookline; Oneida, Charter Oak, Lightfoot, Massachusetts and Alert of Boston, and Newton of Newton, once each. They were defeated by the Wanatas of Brookline and Oneida of Boston, 4 times, and Hamilton and Morgan of Boston, and Black Hawk and Newton of Newton, once each. Their highest score in a game was 68 and lowest 3, the highest and lowest of their opponents being 66 and 5. Their most in an innings was 26 against 17. They scored 826 runs against 720, being an average of 26 to 22; 7 clubs forfeited games to the Orientals—Hamilton, Erie, Victor, Mount Vernon and Latin School (4th class) of Boston, and Wanata and Eagle of Brookline. Their tie games were with the Alert of Boston, and Wanata of Brookline:—

Players.	Matches	Outs	Average	Runs	Average	Left on Bases	Home Runs	Blank Scores	Clean Scores	Leading Scores	Fly Catches	Foul Bound Catches	Catches on Strikes	Run Out	Put Out on Bases	Total Put Out	Average Put Out	Assisted	Double Plays
Edgerby, l f	22	79	3-5	105	4-7	6	7	1	1	6	28	1	3	5	32	69	3	69	4
Chase, c	19	30	1-6	142	7-9	16	13	0	5	9	61	67	18	7	41	174	9	23	2
Hunt, r f	12	29	2-5	47	3-9	8	0	2	1	1	2	0	4	1	7	14	1	13	0
Newman, s s	12	18	1-5	29	2-5	14	3	4	3	1	11	6	1	0	4	22	2	26	2
Twichell, 3d b	11	40	3-6	57	5-2	10	3	2	0	1	9	13	6	1	13	42	4	7	0
Homer, 1st b	11	55	5-0	73	6-9	5	0	0	0	1	4	0	0	0	44	48	4	24	0
Short, 1st b	8	16	2-0	21	2-5	3	2	0	1	4	7	3	0	0	35	45	6	6	0
Williams, 2d b	8	45	5-5	42	5-2	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	13	13	1	14	0
Lincoln, 2d b	8	30	3-7	17	2-1	1	0	2	0	1	5	2	0	1	5	11	1	6	0
Dana, 3d b	7	14	2-	7	1-	6	0	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	6	0
Reaney, c f	7	16	2-4	12	1-8	3	0	1	0	1	3	0	1	0	0	4	0	1	0
Don, c	6	23	3-50	16	2-66	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	2	6	1	7	0
Cotting, 1st b	5	8	1-60	8	1-60	6	1	2	1	0	6	3	2	0	20	31	6	4	0
Tyler, p	5	4	0-80	19	4-80	4	0	0	3	1	3	0	0	0	1	4	1	7	0
Hardy, 3d b	5	15	3-	13	2-60	4	0	1	0	0	5	0	0	0	4	9	2	5	1
Thompson, 1st b	5	17	3-20	25	5-	5	0	1	0	0	2	1	2	0	23	28	5	3	0
Morton, p	5	12	2-40	8	1-60	2	1	3	1	1	11	1	0	0	7	19	4	9	0
Substitutes, 37	68	162	2-45	154	2-90	23	7	15	6	7	29	8	5	3	90	135	2	87	7

AVERAGE OF INNINGS.

Oriental.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Number of games	32	32	32	32	32	21	14	12	10
Runs each inning	129	161	131	93	86	60	39	62	23
Blanks "	6	5	3	9	9	5	3	1	1
Most runs "	15	19	17	13	26	12	9	17	5
Double figures	4	5	5	2	1	4	0	2	0
Opp.	**1st**	**2d**	**3d**	**4th**	**5th**	**6th**	**7th**	**8th**	**9th**
Number of games	32	32	32	32	32	21	14	12	10
Runs	94	82	145	103	90	60	48	41	46
Blanks	7	7	3	4	6	5	4	0	1
Most runs	19	9	14	9	12	9	13	10	10
Double figures	1	0	5	0	3	0	1	1	2

	Oriental.	Opp.		Oriental.	Opp.
Runs	826	720	Foul catches	86	87
Left on bases	119	144	Catches on strikes	44	44
Home runs	37	35	Ball play	325	343
Clean scores	22	28	Double plays	16	12
Blank scores	41	41	Run out	19	6
Fly catches	188	167			

THE WANATA B. B. C. OF BROOKLINE.

The Wanata played 7 games during 1868, winning 5, losing 1, and having 1 tie. The clubs they defeated were the Oriental of Brookline 4 times, and Oneida of Boston once; being beaten by the Hamiltons of Boston, and having 1 tie game with the Orientals of Brookline. In these games they made 222 runs against 135, being an average of 32 runs to 20. Their highest score was 44, and lowest 12; their opponents figures being 47 and 3:—

Players.	Games	Outs	Average	Runs	Average	Home runs	Clean scores	Blank scores	Leading scores
Page, 2d b	7	10	1-43	32	4-60	0	2	0	3
W. Tyler, c	6	9	1-50	26	4-33	0	2	0	3
A. Wellman, 1st b	5	12	2-40	26	5-40	0	1	0	2
Briggs, 3d b	5	13	2-60	17	3-40	1	0	0	0
Lincoln, s s	4	12	3-00	10	2-50	0	1	0	1
H. Tyler, p	4	15	3-75	11	2-75	0	1	0	1
Cotting, l f	4	9	2-25	8	2-00	1	0	0	0
Williams, c f	3	11	3-66	7	2-25	0	0	0	0
F. Wellman, r f	3	7	2-33	13	4-33	0	0	0	1
Substitutes	19	48	2-50	53	2-75	1	2	2	2

FOREST CITY CLUB, OF CLEVELAND.

The crack club, of Cleveland, the Forest City, played 23 games during the past season, winning 12 and losing 11. The total number of runs made was 578, an average of 25 and 3 over to a game. The following tables show the batting and fielding scores for the season, and the averages of those who participated in 5 games and over:—

Players.	BATTING SCORE. Games Played In	Outs	Average	Runs	Average	Left on Bases	Home Runs	Out on Fouls	Out on Bases	Out on Flies	Clean Scores	FIELDING SCORE. Flies Caught	Fouls Caught and Out on 3 Strikes	Put out on Bases	Assisting in Base Play	Muffed Flies	Other Muffs
J. White	23	63	2-17	73	3-4	11	7	14	26	20	1	45	48	11	35	15	3
H. Brown	20	57	2-19	60	3-1	6	4	17	18	18	1	12	3	17	25	10	35
Smith	21	58	2-16	60	4-19	11	4	14	29	9	1	33	32	2	54	10	10
L. White	7	24	2-3	18	2-4	5	1	5	5	14	0	5	0	3	2	0	1
Sheffield	8	32	2-3	18	2-1	0	1	4	11	6	0	8	0	0	6	5	4
Clarke	14	35	2-1	43	3-1	6	0	9	19	6	0	11	115	1	2	13	[illegible]
Taylor	6	20	3-2	16	2-2	6	0	5	6	7	9	0	9	7	2	0	1
Herse	17	50	2-16	46	2-12	6	8	19	25	13	0	14	7	6	0	6	2
Branch	17	56	3-5	46	2-15	8	7	26	17	0	1	6	0	15	6	4	1
C. Brown	16	32	2	51	3-5	8	2	8	11	12	0	15	0	1	15	3	8
Hanna	14	38	2-5	38	2-5	11	0	8	22	5	1	15	0	34	35	4	8
Burt	14	37	2-9	43	3-1	6	0	9	16	9	1	21	0	3	1	3	2
Johnson	10	30	3	27	2-7	4	0	4	21	5	1	7	0	20	29	2	9

OLYMPIC CLUB, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Olympic Club, of Providence, the Junior Champions of "little Rhody," was organized April, 1867. They played seven games during the season of 1867, and won them all. This season they have played eight games, of which they won six and lost two, making in all fifteen match games played in two seasons, of which they won thirteen and lost two. The Olympics scored in the fifteen games played, a total of 638 runs against 331 for their opponents, giving an average of 42 runs to a game and 8 over, and 22 runs and 1 over for their opponents. Their highest score in a game was 78, and their lowest 23, the highest and lowest score of their opponents being 42 and 5. The Olympics won the Championship Oct. 9th, 1867, and have retained it against four clubs since that time, and the season closing Oct. 28th, they will hold that title during the winter. Below are the averages of those who have played four games and over this season:—

Players	Matches.	Outs.	Avgs.	Runs.	Avgs.
Greene, 2d b	5	16	3-1	23	4-3
Wood, 1st b	5	16	3-1	22	4-2
Calder, p	4	8	0-2	21	5-1
Ward, c f	5	14	2-4	23	4-3
Magee, c	5	7	1-2	29	5-4
O'Rielly, 3d b	5	17	3-2	21	4-1
Hart, s s	5	12	2-2	24	5-3
Pidge, l f	6	16	2-4	27	4-3
Burbanks, r f	6	25	4-1	23	3-5

PLAYING AT THE AGRICULTURAL STATE FAIR, ALABAMA.

A game was played at Pickett Springs Park, four miles from Montgomery, on the shell road, for the handsome prizes offered through the Agricultural Fair by Captain G. L. Werth. Both clubs presented short nines, more especially the losers, and who, moreover, played the two last innings with but eight men, the absentee being their fine catcher, Hannon, but who was unable to play in that position during the game, one of the 2d nine being substituted. The elegant badge offered by the committee should have brought forth some tall throwing, and the two contestants entering had previously thrown a long way over 300 feet; but when, after the distance had been announced, two or three throwists, who had considerably beaten it in returning the ball, desired to test their muscle, they were ruled out by the committee. The game was poorly played throughout, the softness of the ground, freshly ploughed and only rolled, adding much thereto, the heavy batting of Pearsall, and a magnificent running catch by Miller, serving to enliven it a little. After the game premiums were awarded as follows:—Best club, Montgomery gilt ball; best catcher, A. F. Penwall, belt; best pitcher, W. Hogan, Regulation Ball; best baseman, W. D. Lahey, B. B. shoes; best short stop, J. Safford, belt; best fielder, S. P. Miller, B. B. cap; best batsman' A. F. Pearsall, spring bat; best runner, 19½ seconds, A. T. Maxwell, set of spikes; longest throw, 278 feet, W K. Jones, silver medal. The following is the score of the game:—

MONTGOMERY.	H. L.	R.	CAPITOL CITY.	H. L.	R.
W. Hogan, p	3	2	Cameron, p	0	3
M. Hogan, 2d b	3	5	Patrick, c	2	2
Pearsall, c	1	5	Taul, 1st b	0	3
Miller, l f	3	5	Dexter, l f	1	3
Maxwell, r f	1	5	Jones, r f	2	1
Washburne, c f	1	5	Hardwick, c f	3	1
Foster, s s	0	6	Safford, s s	2	0
Lahey, 1st b	2	3	Offutt, 3d b	3	0
Williams, 3d b	3	3	Hannon, 2d b	4	0
Total		37	Total		15

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Montgomery	2	3	14	12	6	—37
Capitol City	3	5	1	1	5	—15

BATTING IN GEORGIA.

The Oglethorp and Chatham Clubs of Savannah, Ga., played a match on Thanksgiving Day in presence of probably the largest crowd that ever assembled on a ball ground in that vicinity. The former won by the appended large score:—

OGLETHORPE.	H. L.	R.	CHATHAM.	H. L.	R.
Cass, 1st b	5	5	Schwenck, c f	2	2
A. Haywood, c. f	3	6	Winkler, s s	0	3
King, l f	1	9	McEvoy, c	2	3
Ross, 2d b	2	8	Burk, Jr., l f	4	1
J. R. Einstein, 3d b	1	6	Smith, 1st b	3	2
Neidlinger, c	1	8	Stewart, p	1	1
Dasher, p	2	3	Wickham, 2d b	1	1
Coulder, r f	7	1	Burk, Sr., 2d b	3	0
S. A. Einstein, s s	0	7	Mahan, r f	3	2
Total		48	Total		15

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Oglethorpe	0	4	13	5	11	5	5	3	—48
Chatham	1	1	0	0	1	1	5	5	—15

Flies caught—Oglethorpe, 8; Chatham, 2. Double plays—Oglethorpe 2, Chatham, 1. Home runs—King 1. Umpire—W. F. Ma_. Time of game—Two hours and a half.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

PROSECUTION FOR BASTARDY.

In Cincinnati recently, Henry Burlew, a well known tobacco merchant of that city, was tried on the charge of being the cause of an illegitimate child to Annie Donnelly. We compile a short account from the *Commercial*:—

The State on the relation of Annie Donnelly vs. Henry Burlew. This was a prosecution under the Bastardy Act, the plaintiff charging the defendant, who is a wholesale tobacco merchant of this city, as being the father of her illegitimate child, a male infant, born on the 1st of July last, and alleged to have been begotten on the 1st of October, 1867. The case seemed to create considerable interest by the number of spectators present at the trial, which took place before Judge Murdock and a jury.

During the empanneling of the jury, one party called was excused, and Deputy Sheriff Thomas was ordered to fill the pannel.

Deputy Sheriff Thomas endeavored to excuse himself by stating that an individual had approached him in a way that he considered improper, suggesting that he should put certain persons on the jury that would be pointed out to him.

The Court told the sheriff that the law provided only one mode for filling the pannel, and directed him to discharge his duty in the usual way, and if any improper approaches were made to him, the Court would protect him, and take the proper course to vindicate the law.

[From a statement made privately, afterward, by Mr. Thomas, it appears that the individual who made the suggestion to him, told him "there was money in it;" but he was immediately repelled by Mr. Thomas, who told him that he was not the man to be addressed in that way.]

The plaintiff is fair complexioned, sharp featured, with an intelligent expression of countenance, and is rather below the middle height. Her age appeared to be about twenty years. She testified that she became acquainted with defendant in the month of July last. She was at that time hired as a waiting girl at the Metropolitan Hotel, opposite to the defendant's store, and where he took his dinners. She became acquainted with him by means of notes sent her in which he requested to meet her. On becoming acquainted he represented that he was a single man. He took her to a house that he said was his, on Dayton street, and there prevailed on her to consent to his wishes. Afterward they had frequent meetings at the same house, and at his office. This continued down to last spring. Her child was born in October, and was named after the defendant.

The defendant was examined. He admitted the acquaintance and the sending of the notes, but denied having had any intercourse with the plaintiff during the month of September or October. His attentions to his family prevented his meeting her during that time; he did not recollect meeting her in November, but did meet her in December; visited a house on Fourth street in her company.

Frank Bechman, a young man, about twenty-one years of age, in the employ of the defendant, testified that about the 1st of October, and subsequently, he had himself intercourse with the plaintiff. He said he volunteered his evidence without the influence of the defendant.

Samuel Kieger testified that he had seen Bechman and Annie together on the street, and on one occasion saw them coming out of a house of ill repute on George street. He was with Burlew at that time, and the latter said to Annie, "This is treating me very badly, after charging me with being the father of your child." She begged him to excuse her that time, and not to expose her.

—— Brecount examined. Saw the plaintiff going into a house of bad reputation, in the fall, on Fourth street. There was some one in her company, but could not tell who it was.

Annie Donnelly, the plaintiff, was recalled. She denied being with Bechman anywhere. She produced a letter of defendant, which he shook at her from his store and then sent the porter over with it. The other letters were destroyed by her sister, together with a photograph he had given her. He never gave her money.

Mrs. Brittingham testified that during a conversation at her house, before the birth of the child, defendant admitted his acquaintance with Annie, and did not deny being the father of the child

The case went to the jury at about 4 o'clock. At 7 o'clock they were called into Court and stated they were unable to agree,

The Court said the case was of too much importance to discharge them without their making a further effort to agree. They would be discharged, however, until the following (this) morning at 9½ o'clock, when they could resume their deliberations. They were cautioned against conversing with any body about the case in the meantime.

The next morning the jury returned a verdict in favor of the young lady of $700.

A BIGAMIST ON HIS TRAVELS.

SING SING, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1868.

On Thursday, 26th ult., a man appeared in the quiet village of East Tarrytown, N. Y., who gave his name as Cunningham, representing that he had purchased a farm in the neighborhood, belonging to a widow named Cunningham, and also that he had deposited with a real estate agency in New York the sum of $1,000 as an installment on the property and as an evidence of his good faith in the transaction, and that he was on a visit to his possessions, and as he had determined to take up his abode among them, he was desirous of becoming acquainted with those who were to be his future neighbors. By his fine words and clever manners he gained the good graces of a respectable but unsuspecting farmer living in the neighborhood, who, in an unguarded moment, introduced Cunningham into his family, and whose house he made his home. In selection of the stock for the farm he seemed to be very particular, and visited the different farmers, selecting the best of their cattle, &c., and ordered the same to be sent to the farm of the hospitable farmer, but omitted to pay for them. On Sunday he went to church, also to Sunday School, and was anxious to get an introduction to the Superintendent. His wish being gratified, he addressed the school, giving a sketch of his life as he would have them believe it to have been. On that Sunday evening he proved himself well satisfied with the neighborhood by marrying the daughter of his host. Then came the purchasing of stoves, furniture, &c., which he ordered to be sent to his father-in-law's residence, not paying for either. As the Tuesday following was the day for Cunningham to appear before the widow lady and the estate agent in New York to pay the balance of the money on the farm, he took his departure for the city, appointing a place where he would meet the widow and her agent, who waited there all day for his coming, but he never made his appearance. He is next heard from at Poughkeepsie, reaching there the next day after. At noon he started for New Paltz, on the opposite side of the river, taking passage in the New Paltz and Poughkeepsie stage. In the stage, also, was a young lady, 22 years of age, who resides near New Paltz, and who was then on her way home. Cunningham soon opened a conversation with her, representing himself to be a returned Californian, on his way to Ulster county to buy land. All went along swimmingly with the villain, the lady in question becoming so captivated with him that at the end of the journey he was invited to call and see her that evening at her residence. Before he did so, however, he mixed in with the honest folks of the neighborhood, to whom he also told the story of his being a returned Californian in search of land to purchase in Ulster County, and soon ingratiated himself in their favor. Shortly after supper he proceeded to the residence of the young lady in question, and some time during the evening popped the question, was accepted and was married the next morning. He at once proceeded to a hotel in New Paltz and engaged board for himself and wife for three weeks, after which he started again for Poughkeepsie after a trunk belonging to his new wife, she sending him. Reaching the latter place he proceeded to the house where the trunk was, opened it and took therefrom a suit of clothes belonging to a male relative of his second victim and left for parts unknown, taking with him, also, $30 of his new wife's money. It is supposed he has gone to other towns on the Hudson to resume his devilish work. He is thirty-five years of age, about five feet ten inches high, dark complexion, heavy head of dark curly hair, and has a downcast look; also wears a small reddish moustache and chin whiskers. On one of his little fingers is a heavy gold ring which he is unable to remove.

Since the above was written the villain has again turned up. On Friday last he visited the residence of John Laird, a farmer in Pleasant Valley, Duchess County, who has a son in California. There he gave his name as White, and informed Mr. Laird that he knew his son well. whereupon an interesting conversation took place, and Cunningham, *alias* White, was soon on good terms with Mr. Laird's family. On Saturday he negotiated for the purchase of two farms, and on Sunday was introduced to the Pleasant Valley Sabbath School, when he addressed the children. In the meantime he had paid his addresses to Mr. Laird's daughter, and on Sunday night offered her his hand in marriage. She, however, wisely refused, not admiring such a hasty step. On Monday he stated he was going to Poughkeepsie to buy a wagon, and on Tuesday left for parts unknown.—*N. Y. Times, Dec. 5th.*

A RESIGNED GERMAN.

The Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, the other day, contained an item relating how an excited Prussian drew his money from the bank, because he did not think it safe there, and had it stolen from him. We hear to-day of another of his countrymen, who was even more unfortunate. The man and his wife did not live on the best of terms, she believing that it would be better for her to keep their savings than to put them into the bank, which was liable to break at any moment. The man had different ideas, and kept adding to his savings, day by day, until he had a certificate for $650, all his own. Many a time and oft the good lady endeavored to convince her husband how much better it would be to have the money in the house than to trust it to the bank, but she was unsuccessful. The other day, however, she drew her husband's attention to the matter—told him how banks failed, and what danger there was in leaving his money there. She would have failed had not a neighbor, in whose judgment the man had confidence, come in while they were talking, and exhibiting his money, related how he had withdrawn it from the bank, at the same time advising the man to go and do likewise without delay. His fears somewhat excited, the man did so. He determined that his wife should not have the benefit of it, and drawing the money he took it home, and when he thought no one was looking, hid it in an old boot, the package being carefully wrapped up. The man then went from home to attend to his business, and returned to find his wife from home. He went at once to the boot, but the package was there, and then he thought his better half had gone to a neighbor's. At night when he returned home, the wife was still absent, and upon making a close examination, he found that although a package still remained in the boot, the money was gone. Then he felt doubts and misgivings. Search was made for the wife, but she was nowhere to be found, and no tidings could be heard of her, until a neighbor recollected seeing the woman and the same man who had recommended the drawing of the money, go off together. Further investigation showed the man that his wife and the neighbor had made arrangements some days before to elope together, and had only waited until they could secure the money from the husband. Obtaining this, they were not very long in setting out on their flight. The man at once made complaint to an officer, and the telegraph was put to work, it being supposed that the two had gone to Chicago; but in the afternoon the deserted husband, who had overcome his excitement entirely and was as cool as a cucumber, came to the officer, and very philosophically declared:—"I tink you do nothinge apout dat moneye—you lets him go. I tinks him all over, unt I says de moneye pese gone, unt dat pese goot. I tinks first I takes de moneys pack, uct I lets de old womans go, put I tink now it pees too pad for Hans—he takes de old womans, unt I tinks he takes de moneys too, put I tinks he makes a tam pad bargain mit em poth. I is satisfied pees he, unt I tinks I say notings only burrah, py dam, unt I tinks when Hans he spends de moneys, unt de old woman goes off mit somebody else, den Hans he say burrah too, py dam—dat's what I tinks." And having thus spoken his piece, the man went off highly pleased with himself and the world's usage of him.

LEGITIMATE AND ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN IN EUROPE.—A reliable statistician gives the following comparisons between the four principal cities of Europe—London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. The greatest number of legitimate children are born in London; the smallest in Paris. Vienna stands foremost in illegitimate births; London has the least. Most marriages take place in Berlin; the fewest in Vienna. Still-born children are most numerous in Paris; least numerous in Vienna. Paris has the greatest density of population; London the least. Berlin consumes the least quantity of meat; London by far the greatest.

Holloway's Pills.—The only peculiar to females may be effectually prevented by the timely use of Holloway's Pills; such is the experience of humanity in all climes and countries; one trial will prove the fact.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Jas. H. Mulligan, 2,	Chas. Atwood,	Silas Soules,
Seneca Wright,	"Band Wagon,"	Lew Wilson,
Dan Morris,	Harry Macarthy,	Wm. Lake,
John Blum,	Dan Keun,	E. H. Brink,
James T. Fanning,	Geo. W. Riddell,	T. H. Jefferson, 2,
C. Sands,	Lew Wilson,	Geo. Marcellus,
Cool Burgess,	Charlie Thorne,	Hernandez Foster,
Albert Cassiday,	D. C. La Rue,	Wm. C. Morgan,
Adam Forepaugh,	C. H. Matthews,	Fred Berger,
Billy West,	W. S. Andrews,	Harry Richmond,
George Lea, 2,	Fred O'Brian,	James Collins,
W. S. Andrews,	Harry Hale,	A. B. Chase,
Asa Cushman,	D. O. Hunter,	Andy Leavitt,
J. W. Lanergan,	J. L. Debonay,	Sam Barth,
Geo. Dahle,	E. S. Rosenthal,	Gonsalvo Bishop,
J. N. Drew, 2,	Bidwell & Locke,	Sutton Bros.,
Levi Gaylord,	Albert Knos,	Frank Whitcher,
Sig. Farante,	W. W. Pound,	C. E. Collins,
W. J. Ferguson,	J. B. Williams,	W. H. Vershay,
J. B. Murphy,	N. C. Forrester,	Mark Brooke,
Lee Powell,	Frank Carpenter,	Saul Ser Trew,
Warren Richards,	J. T. Gulick,	Robert Nickle,
Clarence Brutus,	C. H. Morris,	W. A. Rouse,
Hank Mudge,	L. Delevante,	John Pendy,
Mr. Eckhardt,	Alfred Ireland, 10c.,	Prof. Wyman,
Jerry Cohen,	J. M. French,	W. W. Wilton,
W. W. Fowler,	J. Cozswell,	Yankee Robinson,
Mr. Levy,	Prof. Hartz,	Thayer & Noyes,
George Edwards,	Wm. Hanlon,	Dan Castello,
A. B. Newcomb,	Chas. Slocum,	Stone & Murray,
B. R. Maginley,	James Roome, 10c.,	Miss E. Fitzsimmons,
J. P. Smith,	Charlie Parker,	Emily Rundle,
Mlle. Carolista,	Fanny Prestige,	Georgie Spaulding,
Clara Walters,	Mary Woodruff,	Susie Parker,
Elmira Johnston,	Frankie La Folle,	Leona Cavender,
Lizzete Le Fevre, 2,	Edie Whitter,	Mrs. Almee,
Webb Sisters,	Annie Evarts,	Kitty Fyffe,
Flora Weston,	Edith Whitney,	Miss Sivester.
Matilda Heron,	Flora Weston, 2,	

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 7, '68.

AN UNAVOIDABLE absence from the city—an absence rendered necessary by the critical condition of Gen. Grant in his endeavors to flank the combined political armies who were trying to mould him to their purpose—compelled us to leave this department in the hands of a party by the name of "Our Jim." *How* he has conducted it in our absence, we leave the public to judge. That he transcended his duties to a certain extent is transparent to every reader, in so far as he made public certain private correspondence of our own with which he nor the reader had nothing to do; correspondence which was written for our own eye. His jokes were as good as he is capable of making when he is left to himself; his best efforts are those made under our own supervision. However, he has done the best he could do under the circumstances; since our return he has been confined to his attic room with a rheumatic attack, but is now convalescent, and will be found at his post to-day, as engineer of our poetic machine, of which he is the master mind, if he does not always *his* master mind...... The political cauldron has ceased to bubble, and the author of the introduction to "Humpty Dumpty" is our new Mayor. We shall give him our earnest support, as we do to all successful candidates. If there is anything repugnant to our high sense of honor and justice, it is that of associating with a defeated aspirant for office. No matter what may have been our friendly relations before the close of the contest, no matter how hard we may have worked for him, the moment that man is defeated in his greed for political position, that moment do we shake him as we shake the dust and cinders from our coat after a ride on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. We would make some comical allusion to Oakey Hall, but the ground has been already so completely gone over, the name has been so turned and twisted by every wittist in the city, in their efforts to elucidate a pun, that we turn with loathing and horror from the subject, and wash our hands of the hallucination. Jimmy, exert your feeble efforts, and grind out a few lines on

OUR NEW MAYOR.

Humpty Dumpty's Oakey Hall,
A Hall that ne'er yet had a fall,
For all the voters in our land
Made him for our new Mayor stand.

......"The melancholy days have"—no, we mean, "the dark days before Christmas" are about upon us, but we have heretofore kept dark upon the subject, not wishing to break unwelcome news to our light-hearted readers. But there is no denying it now; for December is here, with its icy breath and bluff old gales. Rude Boreas is ruder than ever; in fact, he is on a regular blow out, just like that our old uncle Jeb was on the night he visited New York for the first time, and, in his verdant innocence, was induced to blow out the gas when he went to bed, which nearly made a cold corpus of him before morning. Speaking of bluff old Boreas, a friend at our elbow suggests that it was at a bluff party that one of the players, noticing Boreas slip an extra ace in his coat sleeve, exclaimed—

"Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer."

Yes, soon will be heard the merry laugh and song of the skaters as they go skimming o'er the "fettered flood," making a pretty accompaniment with the jingle of their skates; and anon Harlem Lane will resound with the music of the sleigh bells; and the gay boys, with their lively sallies and other female accompaniments, will go it as they speed along their fast nags and faster girls. Well, there's a time for all things, Japhet in search of his father once remarked, and let us improve the coming holiday times by enjoying ourselves and making glad the hearts of those whose empty cupboards and fireless stoves tell the sad tale of misery and woe. Let us all, in the festive season now at hand, "remember the poor."......We have pugilistic rings, corn cornering rings, Erie rings, gold rings, whiskey rings, and all sorts of rings, but the latest ring, the ring that has the ring of a master hand about it, is an "Emerald Ring;" not a "Fairy circle," by the way, but a ring which, it is hoped, will bind many hearts and hands together in appreciation and applause. The ring we refer to is the "Emerald" recently presented to Barney Williams by John Brougham. Jimmy, grease the crank, and ring us out a stanza on

THE WEE-RING OF THE GREEN;
OR, EMERALD RING.
Price $3,000.

At Barney Williams' show, the time
For his new play is nearing,
The time when Brougham's "*Emerald Ring*"
Will be allowed an *ear-ring.*
About it this one thing we'll *broach:*
The players not forgetting—
If they're a *set* of actors good,
The "Ring" will have good *setting.*

"Our Jim"—who, like the colored troops, fought bravely during the last war, says that he don't believe in all this talk about hanging "Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree," for, says Jim, "maytent he a' been a tool in the hands of others? Therefore I go ded agin hangin' of 'im, for I'm ever been opposed to the *execution of instruments;* indeed I think it would be a bad *dede*, tho' I'm free to acnoldg that it would be a fuss rate way of puttin' a *seal* on a feller."......At some of the theatres things go on swimmingly; at others, business is a trifle off. We begin to think we have rather more places of amusement in this city than we need, or can properly support. All told, we have about seventeen regular theatres, minstrel halls, etc., to say nothing of places of minor note, where *occasional* entertainments are given. This is a large list for a city of one million inhabitants. The increase of such places is rather in excess of the comparative increase of our population; and as our general trade interests have been somewhat depressed of late, it is not surprising that our theatres and amusement halls should experience a falling off in business compared with previous years. The patronage formerly bestowed upon a dozen places is now divided among seventeen—some, therefore, must suffer, if not go to the wall altogether. Those houses which give the best performances, at reasonable rates of admission, will meet with favor; while those whose managers consider mediocre performers and entertainments sufficient equivalent for the high tariff placed upon tickets, will find it a very difficult matter to attract the public. We shall be pleased to chronicle the success of every establishment in the city; but we fear the spring will not open upon us without finding some of our managers in a "very perplexing predicament," if not in "Queer street," as the rough and ready boys have it. In addition to the places already in operation in this city, three more will shortly be opened—Brougham's and Booth's Theatres, and Palmer and Jarrett's Alhambra, which will swell our list of regular resorts to twenty. This trio must already be coining money if the axiom is true that "silence is golden," for they maintain a studied quietness as to their intention......There are some things about our theatres, and also about the people belonging to them, that puzzle us amazingly, and about which and whom, and their peculiarities, we should like very much to know. We'll versify our ideas, and ask

WHERE DO THEY GO?

The stage is crammed with supers,
Or with ballet girls by scores;
There's scarcely room to move among
The fustian, gilt, and gauze.
Behind the scenes there's little room—
Now what we want to know
Is when, like lightning flash they leave
The stage, where *do* they go?

The music men play well and long—
When drawn the final bow,
They dive down through a little door;
Now, pray, where do *they* go?
A scene, as large as is the stage,
Will sink the stage below;
Is there some monstrous cavern there?
If not, where does it go?

A locomotive and two cars—
With speed by no means slow—
Will rush across the stage, and then—
Please tell us where they go.
Between the acts, when curtain falls,
The men, pell-mell, *away go;*
Returned, they smell of lemon peel—
Now, tell us, where do *they go?*

Ah! there are some curious things about theatres and churches and other places that it won't do to be too inquisitive about. We remember hearing of a couple of black people, once, who had been to hear a sermon about Jonah and the whale. Our colored brethren were attentive listeners to the discourse, but they did not get the hang of the thing, and both left the tabernacle fully impressed, from their understanding of the preacher's remarks, that, instead of the whale gulping down Jonah, Jonah had swallowed the whale. They discussed the sermon all the way home, did these two verdant sons of Ham, commending the genius of the preacher, at the same time that one of them was not altogether clear in his mind as to the performance of such an extraordinary feat as that ascribed to Jonah. And then ensued this dialogue:—

Old Man—Did dose sermon please you to-night, George?

George—Yes, ony I can't understan dat parabel 'bout Jonah. Does you hab intimate quaintance wid de precher?

Old Man—Ah, indeedy; I've sot under his preechin' dis many a year; dar's few collered men can lucidate scripture like bruder Beadwine; he's been froo and froo de book. Did you like 'um, George?

George—I like 'um well enough, but de most trubblesome part of dat serman was about Jonah and de whale. Dat knocks me. Now, see heah, Mr. Dalrymple, what is your 'pinion about dat matter? Do you bleeve Jonah ever swallowed dat whale?

Old Man—Well, George, I've looked over dat quesson a good deal myself, and I beleeve Jonah did really take down de whale, for in de olden times of de bible, de peepil *was hell for fish!*

......"Our Jim" is always on the outs with his sweethearts. He can never get along with any of them. A few weeks ago he caved in the head of Sarah Biddle, because she invited him to go to the theatre with her, and stuck him for two tickets. *He* imagined that she had got the tickets herself. Jim says that his girl once swore by his eyes and lips that what she said was true, and then, just because he asked her to "kiss the *book*," she gave him the nose bleed with a frying pan. Jeems will now, with the aid of the machine, give us a few lines on his experience on

GIVINGS AND TAKINGS.

He gave her a look, and she gave him a sigh;
Emboldened, he gave her a wink of his eye;
He gave her a kiss, and, though public the place,
She up and she gave him a slap in the face.

She took her umbrella; she took it alack!
She took it and laid it well over his back;
He took up his duds, you had better believe;
In a hurry he took them, and then took his leave.

......The following report of an indignation meeting which recently took place in this city is kindly furnished us by a member of the bar, and Bacchus is his name. We give the proceedings just as they occurred, without expressing an opinion either way, but merely remarking that if the complainants are right, the parties complained of *must* be wrong, and *vice versa*. But read for yourselves our special report of this

AN INDIGNATION MEETING ON OLYMPUS.

Jupiter discovered with his leg over the arm of his easy chair, reading the CLIPPER *and smoking. Hebe attending with a tray, bearing a glass of nectar. Juno reading a novel, en dishabille. Venus making her toilet. The rest of the gods and goddesses dispersedly. Great noise and confusion.*

JUPITER.—Heydey, heydey! what's all this fuss about?
Can't I in quiet spell my CLIPPER out?
You're worse than noisy children at a school.
Go, Mercury—see what breeds all this misrule.
MERCURY.—I know too well the cause, great Jove; in fact,
They've made me spokesman. To be more exact,
Your subjects murmur that of late a crew
Of graceless worldlings, lost what else to do,
Have ta'en to introducing on the stage
The heroes of the mythologic page—
Nay, more, impress our women, and burlesque
Our modes and habits *a la* picturesque.
JUPE.—A little harmless pleasantry, that's all.
MER.—But that I feared your ire on me to call,
I could say more.
JUPE.—Say on; our nerves are steeled.
MER.—Know, then, your household secrets are revealed;
And even our little frolics, spats and tiffs,
Our Tritons and our very hippogriffs,
They travesty—not sparing e'en yourself.
JUPE.—This is quite serious—and all for pelf!
APOLLO.—Some traitor's in the camp, who for a bribe
Reports the hidden mysteries of our tribe.
Give them their way, let them escape unshorn,
And our old prestige is forever gone.
Fancy your poor Apollo drest in tights,
And Orpheus, too—they've made of us such frights.
HERCULES.—Boy! men with beards should beat these rhyming churls;
Your singing graces best agree with girls
Know that my prowess finds them food for wit;
These limbs, that are so sumptuously knit,
That sculptors take their model from them yet,
They put to ridicule; my cherished calves
Turn wrong side foremost, ape my air by halves;
These thews and sinews, this protuberant chest,
With sawdust counterfeit, and hang a jest
Upon my very club. I mind the time
These points were magnified in Virgil's rhyme;
And men classed me among the deities.
Alas! and must I bear such jibes as these?
EMPHROSYNE (*one of the Three Graces*).—
Pray, what are you, such dignity to sham?
The Graces rank before you—*Place aux dames!*
Would you believe it—scores of earthborn nymphs
Who ne'er beyond earth's portals took a glimpse,
Pretend to charms that all concede to us,
Usurp our names, and, what is wuss and wuss,
'Tis said they mimic us so passing well
That all mankind are captured by their spell.
VENUS.—Your grievances are light compared with mine,
For all the world once worshipped at my shrine,
But now so many earthlings seek to vie
With my prerogatives, I can but sigh
To find my power departing.
BACCHUS.— Out, alas!
What had you done without the social glass?
Me they once pictured as a rosy sprite,
Rose crowned astride a barrel, two thirds tight;
Now I'm forsaken by my guiding star,
And rule my subjects from behind a bar.
PLUTO.—That's not so bad as my reverse by half,
These graceless mortals actually laugh
At me, whom once they feared and shrunk to meet.
Gods! to make fun of *me*—this can't be beat!
MARS.—I understand that in some foolish play
Got up to twit the follies of the day
They've used my name, and e'en the powers I wield
No more suffice my fame from wit to shield.
IXION.—They've got me, too, and cleverly 'tis said;
Would I might visit Wood's as a dead head—
I think he owes me a free pass at least.
JUPE.—What says our prime adviser and high priest?
URANUS.—A tempest in a tea kettle at best,
And to do justice, it must be confessed
We've given 'em provocation by our airs.
If our domestic life must be like theirs,
If we must fight and dabble in such things
As harass mortals whom the poet sings,
And let them know it, too, upon my word,
Their flings are justified, howe'er absurd.
CUPID.—A joke's a joke, but this one's hard to see;
A Prince of Intrigue they have made of me.
THALIA.—Let me for sister Muses say a word—
This is a case in which we should be heard.
In my opinion, there's much nonsense talked
By shallowpates, whose windpipes should be corked.
They say a little nonsense now and then
Is keenly relished by the best of men;
And even our class, who hold themselves aloof
From vulgar things, they saddle with reproof,
Have yet a lurking fondness for a joke,
And joy in song and dance as well as other folk.
If well-turned limbs were reckoned as a crime,
And lovely faces sinful, it were time
To arraign Nature's self, for doubly vile
Were she to tune our nerves to beauty's wile,
And setting first example, cast a snare,
Into which man may fall like any hare.
For our parts—and you'll find I've but exprest
The views of Terpsichore and the rest—
We've had a long connection with the stage,
And while we would not earnest warfare wage
With poor Melpomene, who's always glum,
We must insist that critics here be dumb;
Our task allotted was but to amuse,
And if we now and then some freedom use,
Believe it for the best, and let those blame that choose.
JUPITER.—Enough; the Court is satisfied—Hebe, pass the dipper.
(*Drinks.*) Talking's dry work. Hollo! who's stole my CLIPPER?

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS made her first appearance in this city as an actress at the Worrell Sisters Theatre on November 30th, as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," which impersonation she repeated on December 1st, followed on the 2d by "Romeo and Juliet;" 3d, "School for Scandal," and "Romeo and Juliet" on the 4th and 5th. She was welcomed by an enthusiastic, as well as one of the most select audiences seen in any theatre for a long time. It was an audience seldom seen in a theatre, and no doubt the name of Siddons was the cause of bringing many out, for it is a name that has long been identified with the stage. Then again Mrs. Siddons appeared a short time since as a reader, and made a most favorable impression. Throughout the week she was greeted by appreciative audiences. Mrs. Scott Siddons is a most pleasing actress. Her features are regular, and the upper part of her face finely expressive of terror or sorrow. It has that mixture of beauty and passion which is admired by all. The lower part of her face is not equally good. From a want of fulness or flexibility about the mouth, her laugh is not at all times pleasing. Her voice is distinct, powerful, and capable of necessary exertion. Her action is impressive and simple. She has a pair of the finest eyes the stage has ever seen. She looks the part she has to perform, and fills up the pauses in the words by the varied expressions of her countenance without anything artificial, pointed or far-fetched. Her great excellence is extreme natural sensibility; that is, she perfectly conceives and expresses what would be generally felt by the female mind in the extraordinary situations in which she is placed. In truth, in beauty and in that irresistible pathos which goes directly to the heart, she has few equals on our stage. Her byplay is excellently done and shows she understands her part well, and evinces careful cultivation. Her elocution is good and her soliloquies are rendered distinctly and carefully. She speaks rather too quick at times and seems to hurry through her scenes. She wants ease in her gestures and gracefulness in her walk. Her movements are angular, and her arms are thrown about in a manner which is more apt to excite mirth than elicit admiration. Her Rosalind was a most satisfactory performance. The character is made up of sportive gaiety and natural tenderness; her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath only to get deeper in love. The coquetry with which she plays with her lover, in the double character which she has to support, is managed with the nicest address. How full of voluble laughing grace is all her conversation with Orlando. How full of real fondness and pretended cruelty is her answers to him when he promises to love her. She was infinitely better as the witty and ladylike Rosalind, than as the youthful Ganymede. She gave with great effect the passage "The little strength which I have, I would it were with you!" addressed to Orlando. She appears to have a very good idea of the character, and gives much effect to its poignant satire and luxuriant fancy. In the first scene of the third act she was unusually excellent—the wit of Rosalind seemed to be the creation of her own imagination. The silent and retired character of Celia is a necessary relief to the provoking loquacity of Rosalind, nor can anything be better conceived or more beautifully described than the mutual affection between the two cousins. Mrs. Siddons was but poorly supported. Charles Kemble Mason's Jaques was made up of many faults and very few beauties; a school boy would have recited "The Seven Ages" as creditably. It was given in starts and jerks of a force pump order. Orlando was personated by J. K. Mortimer with ability; though by no means what it should be. Touchstone is a character in its way as excellent as Jaques—the last moralizes like one of education and attainment; the other with bluntness and unpolished manners, though with not the least truth. In Mr. Davidge's hands it was not a success nor a failure, for while he was clever in one scene he was tame in others. Blanche Gray was satisfactory as Celia, entering into the part with her whole soul. Mr. Hind as Corin, and H. Ryner as Adam, required the aid of the prompter too often, so did Kemble Mason. Mrs. Wright is too "healthy" in appearance for the part of Audrey, her very appearance causing roars of laughter. James Dunn sang "Blow, blow, thou Wintry Wind," and "Under the Greenwood Tree," with considerable satisfaction, and deservedly received an *encore*. The *role* of Juliet is a pure effusion of nature. It has all the exquisite voluptuousness of youthful innocence. There is not the slightest appearance of coquetry, no sentimental languor, no meretricious assumption of fondness to take her lover by surprise; it is one of perfect truth and sweetness. It is frank as it is modest. The very soul of the fair Capulet seemed in her utterance of "My beauty is as boundless as the sea." It was as true to nature as in the passage. She was as exquisitely tender in the balcony scene when she bids Romeo "Do not swear at all." But, if possible, more so, when he says "he would he were her bird," she replies, "Sweet, so would I!" In fact, the entire scene was the best rendered we have witnessed in a long time. The *naivete* she displayed in coaxing the old Nurse was admirable. The heroic spirit of the luckless maiden was developed with fidelity in the scene with Friar Lawrence, at the commencement of the fourth act, but this scene was somewhat marred in consequence of Mrs. Siddons having to prompt Mr. Ryner, the Friar. In the silent expression of feeling, we have seldom witnessed anything finer than her acting where she is told of Romeo's death, her listening to the Friar's story of the poison, and her change of manner towards her Nurse when she advises her to marry Paris; but when about to swallow the poison she astonished all by those emanations of genius she at times exhibits, as powerful as they are original. One would have supposed the ghost of Tybalt was really before her—her look—the wildness of her appearance, and her arms thrown out as if to interpose a barrier between Romeo and his purpose, while she drank the potent liquid, all impressed the spectator with the idea she had drawn his figure in the "thin air." She gave peculiar prominence to the last scene. When awakening from the trance, the glazed appearance of her vacant eye betrayed no consciousness of the artifice of the scene, and the gradual return of life, and to sense and recollection, was as ably depicted. Mr. Mortimer was as cold, *unlover-like* a representative of Romeo as we have ever seen. We failed to detect the impassioned and gallant Romeo, whose "silver tones pierced the hollow of our ears like the echoes of an angel's lyre." Graceful in his deportment, and correct in his delivery, he repeated what was set down for him, sans ardor, sans passion, sans everything that should distinguish the fervid lover. Mr. Harkins' Mercutio was far beyond our expectations, and he never slackened the spirits and gaiety identified with the character. Mrs. Wright as the Nurse, and Mrs. Ryner as Lady Capulet, were fair to middling. Mr. Parsloe, as Peter, nearly ruined the scene where the Nurse bids Romeo to hie to Juliet, by his buffoonery. A large and discriminating audience assembled to witness "The School for Scandal," which, as a fanciful and exquisite embodiment and reflex of the brilliancy and profligateness of the age in which it was written, was without a cotemporaneous rival, and which, as a mere literary and dramatic production, stands immeasurably above all modern efforts of a similar character. With all suitable respect for the discrimination and acquirements of Mrs. Siddons, we think she has not altogether properly conceived the character of Lady Teazle. She is not so much the woman of fashion as not to have some remains for her rustic education, for she has only been married seven months. Her errors are those of the head and not of the heart. Ashamed of the secluded life she once led, on her entrance into the fashionable world she launches into the whirlpool of folly and dissipation with a head as light as her heart, hoping, by her notoriety, to banish from her recollection the irksome ... of her maidenhood. There were times, however, that Mrs. Siddons deserved great encomiums. She was, perhaps, most felicitous in the celebrated screen scene. She would undoubtedly have been more praiseworthy had the different parts in the piece been supported properly. Mr. Harkins was solemn and dull as Joseph, and missed many of the side points. Joseph, as depicted by him, is as much out of character with the society and the times in which he lived, as wearing no powder was at variance with the costume. Mr. Gossin as Sir Benjamin was the fool of the piece. Sir Benjamin was the very acme of a beau; he wasn't a monkey, nor should his manners be the exaggeration of refinement and conceit. His actions really make a person nervous all the time he is on the stage. He had not the least idea of the part he attempted to play. Mr. Davidge's Sir Peter was on the whole a fair performance. His Sir Peter has more intelligence than simplicity, more strength than weakness, more love for his wife than compassion for himself. Mr. Mortimer had at times the spirit of the man as Charles; but was without the spirit of age. It was only a fair interpretation of the character. Mr. Ryner's Sir Oliver was tolerable. He was not perfect in the words and gave many false ones which spoiled the spirit of the dialogue. Mr. Hind's Crabtree was not a good performance. Mr. Egbert as Rowley was fair. Mrs. Wright, as Lady Snarwell, looked and acted in every other way than such a person would. Blanche Grey was very pleasing as Maria, while Mrs. Wilkins was the Mrs. Candour of the evening. Excepting Mrs. Siddons, Blanche Grey, and Mr. Davidge, no one else in the cast appeared to have the least conception of the character assigned them, nor did they know their parts. We have attended amateur performances of some of our dramatic associations, but we have yet to witness a more disgraceful performance than was this. In the first place those only competent to play small parts were cast for leading characters. The scenery was common place, costumes out of character, and, excepting the three parties mentioned above, all required the aid of the prompter from the opening scene to the tag. They did not appear to have given their characters any study whatever. In the second scene, first act, there was a dead silence for a minute, owing to some one not knowing his cue. In the second scene, second act, Mr. Gossin was dead stuck, and although the prompter's voice could be heard all over the house, he did not take his cue. The audience commenced hissing most loudly and deservedly, too, for any actor who will appear before an audience as did Mr. Gossin and Mr. Ryner, having to be constantly prompted, deserve such a rebuke. Mr. Parsloe, whose part is certainly not a long one, had to be prompted more than once. Mr. Ryner was prompted throughout the entire piece. He also cut a ridiculous figure in the last act by entering with one hat in hand and another on his head. It was the cause of much laughter. In the celebrated screen scene, Mr. Mortimer, who was playing Charles, insisted upon calling his brother Joseph, Charles, on several occasions, and when he found his mistake and corrected it, this was the cause of much laughter. Then again in this same scene Mr. Harkins called Sir Peter, Sir William. There were other *faux pas* too numerous to mention. Taken on the whole the performance was a disgrace to a Broadway theatre, and it is a wonder how Mrs. Siddons got through as well as she did. Mrs. Siddons continues her engagement this week, appearing this evening as Julia in the "Hunchback," followed on the 8th and 10th by "Much Ado About Nothing;" 9th, "As You Like It," and for her farewell benefit on the 11th, "King Reno's Daughter," and "Taming of the Shrew."

THE FUSI YAMI JAPS return to Yokohama, via the California steamer of the 9th inst. J. D. Wilkie, who brought them here, goes in the same steamer for more novelties.

MR. OSCANYAN, the Consul General of the Ottoman Porte, and who is well known to the chess players here, gave a lecture at Pike's Music Hall on the 3rd inst. on "Social Life in the East," assisted by ladies in Turkish costume, intended, no doubt, to give an idea of a Turkish harem.

"TAME CATS" is the title of a sketch presented by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels the past week, and which continues on the boards this week. It opens with the appearance of Leon as a Sorceress, who plies his wits at the cauldron, which shortly disappears, and representatives of the *Herald, Times, Tribune, News, Police Gazette*, and Brick Pomeroy, appear clad in garments of a questionable style. Harry Raynor's make-up for Greeley is very good, while Harry Leslie as Raymond, and Brockway as Bennet are well made up. The next scene is occupied with the "Shadow Pantomime" business, in which Leon Chenat and the company go through some laughable feats, after which the company appear dressed in tarleton and do a little dancing *a la* "Black Crook;" Leon appearing as Sangalli in a *pas de deux* with Leon Chenat, followed by dances by other members of the company, closing with the flight to the flies by means of ropes of the two fattest Dutchmen of the company, and the opening of a box disclosing a stuffed cat. This week J. H. Surridge and Mr Myers, lately arrived from London, appear.

"AFTER DARK" continues to attract at Niblo's Garden, and will no doubt hold the boards for some time, as it contains all the elements for success. There are acute policemen, an amiable forger, a returned convict, a very important piece of paper, an officer in disguise, a grotesque villain, vagrants in plenty, a Music Hall scene, and a railroad scene, incidents enough for any piece, and in "After Dark" we see the work of one who has learned his trade, and who knows exactly what causes will produce certain effects. In Boucicault's hands the production of dramas has been reduced to mathematical precision, for no one knows better than he how to touch the public pulse. McKee Rankin having withdrawn from the Company to go to Chicago for leading business, his *role* is to be assumed by Mr. Thorne; with this exception the cast continues as on the first night.

THE MANAGEMENT of the New York Circus announce this as the last week of "Cinderella," consequently all the children should embrace the present opportunity and witness this pleasing fairy spectacle. A *matinee* is given on Wednesday and Saturday, so that the younger branches of the family need not keep late hours. This week *battoute* leaping will be given for the first time this season, also the *entree* known as the "Four Quarters of the Globe." The Melville Family continue their astonishing performances.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" has not done anything of late for us to write about, as he continues to crowd the Olympic Theatre with delighted audiences. Many new additions will be made to the pantomime for the holidays.

THE ALHAMBRA, located on Broadway a few doors above Houston street, fitted up by G. Quick a few weeks ago, and opened as a concert hall under the management of Charles Wolcott, came to grief on the evening of the 1st inst. The variety company failing to pay, Robert Nickle, prestidigitateur, tried his hand, but gave up the ghost after the first night of the second week. On the 2d inst, the raised floor was torn up, and preparations commenced for reopening the place this week with cages of wild animals, etc., a sort of cheap menagerie.

"THE LANCASHIRE LASS" is announced as in its last week at Wallack's. Lester is announced to reappear next week, after a long absence.

WOOD'S MUSEUM continues to do a most excellent business, both day and evening, the business having improved during the day since the addition of Com. Foote and Miss Nestelle to the living curiosities, especial attention being now paid to that department, which is certainly a feature. "Ixion" will be reconstructed in time for the holidays, and will run probably until about the middle of January, when "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" will be presented. The receipts of this establishment for the month of November are said to have been $45,980 50, which are sub-divided as follows:—Twenty-six evening performances and eight matinees of "Ixion," $35,481 25; Museum returns, including twenty matinee performances in the theatre by the dramatic company, "Cinderella," $10,499 25.

THEATRE COMIQUE ON FIRE.—At half-past three o'clock Friday morning, the 4th inst., the watchman of the Theatre Comique was aroused by the barking of the watch dog of the theatre, and on jumping up discovered the auditorium filled with smoke. Rushing to the rear part of the parquet he discovered the wood work around one of the fire registers in flames. He immediately gave the alarm, and firemen were soon in the building. The flames shot up through the ceiling to the dress circle and gallery, and as soon as the front door was kicked in, giving vent to the flames, the fire spread over the parquet to the stage and scenery. The drop curtain took fire and fell to the stage, and the scenery and curtains were soon consumed. The two circles are pretty well burnt out. At five o'clock the fire was at its height, and at six o'clock it had been subdued. The fire originated from the heater in the basement, directly under the rear part of the parquet, near the inner door, reaching from the lobby to the parquet. The heat reached the parquet through a register in the ceiling just back of the last bench in the parquet. It was customary for the night watchman to turn off the heat as soon as the audience had dispersed, but it appears that just as he was about doing so on Thursday evening some one called him out. He then forgot all about it. The wood work around this register commenced to scorch and finally took fire, and there being wood all around, it soon flamed up as before stated. We are informed that the proper fire officials had examined the heating arrangement on several occasions and pronounced it perfectly safe. We visited the place soon after the fire and found it a sad spectacle. The parquet and orchestra are not hurt in the least, excepting the upholstering of the seats being soaked with water. The dress circle is a charred mass, but only a few of the chairs are destroyed, while the ceiling overhead is broken. The upper gallery is also a blackened sight. The dome, beautifully frescoed this season, is ruined, while the private boxes have received a scorching. The fire licked around the stage, consuming scenery and properties. The lobby leading from the street to the auditorium was not hurt by fire, and all the harm done was the breaking of a couple of mirrors and soaking the place with water. The loss of Messrs. White and Spencer, lessees, on fixtures, properties and wardrobe, is estimated at $15,000, on which there is no insurance. Almost all the members of the company sustained losses varying from $50 to $100 by the destruction of their wardrobes. Mr. Lingard's wardrobe was not burned, but is badly damaged by water. Miss Alice Dunning lost a number of valuable dresses. The building is owned by Wm. A. Hadden, and is damaged to the extent of $5,000, and is fully insured. The lease of Messrs. White & Spencer is not vitiated by the partial destruction of the building, and the house will be rebuilt and refitted for the present proprietors as soon as possible. The company lately performing at the Comique will appear this week in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music, commencing on the 8th inst.

"IXION IN THE BOWERY" is the title of a burlesque by John F. Poole, produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House all the past week, and announced for the current week. It is a pleasing and most laughable affair, each one in the cast striving to make it a success. Tony Pastor's make-up for Lisa Weber is capital, and he takes off that vivacious little actress in a style that is truly clever and remarkable. He has studied her pretty closely, for he walks, talks, sings and acts as much like her as is possible for any one to do. It is one of Tony's most successful efforts. T. G. Riggs comes next, who is gotten up regardless of expense to imitate Lydia Thompson. He wears flaxen hair hanging down his back, is attired in a neat costume, and looks as blushing an Ixion as the fair Lydia. Mr. Riggs understands the art of making up for a *demoiselle*, and in all characters of a female bearing that we have seen him in he is very successful. Alice Seidler has a capital make-up for Ada Harland, and sings the different songs in the burlesque with considerable spirit. J. W. Collier appears as the much abused Minerva, and his make-up and acting of the *role* are very clever. Addie Le Brun made a charming Venus, acting and singing with considerable spirit. The rest of the characters were cleverly rendered. Most of the choicest airs in this burlesque, as produced at Wood's Museum, are retained, while several new ones have been introduced, all of which are given with considerable applause, particularly "Beautiful Dreamer," "Taffy was a Welchman," and "Ring the Bells for Sarah." Tony is giving one of the best variety entertainments ever presented in this city, and is deserving the crowded audiences that are nightly in attendance. Herr Holton, the cannon ball performer, is the best seen in the business since the days of Lon Hubbell, who has never had his superior. Holton is a powerful man and handles the cannon balls with as much ease as "Our Jim" would a codfish ball at a free lunch. The triple jig by Alice Somers, P. Connors and J. Bradley is very well done, but Master Bradley should appear in clean stockings and have the holes in them darned. Young Merrissey is a pretty good general performer and manipulates the tambourine very cleverly. Helene Smith was too sick to appear on the 4th, and Johnny Thompson was unable to appear all the week in consequence of a sore throat. Billy Sheppard, who has been here some time, goes to Hooley's, in Brooklyn, this week. This evening Sheridan and Mack appear. Johnny Thompson is announced for a reappearance.

HARRY WALL sailed from London on Nov. 28th, and arrived here on Sunday, the 6th.

EMILY PITT, of the Adelphi Theatre, London, accompanied by her sister, were announced to sail from England on Nov. 25th for this city, under engagement to the Boston Theatre.

THE HUNGRIAN GROTESQUE BALLET TROUPE, consisting of the Kiralfy Family, numbering twelve persons—two male and ten female—designed for the principal summer entertainment of Wood's Museum, have been secured and will arrive in May, 1869.

"BONE SQUASH DIABLE" has been postponed by the San Francisco Minstrels until the 14th inst. Billy Emmett put in an appearance last week in burlesque ballads and made a favorable impression. He is a good performer for the olio. This week Billy West puts in an appearance, and the laughable sketch of "Barber Brown" is announced as in the last week of its production.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS produce this evening the the burlesque of "Ill-Tree-Bad-Doer." Raphael De Solla, the boy tenor, who appeared the past week and sang "Then You'll Remember Me" and "Fair Land of Poland," remains this week. For one so young he possesses a powerful tenor voice and sings very well, although his pronunciation is at times rather bad. He rolls his r's like a Bowery tragedian. Charles Henry, Walter Fields and Eph Horn withdrew from the company on the 5th.

MESSRS. THOMPSON AND RIGGS, who have a dramatic agency at 189 Bowery, advertise for a little girl to play Eva, May Morgan, and similar characters.

THE SNOW STORM of the 4th interfered considerably with the theatres on Saturday evening, the 5th, as the walking was very bad. Tony Pastor's Opera House was the only place in the city that was crowded. Niblo's Garden, Olympic, New York and San Francisco Minstrels were only half full, while the Circus, Bryants, Kelly and Leon's and the Broadway were only one third filled.

HARRY WALL, who returned from England on the 5th, brought with him Elise Holt, Miss E. Weathersby, Emma Grattan, Emily Pett, Minnie Jackson and Mary Pitt, a first class burlesque company. They are expected to make their *debut* at the Olympic—late Continental—Boston, on the 14th inst.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS, having got started again, appear at Geneseo, N. Y., 7th; Danville, 8th; Bath, 9th; and Corning, 10th.

WILLIAM ALLINSON arrived in this city from Boston on the 6th, for the purpose of securing Lingard and Company, of the Theatre Comique, for a three weeks' engagement at the Theatre Comique in Boston, to commence on the 14th. The party will probably go.

W. H. LESTER, contortionist, appears at Tony Pastor's this week.

BOOTH'S NEW THEATRE will shortly open with "Romeo and Juliet"—the fourth Booth revival—from the original text of Shakespeare and not Garrick's version, the one usually performed. Mr. Booth will play Romeo, Edwin Adams, Mercutio, and Mary McVicker Juliet.

BARNY WILLIAMS expects to ring in his audiences this week with Brougham's new play of "The Emerald Ring."

THE BANJO MATCH.—One of Mr. Plummer's family being seriously ill, precluded the possibility of Mr. Plummer putting in an appearance as agreed upon at Sam Spencer's on Thursday evening last. The backers of Mr. Plummer met the Dobson Brothers on Saturday evening last, at the above named place, and deposited one hundred dollars as forfeit with the stakeholder, Mr. Spencer. A final meeting was to take place on the evening of Dec. 7th, for the selection of two judges and a referee, when it is thought all arrangements will be finally determined upon and the match take place at an early date, at the Cooper Institute.

Dramatic.

PHILADELPHIA witnessed some good performances during the past week. Mrs. D. P. Bowers, one of the best actresses now upon the American stage, commenced a series of her choice impersonations on Monday evening, Nov. 30, at the Walnut Street Theatre, opening in "Lady Audley," following it up with "Mary Stuart," "Queen Elizabeth," etc. Most acceptably as her historical delineations are given, the general public seem to prefer such characters as Lady Audley, in which, perhaps, she has no superior on the boards. The present week she appears as Camille, Leah, and other favorite characters. The management of the Walnut have a new piece in rehearsal for the Holidays. It is a London drama by Henry Leslie, entitled "The Orange Girl." It is to be presented with new scenery, effects, costumes, music, etc., and will be given in a complete manner in every detail......The Chestnut Street Theatre having gone into the circus business, the dramatic affairs at this house are in a quiet condition......Mrs. John Drew and her capital company devoted the past week to the performance of a number of standard comedies, which were very well given. The great event of the week, however, at the Arch Street Theatre, was the benefit of Mrs. Robert Craig, which took place on Saturday evening, Dec. 5th. Mr. Craig's benefits are always looked for with much interest by the public, for at each recurrence of these gatherings, something new and amusing is sure to be witnessed, the beneficiaire—one of the most successful burlesque writers of the day—never failing to dish up something refreshing and novel in his own peculiarly attractive style. On the present occasion, Mr. Craig's own "perversion" of "Barbe Bleu" was given for the first time, and it achieved a decided success, being replete with telling hits at the times, and the most ridiculous situations. "Sarah's Young Man" was also introduced; in addition to which "Love Made by Mimicry" was presented, in which Mr. Craig gave his life-like imitations of some of the noted men of the times. "Robert Macaire" concluded this rich bill of fare. The theatre was crowded in every part, all the seats being sold before the doors opened that evening, so that those who visited the theatre without having previously procured seats were compelled to take standees or nothing, and before one quarter of the seat-holders appeared, all the standing room was densely packed, and hundreds of persons were obliged to leave without obtaining a chance to get inside the doors. Such a densely crowded audience is seldom witnessed in any theatre in the country. Mr. Craig was called out during the evening, and made one of those amusing, characteristic speeches, for which he and John Brougham have become famous. The assemblage was well satisfied with the entertainment provided for them, while the beneficiaire was just as well gratified with the substantial tokens of esteem offered him by his patrons. This week, Col. Fitzgerald's new play, "Wolves at Bay," is to be produced, after several weeks of careful study and preparation. It is of the sensational order, with the scene laid in Pennsylvania; new scenery has been expressly prepared for the piece, a portion of which is said to be of a very high order of artistic merit. The "sensation" feature occurs in the "Dark Valley," in the fourth act, when something out of the usual order is promised. The cast is as follows:—Lucy Drayton, Mrs. John Drew; Arthur Levering, Barton Hill; Mr. Drayton, F. F. Mackay; Mr. Jack Somerville, R. Craig; Tom Doyee, Miss Fanny Davenport; Mr. Leary, Mr. Snyder; John Kelsey, Mr. Walkis; John Lipp, Mr. Meagher; Mrs. Hannah Doiyee, Mrs. Clara F. Maeder; Miss Becky Somerville, Mrs. T. A. Creese; Mary Kelsey, Miss Lizzie Price. It is designed to keep the "Wolves at Bay" before the public until after the holidays, its many novel features being looked upon as sufficiently attractive to retain the public favor for several weeks.....Large audiences continue to assemble nightly at Fox's American Variety Theatre, where a very enticing programme is constantly provided for the amusement of the many patrons of this favorite establishment. Betty Rigl, who first came into favor in this country at Niblo's Garden, New York, when the "Black Crook" was first produced there, met with a hearty reception last week in her Terpsichorean evolutions. Betty will close her engagement on the 12th instant. The present is announced as the tenth and last week of the operatic ballet of the "Grand Duchess," with its immensely popular Can-Can, *a la* Mabille, Vivian, the comic vocalist; Reardon, the extractor of music from tumblers; M'lle Rosa, dancer; the Blanchards, etc., will remain the current week, and assist in presenting a combination of attractions seldom offered in any theatrical establishment.....There is still some talk of erecting a theatre somewhere on Broad street, to be managed by Laura Keene; but, as the Bohemians would say, "the report lacks confirmation." The Germans are at work collecting subscriptions towards the erection of the projected German theatre, but, like all large bodies, they move slowly.....Maretzek's double-barreled German and Italian Opera Troupe met with pretty fair success in the opening week of their season at the Academy of Music. Madame La Grange is to appear as Norma on the 9th inst.

AN ACTOR just arrived from Europe, who is considered a good harlequin, pantomimist and burlesque actor, desires a situation. See advertisement.

MATILDA HERON appeared at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Nov. 28th, in "Camille," supported by Frank Mordaunt and company. They were announced to return and give a new piece, written by Miss Heron, but for some unknown cause they failed to appear.

MRS. F. W. LANDER and a full company appear at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 9th.

THE CLARKE COMEDY COMBINATION are announced to be at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 7th and 8th. Three farces are to be produced on each evening. Mr. L. E. Barker, an old townsman, is to appear in the cast.

ZOE opened in Indianapolis, Ind., at the Academy of Music on Nov. 30th in the "French Spy." The "Wizard Skiff" and "Wept of the Wish-ton-wish" were produced on the 2d and 3d inst. For her benefit, on the 5th, the dramas of "The Broken Sword" and "The Dumb Girl of Genoa" were brought out in fine style. Zoe's engagement has been a success. She opens in Lafayette, Ind., for six nights, on Dec. 7th.

MRS. LANDER plays "Mary Stuart" in Newark, N. J., on the 8th instant, under the management of J. Zimmerman and Charles Whitney, and then goes through the east.

F. S. CHANFRAU continues his engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y. He was announced to appear on the 7th in "Joe."

EMMA WALLER follows Jean Hosmer at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, opening there on the 7th

EMMA MADDERN is the current star at the Opera House, Louisville, Ky.

EDWIN ADAMS remains at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., this week, appearing on the 7th as Rover in "Wild Oats." For his benefit on the 4th he had a good house, despite the bad weather, when "Narcisse" was given.

KATE FISHER is in the third week of her engagement at the old Pittsburgh Theatre. She took a benefit on the 4th, when "The Child of the Sun" and "Timour the Tartar" were given. Conchita Renzatta appeared on the tight rope and made an ascension from the stage to the upper tier.

PLUNKETT'S COMPANY is traveling through Iowa, and were at Cedar Rapids the past week, where they produced "Hidden Hand," "Fanchon," "Othello," and "Chimney Corner." Mrs. Chas. Plunkett, J. F. Breyer, R. B. Richards, P. B. Callanan, Waverly Smith, E. Barraclough, C. Plunkett, Jr., W. Webster, W. Black, Johnson, Powell, La Petite Annie, Miss M. Denin, Mrs. J. F. Breyer, and Miss Eton are in the company.

CINCINNATI was pretty lively the past week with amusements, but business was not very good with all. Our correspondent, under date of Dec. 5th, says:—Besides the regular theatres and minstrels, and no less than three variety halls, the Richings English Opera Troupe, and Ole Bull, with his concerts, were on hand. At the National, the Tony Denier troupe brought out 'Humpty Dumbty,' on Nov. 30th, to one of the largest audiences the building has ever contained, and it continued to draw crowds to the close of the week. The success of the piece has been such that it will be continued on the boards during this week. Although the *ballet* and transformation scene afford needed relief to the endless succession of tricks and mishaps, the pantomime is not without faults; and it has one great one that might easily be remedied, to the advantage of both the performers and the audience; and that is its inordinate length. It is eleven o'clock each night before the transformation scene is exhibited, and three hours of pantomime is too much. The pantomime part is excellent; Tony Denier, Sloan, Leslie, and M'lle Auriol, in their respective *roles* of Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine are all that could be desired. Pepita is a good *danseuse*, but the troupe is by no means equal to those in other spectacular pieces—De Pol's, for example. The transformation scene is rather short, though very fine as far as it goes. A skating scene, introducing E. T. Goodrich, elicited much applause, and a number of pretty good local 'gags' took well. The piece relies more on its variety than on the excellence of each part, and will no doubt run well. Adah Monk, who does the speaking fairy, was very spirited, and gave a good song to the air of 'Champagne Charley.'......The Richings Opera Troupe, at Mozart Hall, opened in 'Martha,' to a fair house. On Dec. 1st the 'Bohemian Girl' did much better, though the weather was wet and sloppy. 'Crispino and the Fairy,' on the 2d, drew only moderately well, but the 'Lily of Killarney,' on the 3d, had a big house. The weather for several evenings was bad, and the company will probably do much better this week. Miss Richings has been an old favorite in Cincinnati, and Miss Edith Abell, the other *prima donna*, has made herself one. On the 7th 'Maritana' is to be given, and on the 8th the 'Czar and Zimmerman,' assisted by the Cincinnati 'Orpheus' in the chorus. The troupe play one week in Indianapolis, beginning on the 14th, and from thence go to St. Louis, after which it returns to the East......At Wood's theatre Leffingwell opened his second week in 'Ye Grand Queen Bess,' introducing the music of the 'Grande Duchesse,' with Leffingwell as the Queen, Mrs. Leffingwell as Lady Howard, and Blanche Chapman as Essex. The burlesque is good, and under ordinary circumstances would have filled the theatre for a week after the advertising it had received, but counter attractions were too strong, and the houses were slim. On the 4th, 'Shylock' was brought out in a manner that would have opened Shakespeare's eyes, and Leffingwell repeated his Romeo Jaffier Jenkins. It is suggested to the management, that keeping the curtain down for half an hour after the appointed time for rising is a little trying on the patience of the audience. On the 7th, Mary Gladstane opens in 'Blow for Blow,' supported by Mr. B. Macauley, who has had no chance to appear during the Leffingwell engagement......Ole Bull gave concerts at Pike's Music Hall on the 5th and 7th, supported by Miss Barton and Gustavus Hall, vocalists, and Lansing, pianist......On December 14th and all the ensuing week, the Grand Army of the Republic produce a spectacular piece at the National, illustrative of camp and field life, entitled 'The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.' It is brought out under the supervision of Tom Hampton, comedian, and the performers are all veterans."

JEAN HOSMER closed a two weeks' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Dec. 5th. On the 1st inst. she presented "The Poor Girl," a five act play, in which Kitty Fyffe appeared as Fanny, foster sister to Jean Hosmer.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON was the star the past week at the Savannah (Ga.) Theatre, opening in "The Lady of Lyons" on Nov. 30th.

THE MUSEUM, Boston, produced on Nov. 30th, "Blow for Blow," and with fine success. The acting of the stock was good in every particular. Our correspondent, "Penfold," says: "Especially was this the case as concerns Mr. Frank Hardenbergh's rendition of the part of John Drummond, his acting in the drunken scene in the fourth act being one of the finest bits of character acting seen in this city for some time. He was peremptorily recalled to the footlights by the audience assembled on the first night, and his acting was liberally rewarded by applause. Since his performance in Milky White he has given us nothing so good. Mr. Warren was of course capital as Charley Spraggs, and in conjunction with Miss Ada Gilman as Kitty Wobbler (in which character she has made a decided hit) created considerable amusement. Mr. Shewell and Miss Clark do not have much chance to display their talents as the hero and heroine, but as usual they make the most of it. Since the first night H. S. Murdoch has filled Mr. Shewell's *role*, the latter gentleman being ill. On the 4th Mr. Warren took a benefit, when he played Dr. Pangloss in 'The Heir at Law,' and Damon, in the farce of 'Damon and Pythias.' 'Blow for Blow' will probably run three weeks......Selwyn has played 'A Hard Struggle' and the extravaganza all the week. 'Hunted Down' will precede the extravaganza next (this) week, and after that the bill will be changed for the 'Lancashire Lass.'......At the Boston Theatre, Mrs. Lander has been playing to poor houses. The following bills have been presented:—Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st, 'Marie Antoinette;' 2d and 3d, 'Mary Stuart;' 4th (her 'ben.') for the first time, 'Queen Katharine.' On the evening of the 5th a benefit for disabled soldiers and sailors took place, when the 'Lancashire Lass' was presented. Forrest opens on the 7th in 'Lear.' 'The Flying Scud' will soon be produced......The Olympic, with Mr. and Mrs. Florence, has been almost deserted the past week. They have played their old pieces and 'L'Abime.' The theatre closes on the 5th."

THE COMPANY from the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, gave three entertainments at Harrisburg, Pa., last week, presenting "Married Life," "Everybody's Friend" and the "Lancashire Lass." The troupe, although one of merit, did not meet with the success they deserved.

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY were at Oil City the past week, and begin a short engagement at Titusville this week. It is said that Manager Sherry is doing very well, and thus far has been exceedingly successful for a fall campaign.

MATILDA HERON played "Camille," in Schenectady, N. Y., on Dec. 2d, supported by a dramatic company under Davis and Armstrong's management.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON remained at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, during the past week, and continued to draw large houses to witness his impersonation of "Rip Van Winkle." Standing room only has been proclaimed every night during the week long before the rising of the curtain.

GILBERT'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is traveling through New York State. The party close in Delhi on the 9th, and then make for East Davenport, and expect to be in Cooperstown on Christmas.

FLORENCE'S BURLESQUE OPERA COMBINATION.—The Portsmouth, N. H., *Chronicle*, says, "it gave a most excellent representation of the comic opera of the 'Grand Duchess of Gerolstein,' at the Temple, Thanksgiving night, to an appreciative audience. We were agreeably surprised at Miss Jennie Kimball's rendering of the Grand Duchess. She possesses rare talent, has a magnificent voice and fine figure, and to use the parlance of the opera, is 'positively charming.' It is evident that the fascinating little lady has devoted much time to study, and though comparatively young in her profession, already ranks high among her sister *artistes*. Prepossessing in appearance, she has that great accompaniment, a voice of rare power and beauty, and warbles forth her glad songs in rippling rills of musical eloquence that shows much cultivation." The manager, J. P. Florence, intends making a tour through the West, starting from Boston about the 28th of December, under the name of the Kimble and Florence Orera Troupe.

MR. AND MRS. BLANCHARD and their "Dogs of the Old Toll House," are engaged to perform at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, until the 25th of February. Managers wishing to engage them should address as per advertisement.

"THE LOTTERY OF LIFE" attracted good audiences to the Memphis Theatre the week ending Nov. 28. Whitman's "White Fawn" and Ballet Troupe was announced for Nov. 30th, but were unable to get ready in time, Whitman only arriving with his company late at night. The "Lottery of Life" was substituted, to a good house. On Dec. 1st the "Fawn" was produced. Business there has not been very promising; "indeed," says a correspondent, "it is doubtful if a star in the country will play a good engagement in Memphis this season, except the vivacious Lotta. Everybody is on the tip-toe of excitement as her engagement approaches. Even Booth or Forrest would fail to attract as heretofore, owing to the general depression."

T. G. ROBERTS' DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Amboy, Ill., for three nights, on Nov. 21, and did a good business. They went thence to Mendota for three nights, but owing to the weather being so unfavorable, the houses were rather queer. The following is a list of the company:—T. G. Roberts, J. Doty, C. Wells, R. Holmes, O. P. Ashley, O. Bristoe, J. G. Schull, W. P. Skinner, Kate Atwood, Kate Costello, Emma Reese and Laura Tree.

EDWIN FORREST made his *debut* in Troy, N. Y., at the Griswold Opera House, on Nov. 30th, opening in "Richelieu," and during the week appearing in "Virginius," "Othello," "King Lear" and the "Gladiator." This was Mr. Forrest's first appearance in Troy in many years, and he received a hearty welcome. Our correspondent, "Mose," says:—"Each evening of his appearance the Opera House was crowded to its very doors. Last evening, Dec. 4th, he made his last appearance in the 'Gladiator,' and it may safely be estimated that at least one thousand persons were denied the pleasure of witnessing his performance, so densely was the theatre packed. At 7 o'clock the box office was closed and no more tickets were to be had. His engagement of five nights was one of the most successful played at the Opera House in some time. The receipts on his last night footed up over 1,400 dollars. Mr. Forrest received excellent support from G. H. Clarke and the stock company, Messrs. Leslie, Delmer and Dow, and Miss Ida Leslie being worthy of special mention. Mr. Frank Mayo is the next star, opening on the 7th, in the 'Lancashire Lass.'"

THE REGULAR DRAMATIC SEASON at Wall's Opera House, Washington, was inaugurated on Nov. 30th by the introduction of an excellent company, under the management of Humphrey Bland and Lewis Baker. Our correspondent, "Novice," writes as follows:—"'London Assurance' was the initial play, with the following cast:—Sir Harcourt, Mark Smith; Lady Gay, Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker; Grace Harkaway, Miss C. Thompson; Pert, Bessie Ludlow; Mark Meddle, Lewis Baker; Charles Courtly, John Boyd; Dazzle, Chas. Loveday; Dolly Spanker, G. C. Davenport; Max Harkaway, Geo. Fisher, and Cool, M. B. Pike. On Dec. 1st, the 'Rivals' was given, Mark Smith appearing as Sir Anthony, John Boyd as Captain Absolute, Lillie Eldridge as Lydia, and Mrs. Eldridge as Mrs. Malaprop. A better rendition of the comedy I never witnessed. Mark Smith was frequently and heartily applauded; his Sir Anthony will long be remembered as a superb piece of acting. The character of Bob Acres was well maintained by Lewis Baker, who is reliable and painstaking in all his *roles*. The Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Eldridge was a capital performance and highly appreciated. Lillie Eldridge acted most becomingly and naturally. This lady has improved wonderfully since her appearance at the National (then Grover's Theatre), during the season of 1864. The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Harrison, is one of the best ever employed at this establishment; the selections offered are given in such a manner that calls forth liberal applause. 'London Assurance' was repeated on the 2d inst., with the same good cast which characterized its production on the opening night. The 'Rivals' was again given on the 3d, and on the 4th, (last evening) for the benefit of Mark Smith, three pieces were presented, viz:—the 'Fine Old English Gentleman,' Mr. Smith appearing as Squire Broadlands; the 'Loan of a Lover;' Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker as Gertrude; and the farce of 'Love and Murder.' This evening (5th) the 'School for Scandal' is announced, and on the 7th the 'Lancashire Lass'......The Worrell Sisters' Troupe commenced at the National Theatre on Nov. 30th in an adaptation of the 'Grande Duchesse,' Sophie appearing as the Duchesse, Jennie as Prince Paul, and Irene as Wanda. The sisters were well supported and the opera was presented in good style—appropriate scenery, costumes and properties, and an augmented and efficient orchestra, besides a chorus composed of fresh and youthful voices. S. B. Villa appeared as Fritz, and sang and acted cleverly. Mr. Villa's rendition of the part assumed pleased greatly and he was deservedly applauded. The characters of Boum, Puck and Grog were well rendered by Messrs. C. F. Morton, G. Lingard and F. M. Chapman. The audience was a very large one and many prominent personages were present. On the second night of the opera President Johnson and Secretary Seward occupied a box. The 'Duchesse' was given to very large audiences until last evening (4th), when, for the benefit of the Sisters, 'La Belle Helene' was produced. A violent snow storm raged all day, but did not seem to deter many from attending, for the house was crowded and the opera was given in a satisfactory manner. Miss Irene as Paris was very acceptable, but Miss Jennie as Orestes was hardly clever; she still has a habit of playing to certain portions of the audience, besides indulging in side talking, which causes unfavorable remarks. Sophie was bewitching as Helen, and would be entitled to the highest praise but for a few shortcomings. At one time she unnecessarily scolded the leader. Mr. Charles Morton made an amusing Calchas, and the rest of the company united in securing the success of the piece. The performance concluded with the farce of the 'Good for Nothing,' Jennie appearing as Nan and executing a clog dance. This afternoon (5th) the 'Duchess' was given, and for this evening 'Helen' and 'Nan.'"

F. C. LOWELL'S DRAMATIC TROUPE have been playing three weeks in Grand Rapids, Mich., with Katie Putnam as the star, appearing in "Fanchon," "Pearl of Savoy," "Invisible Prince," etc., assisted by Welma Reynolds, Mollie Reynolds, D. D. Squiers, J. Barry and wife, Chas. McPherson, F. O. Smith, Alex. Balford and Mrs. McWilliams.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S COMPANY opened on Nov. 30th in Biddeford, Me, and played their usual round of pieces to a good business through the week. A correspondent says:—"Dollie Bidwell, the favorite, has been well received, and Lillie Marden has proved to be a neat little actress and good singer. Messrs. Bidwell, Wilkinson, Sullivan, Dean and Connor, have all rendered good support, and the pieces have all passed off finely. Yankee Locke appears on the 5th, as Larkspur, in 'Nobody's Daughter,' for the first time this season. He is slowly recovering from the effects of his late accident. The company remain here two nights next (this) week, and open in Portsmouth, N. H. on the 9th for four nights, and go thence to Concord and Manchester."

FIVE BALLET LADIES who can take parts in farces are wanted by M. Le Piere, who advertises in another column.

DAVIS & CO., THEATRICAL AGENTS, Cincinnati, advertise that they have a half interest in a Western Theatre for sale, also that they are in want of lady vocalists and *danseuses*.

ELMIRA OPERA HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y., is advertised to rent; it is fitted up with scenery and properties, has stage, dressing rooms and green room and will seat fourteen hundred and fifty persons.

THEATRICALS IN BALTIMORE continue good. The Alhambra Company changed their base of operations from the Front to the Holliday St. Theatre on the 3d inst. and are playing to crowded houses. A correspondent says:—"The Victorellis Brothers have increased in popularity and their daring triple trapeze act excites the wonder of all. During the week they introduced the double giant swing. Mons. and Mad. Senyah are great favorites here. Robert Green, the ballad singer, has made a favorable impression. His rendition of "Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good Bye" meets with an *encore*. Sidney Vane, the comic singer, dresses exceedingly well and serves up refined wit without vulgarity. His "Howling Swell" is a great card. In the *ballet* M'lle Bonfanti, M'lles Kelsey and Maddox, the Lucelle Sisters, M'lles Colson, Theresa, Mons and M'lle Carle, Delaflame and Adrienne form a constellation of rare brilliancy. A comedietta is given each evening, the principal characters being sustained by Miss DeBarr and Mr. Saulsbury. This Company remain during the current week......At the Concordia Opera House, Laura Keene and company have been playing the past week to poor houses. They opened with "Hunted Down." The company open on the 7th inst. in Alexandria, Va......Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the American *prima donna*, opens in Baltimore, at the Concordia Opera House, on 7th inst. They remain but two evenings."

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Chillicothe, O., is announced to open on the 17th inst. See advertisement.

MARIETTA RAVEL closed an engagement of one week at the Rochester Theatre on the 5th. The plays consisted of the "French Spy," "Wizard Skiff," "Marco the Mute," "Angel of Midnight" and "Flowers of the Forest." In the absence of Mr. Maxwell, Mlle. Ravel has been supported in her sword combats by Mr. Meldrum with credit. A crowded house greeted her on Dec. 4th—the occasion of her benefit—when she appeared on the tight-rope, which elicited rounds of applause. In the farce of "The Dead Shot" Jennie Wilton is said to have played the coquettish, self-willed young lady. Miss Clifton personated Bessie. Helen Western is the next star, and appears on the 7th. "Undine" will shortly be presented, extensive arrangements having been made for its production.

AT THE GALVESTON, TEXAS, THEATRE, business during the week ending Nov. 28th, is reported to have been fair. The "Lottery of Life," produced on Nov. 23d, held the boards until the 28th, when "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady" and "Pocahontas" were given. "Miriam's Crime" and "Pocahontas" were given on Nov. 30th. Fanny B. Price was announced to open an engagement on Dec. 2d.

THE "OCTOROON" was given at the Opera House, Pleasantville, Pa., on Nov. 30th, when Annie Sefton appeared as Zoe to J. O. Sefton's Salem Scudder.

OUR CHICAGO SHOW NEWS is up to Dec. 3d, under which date our correspondent, "Lolterer," says:—"The patronage extended to the various places of amusement is very good this week, being better than the average. Booth still continues at McVicker's attracting crowded houses, a fact which causes the lovers of legitimate to look up exulting, claiming that sensation has had its day, and that the public no longer clamors for it. These bigoted people seem to forget that sensation is as essential to the American as beef and ''alf-an-'alf' is to Johnny Bull. Mr. Booth is a decided sensation wherever he appears. Mrs. Anna Cowell receives the credit from our city press of having given the finest rendition of Lady Macbeth on Nov. 30th ever seen on McVicker's boards. The Macduff of Nagle was excellent, while Hudson's Malcolm was very tame. Leffingwell appears next (this) week, when Ella Turner—a new face—will appear......'Blow for Blow' at the Museum up to this evening. 'Roses and Thorns' the remainder of the week for the first time in Chicago. Next (this) week 'After Dark' will be produced...... At Crosby's, Janauschek is doing the German tragedy to very fair houses, the galleries being noticeably crowded. A failing in Miss Fanny's acting is observed in the fact that in the tenderest passages her voice is loud and harsh as in her stormiest passions. The support is evidently selected for the purpose of showing how great a difference there can be between the acting of different artists. Next Sunday evening, Dec. 6th, at Concordia Hall, Fanny is to receive a grand testimonial......The new Dearborn Street Theatre is nearly completed, and when finished, will be one of the neatest theatres in America. The building is of brick, with stucco front, 90 feet high, 50 feet wide and 110 feet deep. The auditorium has a depth of 59 feet and is 65 feet high. The stage is 40 feet deep and has been constructed carefully by Mr. Wallace Hume, formerly of Crosby's. It has all the known modern improvements, beside many of Mr. Hume's own inventions. It has a space of 70 feet above and 18 feet below the stage, and is stocked with an entire set of new scenes, borders and wings, by Thos. C. Naxon, of St. Louis. There are four elegant proscenium boxes, and the centre of the proscenium will be ornamented with a fine bust of Shakespeare. There will be four divisions of seats—gallery, balcony or dress circle, parquet circle and orchestra, the latter to be furnished with patent chairs. The gallery and balcony have a double slope, so that each seat commands a good view of the stage. The dome is 30 feet in diameter and is being nicely decorated. The basement is divided into twelve dressing rooms, a double partition extending through the centre, the ladies' rooms being at the right and the gents' at the left of the stage. On the left front is an elegant ladies' retiring room, connected only with the auditorium. The arrangements for heating and ventilating the building are all that modern improvements can introduce. There is but one row of footlights, which can be changed by shifting different colored glasses before the flame. The border lights are furnished with flexible iron joints. No expense will be spared in fitting up and decorating the theatre, and all its appointments are designed to be first class. Its seating capacity is about one thousand two hundred, with plenty of standing room. The management promise to present standard comedies and plays, with all the fresh novelties that can be obtained. Mr. Robert Jones is stage manager, and will introduce the following named people to the Chicago public:—Frank Roche, leading men; W. G. Christie, juveniles; M. D. Lacy, heavies; J. E. Brown, walking gents; C. Leslie Allen, first old men; Steve Ashley, first low comedy; J. W. Rooney, old men and characters; J. H. Wallack, light comedy; Messrs. Turck, Uhl, Reese and Wise, utility; W. Chester, prompter. Henrietta Irving, leading lady; Fanny Timmons, juveniles; Mrs. J. H. Wallack, walking ladies; Marie Boniface, *soubrette*; Mrs. C. Leslie Allen, first old women and heavies; Mrs. Chester, second old women; Miss Carrie Riggs, second chambermaids. Carrie Foster, Laura Page, Addie Ellis, Maggie Woods, Nellie Boyd, Christine Emeline and Alice Zavistowski, comprise the *ballet*. Wallace Hume, carpenter and machinist; J. S. Bernard, leader of orchestra; N. C. Garland, prop'rties; Mrs. Hamilton, costumer. Higbee, Brandt and Van Fleet are the proprietors."

THE STOCK COMPANY at the Academy of Music, Omaha, continued to do an excellent business the past week. The "Ice Witch" was produced on Nov. 30th, cast as follows:—Druda, Mrs. Germon; Ulla, Jessie Howard; Ninnie, Annie Ward; Fryer, Nattie Price; Heela, Mrs. Ashton. Harold, Sel. Irwin; Gruthioff, Milton Nobles; Tycho, J. B. Ashton; Magnus, Mr. Rainforth. A correspondent says:—"Mrs. Germon looked charming as Druda, and the same may be said of Miss Price as Fryer. The two leading male *roles*, in the hands of Irwin and Nobles, received full justice, while Ashton, Jordan and Coons did what little they had to do, well. The scenery is the best of the season. The piece will probably run a week."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE, says a correspondent, writing from New Orleans, Nov. 30th, has just closed a good engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, having achieved quite a success. "Foul Play" held the boards during the entire week. She opens at Galveston, Texas, Dec. 2d, leaving behind her a legion of friends, who will give her, when she returns, a warm welcome.

DURING THE PERFORMANCE of "Inshavogue," at the Olympic Theatre, Boston, on Thanksgiving evening, before a large audience, the performers were annoyed by some turbulent spirits in the upper portion of the house, when Mr. W. J. Florence, advancing to the footlights, said:—"These interruptions cannot go on. I am astonished that they should occur in Boston. Were I not professionally engaged I would myself expel the blackguards." The play then proceeded without further interruption.

NEARLY thirty entertainments took place at the various places of amusement in Boston on Thanksgiving day and evening. Not bad for the old Puritan city.

DEXTER SMITH, the poet, has just completed a play entitled "Blanks and Prizes," which has been placed in the hands of Manager Selwyn, of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston. The scene is laid in London. It is said to abound in amusing situations and sparkling dialogue.

MARIETTA RAVEL closed in Rochester, N. Y., on the 5th inst., and is this week in Cleveland, Ohio.

JOHN BROUGHAM is playing his "Lottery of Life" all this week at Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., under the management of Lowell and Simmonds.

LAURA KEENE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY perform in Norfolk, Va. four nights, commencing on the 16th inst.

J. HOLMES GROVER appeared at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, Nov. 30th, producing his new and original sensation drama, "The Way of the Wicked." A correspondent, writing from Buffalo, says:—"The Academy was packed, it being the occasion of Mr. Mortimer's benefit, also the *debut* of a Mrs. Isaacs. Hundreds were standing, and many were unable to gain admittance. The piece is full of interest, excitement and humor, and Mr Grover at once established his reputation as a good actor, and himself as a prime favorite. The piece was well received and created much mirth."

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PITTSBURGH, PA., is advertised to rent for first class entertainments only. The terms will be moderate, including license.

THE MOBILE, (ALA.) THEATRE did a bad business during the week ending Nov. 28th. On the 23d "Under the Gaslight" was withdrawn, and on the 24th Couldock opened in "Willow Copse;" 25th "Chimney Corner;" 26th "Louis XI;" 27th "Chimney Corner," for his benefit; and on the 28th "Old Phil's Birthday" and "Milky White." Our correspondent says:—"Mr. Couldock's rendition of Louis XI is different from that of Kean and Roberts rendition, the rougher and more wearisome parts being toned down considerably, giving a better display for the finer parts. Between the acts Miss Lizzette Bernard danced 'La Gingerrilla.' Miss Bernard is a *danseuse* of more than ordinary merit. She is light, airy and graceful, especially in her toe movements. She received from two to three *encores* each evening. Mrs. Joe Pardey has become a favorite here—and justly too—for a more versatile and rollicking actress has not appeared on the boards of the Mobile Theatre. To-night, Nov. 30, the legitimate is elbowed off to give way to the sawdust fraternity for a short season. Col. Ames' New Orleans Circus will hold the reins as long as it proves profitable.

A. O. MILLER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Racine, Wis., on Nov. 24th in the "Lady of Lyons." On the 25th "Don Cæsar" and "Hidden Hand" were given, followed on the 27th by the "Battle of Buena Vista." They remained there two weeks and were to open in Kenosha, on Dec. 7th for two weeks.

KATIE PUTNAM appeared in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Nov 30th as the Invisible Prince in the drama of that name.

KATE FISHER was arrested in Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week, charged by Mrs. Bevins with having obtained money under false pretences. Mrs. Bevins stated that she loaned Mr. Magle $50 and Miss Fisher $150, to enable them to open the Pittsburgh theatre, upon representations made by them which subsequently proved false; also of having abducted from New York a young girl for the purpose of bringing her up to the stage as a profession, but at a hearing in the courts, there being no evidence against her, she was discharged. On the 4th Mr. Magle, Miss Fisher's agent, was arrested and charged with false pretences before the Mayor, when Miss Fisher had a hearing. Polly Daly was the name of the lady who it is stated was abducted from her home. The case was decided on the 4th by the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch, from Mrs. Daly, who resides in New York, stating that she desired to have her daughter handed over to the care of Mrs. Bevins to be brought back to the maternal roof-tree. The young lady herself, making no objection, left for New York. On the afternoon of the 4th Miss Fisher sued Eliza Bevins for slander. In her affidavit Miss Fisher set forth, that on the 3d of December, "Eliza Bevins did use and speak certain false, scandalous and malicious words, in substance, as follows:—'She (meaning affiant) is a thief; she stole my watch.' That such words were greatly to the injury of the character and reputation of the affiant." Appended to the above was Miss Fisher's signature. The *capias* was issued and placed in the hands of an officer, who had no difficulty in arresting the defendant. Mr. Bevins was expected to arrive there on the 5th, and in the meantime telegraphed to Mayor Blackmore to the effect that he would be responsible for the actions of his wife. He is said to be an old man, very wealthy, and well known in sporting and political circles. It is said that at one time he was sheriff of New York county.

JOHN E. MCCULLOUGH opened at the Salt Lake City Theatre on Nov. 26th in "Damon and Pythias," followed on the 28th by "Richelieu."

CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON closed a two weeks' engagement at the Evansville, Ind., Theatre, on the 5th inst. She appeared on the 30th as Meg Merriles, followed on Dec. 1st with Hamlet, Charlotte appearing as the Dane.

LAURA KEENE'S COMPANY appeared in Richmond, Va., on the 11th, for five nights, and go to Norfolk, Va., on the 16th, for three nights.

AN ECCENTRIC OLD MAN, comedian and leading lady, are advertised for.

Negro Minstrelsy.

DAN SHELBY'S MINSTRELS, who are traveling through Iowa, appear to be favorably received, judging by the following extracts from some of the papers in the far west:—"The Shelby Minstrels, under the direction of J. W. Decker, gave one of their popular and pleasing entertainments at Hardin's Hall, last Friday evening, and were greeted by a fashionable audience. It is certainly one of the best troupes that has ever visited Monmouth, and their delineations of Ethiopian character, singing, dancing, and keen, pointed, original jokes, frequently brought forth loud demonstrations of approval from the audience. We learn the troupe intend paying Monmouth another visit soon, and we bespeak for them a crowded house. They are worthy of it."—*Monmouth Journal.* "This troupe gave two entertainments in this place on Monday and Tuesday evenings, which were excellent and gave satisfaction to the many who attended them. The applause and laughter with which the performances were received attested to the fact that they made decided 'hits.' The members of the company are gentlemanly persons, and not excelled as minstrel performers."—*Oshkosh Herald.* "If you want to forget all your cares and lose your own identity for about two hours, just go and hear glorious Dan Shelby's inimitable minstrels. But if you want to avoid the risk of trouble next day see that your buttons are all sewed on tight and your laughing apparatus is in perfect trim. If you want to hear sweet music go and hear the minstrels. Dan Shelby is fun alive. There is not a more natural looking new style voter in the western world. This excellent company perform every night this week. Last night a crowded house *encored* every piece, and with the hit they make in this community Turner's Hall will be a perfect jam."—*Des Moines Register.* "Last night this excellent troupe gave their second entertainment at Turner's Hall, to a house packed full from pit to gallery, and more than a hundred persons were compelled to go away for want of seats and room. This is decidedly the best company which has visited Des Moines for a long time—all their songs and jests are chaste and unexceptionable, such as might be given in the most choice parlor entertainment. They perform again this and to-morrow evening, and those who have not witnessed their entertainments should attend. By special request a Shelby matinee will be given to-morrow at 2 o'clock for ladies and children."—*Des Moines Statesman.* "This popular troupe closed their series of entertainments here last evening with their fifth performance to crowded houses. None but a first class company could have met with such success. Their songs and merry makings, unexceptional in language and sparkling with wit and humor, bring down the house with a vim that shows how generally they are appreciated. We commend them to all lovers of merry music and button bursting fun."—*Des Moines Statesman.*

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS opened in Nashville, Tenn., on Nov 30th to a good house A correspondent says:—"The opening chorus, 'There who in Might,' was well rendered J. Oberist sang a Tyrolean refrain, and was loudly encored Dennis

brought the house down with his ballad 'Annie o'er the Banks o' Dee,' and had to repeat it. In the olio, the double clog dance by Kanane and West was about the best ever given here. The 'Last Sensation,' by Fayette Welch, was a rich act. Mr. Welch played a solo upon several small instruments. This troupe is the best one that has visited this city for years. Their route is Gallatin, Ky., thence New Albany and Indianapolis, Ind."

PRESENTATION.—Mr. T. Prendergast, formerly of the minstrel profession, but at present keeping a saloon in Utica, N. Y., was presented lately, at a concert given at Binghamton, with an elegant set of five pieces—salver, ice pitcher, goblets and bowl. The pitcher bears this inscription:—"Presented to T. Prendergast by Fountain Hose, No. 4, Binghamton, Nov. 12, 1868."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS perform in Providence, R. I., on the 8th and 9th inst.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS play in Worcester, Mass., on the 8th, and Hartford, Conn., 12th.

FISH AND THORNTON'S MINSTRELS, having closed their tour through the Dominion of Canada, are now traveling through this State, and their route ahead is Antwerp, 8th; Watertown, 9th; Adams, 10th; Camden, 11th, and Utica, 12th. A good Ethiopian comedian is wanted by this party, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS, now in Chicago, came out in full force the past week with another change of programme, and the Irish Vocalist, Carleton. The latter has proved a good card, especially in his comic songs, his sentimental business not taking after one has seen him in a comic *role*. Our correspondent "Loiterer" says:—"He received three *encores* for each act on his opening night. "Arsenic Eaters," "The Gal with the Grecian Bend," and the "Mokes of the Mill," are among the especial acts of the week. Moe's "Skating Act" also retains its place on the bills as well as in public favor. Sam has already the reputation of giving the neatest Minstrel Show ever presented in Chicago. An utter absence of vulgarity and choice language in all their acts have made Sam and Ben great favorites......A troupe of genuine black and tans are trying hard to do a little biz at Crosby's Music Hall. The performances, like the audiences, are decidedly quizby."

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS did fairly last week, in Cincinnati, but not brilliantly, having, besides considerable opposition, to contend also with bad weather. There were two new faces in the olio—J. S. Clarke, who has been with this troupe in a business capacity hitherto, and Master Frank Burnett, a boy balladist, who sang "Minnie Way" in pretty good style. Johnnie Allen took the tamborine end, instead of Emerson, and gave a local comic song that was received very well. In the second part Emerson sang "Captain Jinks, besides his usual song and dance. Hanmer, the basso, appeared in costume as the "Old Sexton." Manning repeated his burlesque magic, and Allen his song in female costume, "As thro' the Park I go." The operetta of the "Virginia Cupid" was also again on the bills. Our correspondent says:—"The programme generally was rather old, but there was a very good new sketch, entitled 'Sombody's Coat,' in which Allen, Reynolds, Clarke and Lewis appeared. The programmes last week were illustrated by a series of cuts that looked as if some wood engraver had been selling out his old stock at auction. However, the performers' names were under them, and they were probably 'drawn from life.'"

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are billed in Indianapolis for Dec. 10th and 11th.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRES entertained two large audiences at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 4th and 5th. This company have always been great favorites there, and this time they are said to have given one of the best entertainments ever given. A correspondent says:—"Their gags were new, jokes likewise and the orchestral part excellent. Lew Benedict's 'Capt. Jinks' was finely done, as is all of his acts; his local hits brought down the house. He ranks among the best as a negro comedian, and is a big favorite there. Frank Kent, in 'Walking Down Broadway,' was excellent. Parkhurst and Collins' double clog was another feature of the performance, which was well received. The performance closed with a laughable pantomime entitled 'The Torment of the Town,' Lew Benedict playing Town Clown, and kept the house in an uproar during its performance."

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS make another change this week, the company in Brooklyn going to Williamsburg, while the party lately performing there go to Brooklyn. "The Lankyshire Lass" is produced in Williamsburg and Burnell Runnells and sons put in an appearance at the Brooklyn house. Billy Sheppard, late of Tony Pastor's Opera House, appears on the tambourine end.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS, of Boston, produce this week a burlesque on Olive Logan's "Surf." Venturoli, *danseuse*, is in her second week, and "The Trip Around the World" is continued.

COOL BURGESS' MINSTRELS appear in Yonkers, N. Y., on the 9th inst.

THE ALHAMBRA (Tammany Hall) is announced to open positively on the 21st inst. Dr. R. P. Jones is attending to the outside business.

C. AMORY BRUCE, agent, can be addressed, care Carleton House, this city.

Circuses.

THE CIRCUS ENTERTAINMENTS offered by Manager Sinn, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the past week, met with very liberal patronage, the attendance being large each evening. The company is pronounced equal, if not superior, to any ever presented to the notice of the Philadelphia public, each and all coming in for a good share of applause. The great card of the concern, Jimmy Robinson, mounted into favor as soon as he mounted his horse. The ring, a forty-two feet circle, is constructed on the stage, and from every part of the auditorium a good view of the performance can be had. This week James Madigan will introduce his remarkable double somersault, one of the most difficult feats known to the profession. Tom King will also be added to the troupe this week. Matinees are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

JAMES HEMMINGS, equestrian, juggler, ballancer, globe performer, etc., has been engaged for Bryan's Circus for next season. See advertisement.

A BRASS BAND advertises that they can be engaged. For address see Prof. R. R. Humphie's card.

JAMES MARTIN & SON, manufacturers of circus and side show canvas, Boston, keep on hand a stock of canvas, from thirty to one hundred feet. See their advertisement in another column.

A CIRCUS TRICK.—At the concluding performance of Dan. Castello's circus in any southern towns, about thirty negroes are admitted "free" on depositing their hats with the doorkeeper, who engages to return them after the performance. At the close of the show the colored gentlemen are compelled to take down the canvas and seats, and load up the wagons before their hats can be redeemed.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE closes its season of thirty-three and a half weeks on Dec. 3d at Elizabethtown, Ky. The company went thence to Louisville, Ky., where they took steamboat Cossa for Cincinnati to winter.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS shows in Selma, Ala., on the 9th inst.

THE PHILADELPHIA CIRCUS, corner of Tenth and Callowhill streets, will reopen on the 19th inst. under the management of William La Rue. The building has been refitted and painted, and a first class company is said to be engaged. Performers wishing engagements will address as per advertisement in another column.

CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE STOCK, consiting of three cages of animals, harness, baggage wagons, about sixty head of horses and mules, dresses and properties all complete, is advertised for sale cheap for cash or in lots. For further particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

NOYES' CIRCUS pitched tent in Memphis, Tenn., on the 1st inst. for three days.

Music Halls.

AT THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., business has been rather slim of late. On Nov. 24th Miss Fannie Williams departed for New Orleans. Mr. Dave Williams, banjoist, put in an appearance during the week. Johnny Keegan does a song and dance, Chas. Leaman a jig, and Geo. Caulfield the responsible, while Miss Letta Starr sings several ballads and does the same amount of fancy dances. Several new faces were promised the past week.

FRANK ALLINSON, song and dance performer, re-appeared at the Olympic, Norfolk, Va., on Nov. 30th. Hen. Mason and Sam Williams are on the ends in the minstrel scene.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., Manager Richards has made a change. Dan Griffin is appointed stage manager, vice Willis; and Joe Woods, comic vocalist, with Miss Ettie Barker, vocalist, are added to the stock. Murphy, Smith and Griffin do the cork duty. Murphy, as a bone soloist, is well spoken of. Miss Minnie Gray, Marie Roscelle, Mary St. Martin, with Miss Barker, are the females. Oscar Willis left week before last to take charge of the New Theatre, and was to open it as a music hall on Nov. 31st. A change, however, has taken place that will prevent this plan, at least for the present.

THE VICKSBURG THEATRE is now in successful operation as a variety place of amusement under the stage management of Tom Poland, with the following company:—Signorita Lopez and pupils, Lillie Becket, Emma Winthrop, Fanny Weaver, Sam Collyer and boys, John Pendergrast, John Collins, Jas. Johnson, Leon De Berger, Chas. Straight and Tom Poland.

CONSIDERING the many difficulties Mr. Gregory has had to contend with in opening the Theatre Comique in an establishment heretofore unsuccessful under prior management, he has no reason to feel discouraged at the patronage extended the entertainment given by him at the pleasant little hall in Seventh street, below Arch, Philadelphia. This week, the "Spiral Ascent" will be made, and "The Automaton" introduced, in addition to the usual excellent variety performances.

CINCINNATI at present has four variety theatres in full blast, and all are said to be liberally patronised. The Fourth Street Varieties, Race street, Sixth street, and Yale's Concert Hall are the places. The two former charge ten cents admission, and the others rely simply on their bars for remuneration. The company at the Sixth Street Varieties consists of Harry Alberts, stage manager; C. W. Sullivan and Charley Bartine, end men; J. H. Clark, song and dance; Master Willie, Lizzie Jackson, Maggie Mayling, Annie Clark, and Mlle. Papeta Olivia. We have already given lists of the companies at the Fourth and Race street concerns. E. S. Miller, solo violinist, has been added to the former......At Yale's Concert Hall the principal attraction is Julia Yale and Master Reed, who does a wooden shoe dance, and is advertised to appear at the Fourth Street Varieties this week.

SIDNEY VANE, an English singer, who styles himself the original "Howling Swell," is now performing at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, and will shortly appear at the New Tammany Hall in this city.

THE NEW AMERICA, Baltimore, continues to present novelties and attractions. Kate Partington is popular and does a banjo solo, also a song and jig. Miss Louisa Bischell is a new feature, and, it is said, makes a good performance on the slack wire. Millie Coleman, Kitty Lee, and all the old favorites, remain, including Matt Wheeler, Perkins, Thatcher, and others.

AT THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE the *Can Can* continues to draw without abatement. Idelia, Annie Eldridge, Bell Boquet, Nellie Howard, and M'lle. Lottie form the *ba'let*, managed by Mons. Boldy. Annie Hindle continues there. During the current week a new *ballet divertissement* will be introduced

HARRY GURR appears at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, this week. The Coutellier Brothers remain another week. "Nymphs of the Caribbean Sea" is the title of a burlesque announced for this week.

JENNIE BENSON, female clog dancer, can be engaged from Jan. 16th, from her agents, Thompsen and Riggs.

Miscellaneous.

ARTEMUS WARD'S MONEY.—From E. A. Head, Vice President of the Artemus Ward Monument Association—one of Artemus' bosom friends—we learn that when Artemus left New York he calculated himself worth about $15,000, aside from his estate at Yonkers, on the Hudson, for which he paid $5,000. He went to London, but it was some time before he got fairly to work, and his agent, Hingston, says that it cost £700 for Ward to get started on a paying basis in a great city like London, notwithstanding he was known there. Gold at that time was ranging at about 185, which would make the amount in greenbacks about $6,500. This amount, with other contingent expenses probably consumed more than half his available means before he opened at Egyptian Hall. That he made very largely by his writings and lectures in England is true; that he had lived frugally is not so true; it was simply impossible for a genial, whole-souled, generous fellow like Ward, with such hosts of friends and such surroundings as he had, to live frugally; but that he did make money rapidly, and that there is no reason for believing that after his funeral expenses were paid there were no assets left to his estate, is correct in toto. Ward refused to make a will when first requested by his agent and friend, Mr. Hingston. After giving $500 to each of Hingston's children and $1,000 to each of the children of another friend, beside some minor gifts, the balance (thought to be some $20,000) was to be put at interest for the benefit of his mother; and after her demise, the whole was to go to Horace Greeley to be invested in a Home for Aged and Indigent Printers. The very natural question is, now what has been done with all this property? The correspondent says:—"In the first place, Ward's sickness was attended with great expense, as he changed physicians as often as freak or fancy dictated; and they, of course, charged accordingly. Than his burial expenses in London were heavy; his interment in Kensal Green was taxed, and his disinterment and removal across the water to New York were expensive. Then there were some accounts to settle after his death, which took more money still. But more; after a strict observation of affairs on this side of the Atlantic and England, after conversations innumerable with Ward's friends in both countries, not excepting his executors and his own mother, Artemus Ward's property has not only not been economised, but it has been extravagantly drawn upon. This is the opinion of his most intimate friends, almost without exception, and also of his mother. Mr. Head says:—"I do not cast any reflection upon Mr. Hingston—I make no personal accusations; but I do say that there might and should have been more coming to Artemus Ward's mother out of his estate than will be realized." Mr. Hingston took out the $500 apiece for his two children some time ago, as one of Ward's executors says within ten days. Of course he took it in gold. Would those legacies to children on this side of the water have been paid in gold had the money held out? Mr. Head further says:—Notwithstanding Ward's executors were very reserved and reticent in regard to Ward's affairs when I was in London (one of them knowing of our intimacy and of the fact of my having left Ward's mother shortly previous, and in an extremely anxious frame of mind in regard to her son's matters in England) I saw and learned enough to convince me that the executors should have been assisted by an auditor. Bills were rendered against Artemus Ward's estates that were perfectly absurd and ridiculous in their extravagance; and I saw one of about $167 in gold, which I do not believe was just, or even contracted by Ward; and Mr. Hingston also expressed his doubts in regard to the matter. But Mr. H., I understand, has forwarded all papers and documents to Ward's executors here, and, as figures won't lie, they may satisfy themselves and the public as to where the money has all gone. As far as all information goes now, there is not over $1,000 or $2,000 beside that real estate on the Hudson. There is neither a stake nor a stone to mark the place where poor Ward now sleeps; and more, the sexton is not yet paid for his services at Ward's second interment. Yet, in face of these and other unfortunate facts, I tried to increase this small sum I have raised for the purpose of building a monument by giving an entertainment, consisting of a short and humorous lecture on Ward himself, assisted by the Portland Band and some other of the best musical talent of the city, and the generous hearted citizens seconded my efforts, and showed their affection for poor Ward by purchasing $57 worth of tickets, leaving me minus some $30 for expenses! It was saved from being worse by the generosity of the performers. I have only to say, in conclusion, that Ward's property, so far, only shows about $6,000! It may amount to more, and I sincerely hope, for his mother's sake, it will.

AN EXHIBITION which is pronounced one of the most successful ever put on the road is advertised for sale.

TONY HERNANDEZ'S PANTOMIME AND BALLET TROUPE were in Aurora, Ill., Nov. 24th, 25th and 26th.

HARRY M. TYNDALE advertises for a situation as advance agent.

TOM ALLYNE, the wizard, is faking a gift show through this State with Frank Edwards in charge of business. J. E. Green is with the party. J. O. Jennings is ahead.

FREE MASONS' HALL, St. Louis, Mo., which is well fitted up and has a large seating capacity, being well adapted for lectures, concerts, exhibitions, etc, may be rented by addressing as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

WALTER BROWN, the oarsman, and Indian Club "swingist," was announced to take a benefit at the Opera House, Pittsburg, Pa., on Nov. 28. An exchange says that Walter agreed to buy the "house" for that night, stipulating that he would pay $400 for it—the management to meet all expenses. The money was to have been put up three days previous, but Walter, either having all his funds on deposit, or his "friends" not taking any interest in him, was unable to meet Mr. Canning with the "spondulics" at the stipulated time, and so the "benefit" business fell to the ground. As Brown had sold some tickets before his "financial weakness" developed itself, Mr. Canning very kindly agreed to admit the parties holding them to the entertainment on the night, only asking that Walter should "show" on the occasion, and thus it was that the Portlander came to appear in "tights" and "spangles," and wield the clubs. There were just thirty of Walter's tickets taken in at the box office on the night in question. That is, thirty tickets had been sold for a "benefit" which was to cost him $400, and out of which he expected to realize a great deal more. Walter has always claimed to be a popular man in the Smoky City, and if any evidence of the fact were at all wanting, the sale of these thirty tickets shows it.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY arrived in Salem, Mass., recently, in the brig Rescue, from Africa. It is an African dwarf 39 inches in height, and weighing only 55 pounds. He was born in Liberia in 1844, and belongs to the Kroo nation. He has no arms, has been educated at the mission school at Sierra Leone, under the instruction of Rev. Mr. Hoffman, speaks English fluently, can write well with his toes, holding the paper with one foot and the pen with the other. He was placed in the school at the age of 18. He converses freely, and shows far more than the average intelligence of his race. He can thread a needle and sew, make baskets, fill his pipe with tobacco, of which he is quite fond, and do many other things with his toes. Don't Barnum want him?

THE STATE BAND CONVENTION and tournament of Indiana will be held at Indianapolis on the 26th and 27th inst. The bands throughout the state are invited to attend and compete for the prizes. The first prize is a pure silver Fiske cornet; the second, a German silver Fiske cornet.

THE INVISIBLE CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE, a lecture by George Clair, is advertised in another column.

"MORVILLER'S SNOW STORM," reduced in size from the original, is on exhibition in Boston. It is painted by B. F. Tryon, well known in the dramatic profession. It is pronounced a clever imitation.

PROF. HASELMAYER, magician, advertises elsewhere for engagements. He also publishes a complimentary letter from Spalding and Bidwell, of New Orleans, who recommend him to managers and the public as a first class performer.

THE HANLONS are booked at the Masonic Hall, Nashville, Tenn., for the 16th, for five nights.

GRAU, with his opera troupe, will open the New Theatre, Nashville, on the 11th and 12th.

A FIRST CLASS LADY VOCALIST, one capable of singing ballads and duets, is wanted by a respectable traveling company.

THE CONCERT announced to come off on Dec. 2d, at Harrisburg, by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, did not take place, the troupe failing to appear.

A NEW HALL for theatrical purposes has been designed and will next spring be erected at the corner of Third and Market streets, Harrisburg. From a description given it is thought it will be superior to any place of amusement (excepting the Arch Street Theatre, in Philadelphia), in the State. It will accommodate 1,000 persons. Rumor has it that James F. Sherry, of theatrical fame, intends leasing it, and, from the encouragement he has met with there during the past few years, will, no doubt, prove a success.

A PANORAMA, on any other subject than that of the war, is advertised for.

FOOTNER & SCHMIDT, theatrical wig makers, advertise in another column.

PRIM, the hero of the revolution in Spain, in early life played a flute in a German orchestra. Let flute players look up.

KENNEDY, the Scotch vocalist, is to give concerts in Philadelphia on the 11th and 14th inst., at Concert Hall.

MARTINO, the Ventriloquist and Illusionist, under the management of Harry Weston, was at Lincoln, Ill., Nov. 30th to Dec. 5th, and was to go thence to Springfield, Ill., Dec. 7th, for one week.

THE HANLON BROTHERS appeared in Indianapolis on Dec. 3d, 4th and 5th. They went thence to Louisville for one week from Dec. 7th, and thence to Nashville.

OLE BULL concertized in Indianapolis, Dec. 2d. He went to Louisville, Ky., for Dec. 3d and 4th, and goes thence to Cincinnati, 5th, 6th and 7th; Springfield, 8th; Columbus, 9th; Wheeling, 10th; Pittsburgh, 11th, 12th and 13th; Harrisburgh, 14th and 15th; Pottsville, Pa., 16th; Reading, 17th; Philadelphia, 18th, 19th and 20th; Lancaster, 21st; Baltimore, 22d, and then he rests in New York for two days and opens in Boston, Jan. 7th and 8th.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND gave his lecture of the "The Pennsylvania Dutch" in Louisville, Ky., on Dec. 4th.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILY opened a four nights' stay in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 2d.

WHITTEMORE & CO., music dealers of Detroit, Mich., and agents for Weber's pianos, etc, have enlarged and refitted their establishment. They also act as agents for sale of tickets without commission. See card to that effect in our advertising columns.

FRED. LUBIN continues to translate dramas from the different languages, as well as manufacture magical apparatus. He is also prepared at all times to play stars on the New England circuit on a speculation. See his cards in another column. Parties writing to Mr Lubin are requested to direct to his present residence, 332 East 13th street.

A NUMBER of professional people in the dramatic line are advertised for by R. P. Farren, as will be seen elsewhere.

E. L. DAVENPORT has been secured by the Boston Theatre managament for a circuit through the New England towns of fifteen nights, accompanied by Charley Furbish as agent. Mr. D. opened in Providence, R. I., on Dec. 3d for three nights, and was to be in New Bedford, Mass., on the 7th: Lowell, 8th; Portland, Me., 9th and 10th; Salem, Mass., 11th, and Lowell, 12th.

COPIES of three comic songs, by Mr. Cooke, can be had, as will be seen by a card elsewhere.

BLIND TOM gave a concert in Washington, at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Dec. 1st. After concluding in Washington City, Tom will play in Georgetown, D. C., and Alexandria, Va., previous to opening in Baltimore.

A LADY VOCALIST at Toronto, C. W., was a few days ago brutally beaten by her husband for insisting upon singing at a concert against his wishes. The popalace are said to be quite anxious to give this model husband a thrashing.

A STEREOPTICON with a large number of American and foreign views, also views of scenes during the war, is advertised for sale. For further particulars see S. M's card in another column.

SAUL SERTREW advertises his songs, which he will forward to any address on receipt of price. See his card in another column.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG gave a concert in Washington, D. C., on Dec. 1st, assisted by Miss Alida Topp, Sig Petrilli and Lotti Herr Kopta and Herr Grosscurth. Our correspondent says:—"A large audience was in attendance, every seat being taken in advance and large numbers were obliged to stand. Miss Kellogg's appearance was the signal for a genial burst of applause, which increased to enthusiasm after rendering, in a superb manner, a selection from 'Puritani.' Mr. Kopta's performances on the violin were enthusiastically received. A second concert was given on the 2d, and a third on the 4th. Among the selections embraced in the programme for the last concert, occurred the song of 'Beware'; the 'Kellogg Waltz,' and a duet from Crispino, sung by Miss Kellogg and Sig Petrilli."

MAC EVOY'S HIBERNICON has met with such success at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, that it will remain the current week. It is really a work of great merit, and is illustrated with many pleasing incidents of Irish life.

Amateur.

THE AMATEURS of Marion, Ohio, gave a performance in that town on Dec. 3, of "The Seven Clerks," and the pantomime of the "The Four Lovers," assisted by Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Howard.

THE BELLEFONTAINE THESPIAN CLUB played "Michael Earl" and "Lend Me Five Shillings," on December 4th, in Bellefontaine.

THE AMATEURS OF SIOUX CITY, Iowa, gave a performance of "The Irish Emigrant" and "Slasher and Crasher," on Nov. 28. A correspondent says:—"J. H. Stephenson as Sterling won deserved applause, his conception of the character being good, while his reading showed careful study. Welsh as the Emigrant made a good Irishman. Ned presented the character of Bobolink in a creditable manner. Batley as Granite would have been better if he had studied his lines closer. The ladies played well, especially Miss Ada Florence, who, in the character of Polly, showed a natural talent. 'Slasher and Crasher' was given in a manner that brought down the house. Taken altogether the entertainment was a success."

THE CINCINNATI SHAKESPEARE CLUB is to attempt "Othello" on the 8th, with J. H. Carter, as Othello; A. B. Huston, as Iago; A. J. Ray, as Cassio, and E. B. Hinman, as Brabantio......The Davenport Club of that city gave "Rob Roy" on the 4th.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—The weeking ending Nov. 21st was a blank one at the theatres. Few changes of any kind, and none of very great importance, occurred. The bills of the various houses were as follows:—Drury Lane, "A Model Uncle," "King o' Scots" and "Beda"......Haymarket, "Easy Shaving," "Leah" and "His First Champagne"......Adelphi, "Up for the Cattle Show," and "Monte Christo"......Lyceum, "Left to Himself" and "The Rightful Heir"......Princess', "The Secret," "After Dark" and "Master Jones' Birthday"...... New Queen's, "The Lancashire Lass" and "The Stranger Stranger than Ever"......Olympic, "Slasher and Crasher" and "The Yellow Passport"......Strand, "A Widow Hunt," "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "Marriage at any Price"......Prince of Wales', "Atchi" and "Society"...... Holborn, "Blow for Blow" and "Lucretia Borgia, M. D." ......Royalty, "All that Glitters is not Gold," "The Rise and Fall of Richard III," and "The Clockmaker's Hat"......Surrey, "The Wife's Secret" and "Land Rats and Water Rats"...... Standard, "Danger" and "The Cockney Caliph"......No change has taken place at the Alexandra Theatre or the Holborn Amphitheatre......"The Scamps of London" and "Cartouche" have been given at the Victoria. In the former Mr. Blewitt has appeared in the music hall scene......No noteworthy change has occurred at the Britannia......"The Octoroon" and "Courts and Alleys" (an old version of "The Streets of London") have been performed at the New East London......No change has occurred at the Grecian, except Nov. 19th, when "The Lady of Lyons" and "Aurora Floyd" were represented...... The Globe Theatre, which has been erected on the site of old Lyon's, Inn, Strand was announced to open on Nov. 28th with an entirely new and original comedy, founded on a story of every day life, by H. J. Byron, entitled "Cyril's Success." ......Joe Brown has joined the Christy Minstrels at St. James Hall, and appeared in his jig......The "Wife's Secret" was revived on Nov. 14th at the Surrey......Miss Marriott took her farewell of the London public on Nov. 18th at Sadler's Wells in the "Wife's Secret" and "Much Ado About Nothing."......"The Grand Duchess," with Miss Julia Mathews as the *prima donna*, was to be produced at the Standard Theatre, on Nov. 23d......Miss Hazlewood was to produce a new American drama at Sadler's Wells Theatre on Nov. 23d, founded upon Miss Braddon's novel of "Run to Earth."...... At the New Greenwich, on Nov. 21st, a new drama was to be produced by Bayle Barnard, entitled "Love's Revenge," in which Miss Sophy Young was to make her first appearance there...... Miss Osborne Armstrong, a young lady who has gained favor at some of the music halls, is to be added to the list of those engaged at the theatres for the forthcoming pantomime. Miss Armstrong will appear at the Grecian......Miss Ada Arnold, a pupil of Miss Bella Goodall, made a successful *debut* at the Holborn Theatre on Nov. 14th in the burlesque of "Lucrezia Borgia."......A new drama by Mr. Mosenthal, with the title of "Rietra," will be produced at the Haymarket on Dec. 7th. Miss Bateman will play the heroine, who gives her name to the piece.......Mr. Haliday is in preparation for the New Royalty Theatre.......The St. James's Theatre will reopen on Dec. 26th.

THE DETAILS of the last moments of Rossini show that he died after suffering great agony. He was the victim of a burning thirst, and was, during the last days of his life, constantly calling for ice water. When asked by his confessor whether he had faith in the dogmas of Christianity, he said: "He who wrote the 'Stabat' must be a believer." The name of his wife was the last word he uttered. His will declares that out of gratitude to France he wishes to be buried in her soil, and provides a legacy sufficient to allow of two annual prizes of $3,000 francs each, to be given to the best librettist and the best composer of new melodic operas.

MOURAWIEFF, *danseuse*, who made a rich matrimonial alliance and retired from the theatre, has just died at Kasan.

A NEW SENSATION.—They are going to bring out a new drama in Paris at the Theatre du Chatelet, the title of it "Theodorus," and two new actors are to appear in it—a couple of serpents. Horses have been brought on the stage, and dogs, and pigs, and parrots, and cockatoos, and bears, but this, surely, is the first appearance of snakes.

A PARIS PAPER states that at the rehearsal for the last *concert populaire* the members of the orchestra revenged themselves for being compelled to play the overture to Wagner's "Meistersanger" by hissing the work which they had just performed.

PARIS wants more theatres. There are twenty-five in full operation, and four are to be built at once in one building, the abandoned Magazins Reunis, an establishment which sold everything at cost price, and gave a coupon for the return of the whole of the sum twenty years hence. The four theatres are to be a popular opera, a popular Adelphi, a light comedy house, while the fourth is to be farcical. Furthermore, Paris is to have an Alhambra.

THE RUSSIAN authorities seem very anxious to provide the common people with amusements. The St. Petersburg *Gazette* reports in a recent number that the erection of no less than ten theatres for the people, all to be situated in the workmen's quarters of the city, is to be begun forthwith, the plans having been approved of by the Minister of the Interior, under whose supervision they are placed. It is calculated that the new undertaking will also prove a good commercial speculation, but this is certainly not the aim in the first instance, more especially as the government organ itself goes the length of declaring that every day that is lost before all these places are opened is a "serious loss to the moral strength of the people."

THE PRESS OF PARIS is loud in praise of a young singer, Mdlle. Aglaia Orgeni, who is expected to make her *debut* shortly at the Theatre Lyrique. She has been performing Valentine at the grand ducal theatre of Carlsruhe, by the express desire of their Majesties, the King and Queen of Prussia, and to the great satisfaction of the public in general.

AT THE VARIETIES, Paris, it is said that M. Ceoignard has just discovered an artist in the person of Mdlle. Aimee, who, it is thought, will entirely eclipse Schneider.

THE COLLECTION of living reptiles belonging to the Zoological Society of London has just received a remarkable addition in the shape of one of the rarest of known species of lizards, one which until lately was supposed to be extinct. It is the Tuatera lizard of New Zealand (*Hatteria punctata*).

A DAUGHTER OF DONIZETTI, the celebrated composer of so many popular Italian operas, keeps a second rate coffee house in the little city of Novara; and a son of Bellini, the composer of Norma and La Sonnambula, is a school teacher at Milan.

AT THE FIRST REPRESENTATION of the new *ballet*, called "King Candaules," at the Great Theatre, in St. Petersburg, the *danseuse*, Mdlle. Henriette Dorr, whose benefit it was, received, in addition to other presents, a diadem of brilliants valued at 7,000 roubles.

A NEW THEATRE IN FLORENCE, the Loggie, is just finished. This building is the property of several Venetian gentlemen, and has been designed and executed by Signor Scala, a Venetian architect of much taste. Between every two boxes of the first tier there arises from amidst a bouquet of fresh flowers a small, sparkling fountain, at once pleasing to the eye and refreshing from the feeling of coolness which it imparts. But another of the arrangements connected with the new theatre is much more practical and useful, and well deserves to be imitated in other countries. Every substance of an inflammable character employed in the construction or decoration of the theatre, whether wood, velvet, silk, canvas or cloth of any kind, has, before its employment, been first rendered completely non-inflammable. Those present at the private view had an opportunity of judging of the results by the setting fire to a large scene, of which one half was prepared and the other half left in the usual condition. The latter was burnt to ashes; the former remained uninjured.

THE GRANDCHILDREN of Sir Henry Bishop, the English composer, are in a state of destitution, and appeals are made to the English public for their relief.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMAN is about to leave England on a tour in Germany, having accepted engagements to play at some of the principal orchestral concerts.

THE PARIS THEATRES took 720,700 francs more in October than in the previous month.

A SON of Charles Dickens has gone into hopeless bankruptcy, by a disastrous turn of affairs in his business of paper making. He dragged down with him his old father-in-law, while his father is not affected a farthing by the event.

MESSRS. GRIEVE AND TELBIN'S PAINTING ROOM, in Charles street, Dury Lane, London was totally destroyed by fire on Nov. 23d. Grieve and Telbin were known all over Europe, and were the principal painters for nearly all the London pantomimes for Christmas. Much of the canvas painted for the forthcoming pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, was among this wreck; and, as a dismally curious and interesting episode, it may be mentioned that this is the second year that Mr. Telbin's work, intended for the same theatre, has been destroyed, he having been engaged in painting the Dublin pantomime scenery at her Majesty's Theatre when that establishment was burnt to the ground. There was, unfortunately, the furnishing for more than one Christmas stage in the work rooms of Messrs Grieve and Telbin. The Prince's Theatre, Manchester, has lost two important scenes of the pantomime; and this is the more mortifying, since they were finished two or three weeks ago, and might have been fetched away. On the other hand, it is a matter of congratulation to Mr. Calvert that all the rest of his pantomime scenery was painted in another building. The two scenes destroyed were the work of Mr. Grieve. The drop curtain painted by Mr. Telbin for the new Globe Theatre, soon about to open, has been consumed; and the Gaiety Theatre has suffered a more serious loss in the whole, or nearly the whole of the scenery designed for the extravaganza of "Roberto." An elaborate Watteau scene, a view of Palermo, another of Pandemonium—which was to have been the great scenic hit of the piece—and the interior of a palace have disappeared in a shower of sparks and a cloud of smoke, as have many adjuncts in the shape of wings and borders required for the fitting of a new stage.

MRS. HARRISON, the aged mother of the late William Harrison, tenor singer, has soon followed her son. She died in London Nov. 22d, aged eighty-eight years.

MISS AMY SEDGWICK, who has been so seriously indisposed, is also laboring under a domestic affliction, the loss of her mother, who expired on Nov. 23d.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JAMES HENRY HACKETT.

This gentleman was born in New York, March 15, 1800. At twelve years of age he was placed at Columbia College, where he remained for two years, when he renounced his original intention of studying law, and entered a counting house. He made his first appearance in public in 1816 at Newark, N. J., with a small company. In 1819 he was married to Miss Le Sugg, then a popular actress at the Park Theatre, New York—retired from the stage and engaged in business in Utica, from which city he came to New York and engaged in business. Remarkably active and enterprising, he was for a time successful in business; but eventually becoming unfortunate as a merchant, he concluded to adopt the stage as a profession, making his *debut* at the Park Theatre, in March, 1826, as Justice Woodcock, in "Love in a Village." Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, Jan. 2d, 1828, as Mabieu, in "Monsieur Tonson." He then visited Europe and was the first American actor who ventured to appear as a star on the London stage. His reception was of a doubtful character. Since then he has been more successful in his trips to England, having gone there in 1828, 1832, 1845, and 1851. When he first visited Europe he was charged by his maternal and only surviving parent to take steps for the establishment of his claims to title and estate, to which he was lawfully entitled. Mr. H., however, returned to America without having taken any steps to ascertain the lawfulness of his claims. When he went the second time to Europe, his friends particularly charged him to solve the doubts that existed on the subject of his claims, by applying to the proper quarter. Mr. H. accordingly proceeded to Dublin (his family being of Irish extraction) and on application to the Garter King at Arms, to his great surprise he was informed that his testimonials were undoubted; that his progenitors, who were barons in their own right, emigrated to Holland, to fight the wars of the States General. Upon this hint Mr. H. sailed for Hague, in search of a man, who could give him the necessary information. This gentleman was Baron Von Hackett himself, upon whose demise Mr. H. claimed, as next of kin, his title and estates. Baron Hackett had no family, and so much pleased was he with his newly discovered heir and his "Yankee Stories," that he accompanied him to America, and resided in a beautiful villa on Jamaica turnpike, about five miles from New York. In 1829 he became lessee and manager of the Bowery and Chatham Theatres, New York. He had not been long in the profession before he was able to pay off all the debts he had contracted during his short mercantile life; and in the course of a few years he acquired a moderate independence. Of late years he has seldom appeared on the stage. With regard to his acting, it is inimitable; he embodies with perfect truth the child of nature he represents. His Sir John Falstaff is unctuous and luscious—fatty with fun, palpitating with excess of waggishness, choking with redundant jollity. It is the very chuckling rascality of Shakespeare's imagination, in all his weight of blubber and malt, with all his contemptible cowardice, trickery, and leanness of soul, almost neutralized by the ineffable jocosity of his spirit, and his physical monstrosity and mountainousness. Although possessing a high order of histrionic talent, he has never made himself a perfect master of any other character. It has been his misfortune to be too ambitious. By striving to gain distinction by versatility, he has attained but to mediocrity in most of his attempts. His Monsieur Mallet is a creditable performance, only. Indeed, the part does not admit of the exhibition of any great excellence, excepting a facility in speaking broken French.

POKER IN COURT.—At a far western court, the case of Smith agt. Jones was called up. "Who's for the plaintiff?" inquired the judge impatiently. "May it please the Court," said a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pilkins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now over in the tavern playing a game of poker. He's got a sucker there, and he is sure to skin him, right smart, if he has only time. He's got everything all set to ring a 'cold deck,' in which case he'll deal for himself four aces and his opponent four queens, so that your Honor will perceive that he must 'rake the persimmons.'" "Dear me," said the Judge, with a sigh, "that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time! I am very anxious to get on with this case." A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge. "Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins, "you understand poker about as well as Pilkins. Suppose you go over and play his hand." And Bill did it.

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Every Evening, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, in IXION, THE MAN AT THE WHEEL,
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MISS LYDIA THOMPSON,
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Will be presented,
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EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AT 1,
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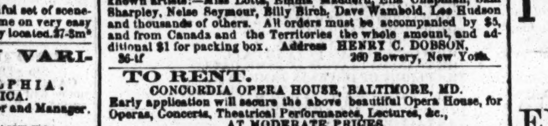
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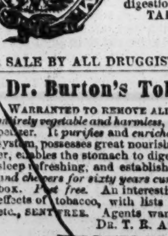
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This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medical properties of the Cubebs and Copaiba.

One recommendation this preparation enjoys over all others, is its neat, portable form, put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Price $1. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., Druggists and Chemists, 278 Greenwich and 100 Warren st., New York

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 32-cowk

Dr. Burton's Tobacco Antidote.

WARRANTED TO REMOVE ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO. *It is entirely vegetable and harmless*, and is also an excellent appetizer. It *purifies* and *enriches* the blood, invigorates the system, possesses great nourishing and strengthening power, enables the stomach to digest the heartiest food, makes sleep refreshing, and establishes robust health. *Smokers and chewers for sixty years cured.* Price Fifty cents per box. *Post free.* An interesting treatise on the injurious effects of tobacco, with lists of testimonials, references, etc., SENT FREE. Agents wanted. Address DR. T. R. ABBOTT, Jersey City, N. J.

TESTIMONIALS.

FROM THE U. S. TREASURY, *Secretary's Office.*—Please send a supply of the ANTIDOTE. *The one received has done its work surely.* O. T. EDGAR.

FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE PRISON.—Gentlemen of influence here having been cured of the appetite for tobacco by using Dr. Burton's Antidote, we desire a supply for the prisoners of this institution.
JOSEPH MAYO, Warden of N. H. State Prison.

A BANKER'S TESTIMONY.—Dr. Burton's Antidote for Tobacco *has accomplished all claimed for it.*
WALTER MANN, 1st Nat. B'k, New Albany, Ind.

FROM THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ALLEGHANY VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.—I have used the Antidote with great success. It is curing all my friends. H. BLACKSTONE.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY. ONE BOX OF ANTIDOTE cured my brother and myself. IT NEVER FAILS. Rev. L. W. SHOEMAKER, Kelley's Station, Pa.

FROM THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, LYNN, MASS.—*I have gained thirty-five pounds of flesh in three months* by using Dr. Burton's Antidote, and all desire for tobacco is removed. WM. B. WAIT, JR.

FROM THE SOUTHERN HOME JOURNAL, BALTIMORE, MD.—One box of Burton's Antidote *removed all desire* for the weed from me. I take pleasure in recommending it to all our readers, T. Y. SLATER, Editor.

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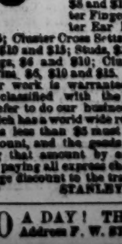
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Will not wash or rub off; defies detection; is harmless and perfect to nature. Mailed, 75 cents per package. Obtained only of MADAME IDELAIZE, 217 Roslyn place, New York.
Sole Agent for the United States. 33-3m*

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DIAMONDS. DIAMONDS.

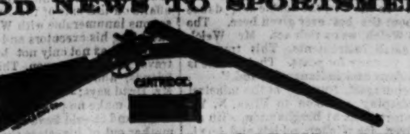


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THE BEST AND LOWEST PRICED GUN IN THE WORLD.

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Barrels Self Locking, Central Fire Metallic Cartridges Capped with the ordinary Percussion Cap, and can be reloaded and used any number of times desired. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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PRICE LISTS and IMPROVED SAMPLE SHEETS OF CARDS sent FREE to any address. 36-1t

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$334,000 IN GOLD DRAWN EVERY 17 DAYS.

Prizes cashed and information furnished; the highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also for all Government Securities. TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS, 16 Wall street,
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To Sporting Men.

Our attention has been called to a Circular now being circulated among the Sporting Men of the West, that we have removed from our old quarters,

125 Dearborn Street.

This is not so. We are still at our old stand, where we have been for the past three years. The Circular that we allude to has been cunningly devised, with the view to carry the impression that we had removed to another locality.

Our Stock is fuller than it ever has been before, PRICES OF GOODS MUCH REDUCED, and our facilities for filling orders prompt are better than ever, having got rid of the "dead weight" which we have been carrying for the past two years.

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Chicago, Feb. 20, 1868.

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DICE CLOTHS, $20, $25, $30, $35 and $40 each.
HORSE HEAD GAMES (two designs) complete, $25.
RED AND BLACK SPREADS—CHUCK LUCK—OVER AND UNDER, etc.
Our spreads are of new designs and painted in the best manner; special attention being paid to making them as attractive as possible. We have the best artist in the country to get them up, and they can only be obtained through us.
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FAIR POKER CARDS, from $2 to $7 per dozen.
YANKEE NOTION CARDS, $8 per dozen; $1 per pack.
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READERS, all kinds, $10 per dozen; $1 per pack.
STRIPPERS, all kinds, $10 per dozen; $1 per pack.
Each pack of cards put up in a neat pocket card case.
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FARO BOXES $20, $25, $30, $35, $50, $75 and $100 each.
FARO CARDS, unsquared, best, $10; second, $7 per dozen.
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FARO BOXES made to order or repaired in the best manner.
FARO CARDS of every kind furnished to order.
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Compressed Ivory Checks.

Being Agents for the Manufacturer we sell at factory prices, with the usual discount to the trade.

1¼ inch .... $8 per 100 | 1½ inch .... $12 per 100
1⅜ inch .... 10 per 100 | 1⅝ inch .... 14 per 100

Faro Sets furnished with Coppers, Splits and Markers.
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WHEELS, from $125 to $500. BALLS, 60c., 75c. and $1 each.
SPREADS at $15, $20, $25, $35, $65 and $140.
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OVER TWENTY DIFFERENT KINDS and prices, ranging from the cheapest bone at $1 per 100 to Grote's best Ivory Faro Checks, (who is acknowledged by all sporting men to be the ONLY manufacturer of first class checks,) which we furnish at same prices as charged at factory MASON & CO.,
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CARD PRESSES at $5, $6, $7, $8, $9 and $10.
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PRINTED TABS $10 per thousand.
Pocket Card Cases, Morocco Cases for Faro Boxes, Punches, etc.
Our SPECIALTY is Faro Tools, of which we always keep a full assortment. MASON & CO.,
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Faro Tools—$120 per Set.

A FULL SET comprising 600 Comp. Checks, Painted Layouts, Plated Dealing Box, Case Keeper, Check Holder, Card Press, containing six packs Hart's best squared dealing cards, and 200 Tabs, FOR $120, WITH PRIVILEGE OF OPENING AND EXAMINING GOODS BEFORE PAYING FOR THEM. MASON & CO.,
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Send for our Descriptive List.
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Any gentleman or lady, by sending their address, color of eyes, and 25 cents, will receive, by mail, the carte de visite of their future wife or husband. NORRIS & CO., 52 John street, New York. 33-3m*

"THE PARISIAN MOXA" will force whiskers or moustache to grow on the smoothest face in 30 days, in every case, or money refunded. Post paid for 50 cents, together with 250 valuable recipes by
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GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.
A fine lot of two year old Cocks and Hens, of the choicest imported strains. Also, early Stags and Pullets of this year's raising. All warranted pure breed and thorough game. Address J. R. ASHFORD, 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia, Pa. 33-6m

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New and pretty Comic Song, 30 cents. H. S. BRIGGS,
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The Standard American Billiard Table.

This is the best and only reliable BILLIARD TABLE manufactured.

It has been approved and is in daily use by the great mass of players both amateur and professional.

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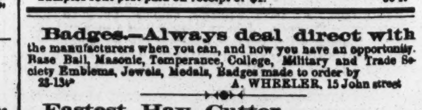
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either of which can, with a minute's notice, be converted
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Faro Checks, 1½ inch, $13 per hundred.
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SLEEVE BUTTONS, $4 a doz. pair. Also a great variety of IVORY AND PEARL SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS, at low prices.

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SOLE PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER,
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Samples sent post paid on receipt of $1. 36-1t

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The best of Liquors and Cigars to be had at the Bar. 35-tf

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P. S.—Goods sent C. O. D. everywhere. 21-tf

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The DeKalb Avenue Cars, Fulton Ferry, take you to the old gentleman's residence.

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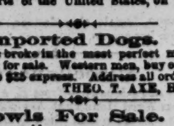
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